APRIL, 1925 VOLUME LXI, NO. 2

THE BOOKMAN

JOHN FARRAR, *Editor*

THE POINT OF VIEW

PORNOGRAPHY AND THE AUDIENCE

THE New York press rose in a storm, finding the climax of the current dramatic pornographies a play in which the leading lady adopts the language of brothel and street. The first night audience greeted this piece with loud and hearty laughter; but, after all, plays are not written for the particularly calloused folk who grace theatrical premières. The question to be considered concerning all these dramas of sex and strong language is how later audiences will receive them. Take for example Eugene O'Neill's "Desire Under the Elms", which cannot be placed in the group under discussion. For although many critics have not ranked it with other examples of the great dramatist's work, there is no questioning its fundamental sincerity and the beauty of its writing. One of these well known critics speculated recently as to the reasons for the continued success of this play. When it moved from Greenwich Village to one of Broadway's large theatres, it began to do excellent business. Was it art? Or did Broadway find something in it at which to snigger? The answer is easy for one who goes to a performance. Seldom in any New York theatre has so ill behaved a crowd of theatregoers been observed. They let forth hysterical giggles, they read obscene meanings into lines where there was obviously no evil intent. They gasped, they giggled, they behaved exactly like a group of high school boys at an improper side show in the country districts. O'Neill's art, therefore, becomes the grossest pornography in the hands of a group of people obviously seeking a vicarious thrill. It would be unthinkable to suppress as fine a work as "Desire Under the Elms", yet it is also unthinkable that any public should wish to transform poetry to filth. Can the producers or censors be blamed when we pour out dollars for this type of sensation?

Thank Heaven that readers of books have not reached this stage. Nor is there any likelihood that they ever will. Outside of New York City, the pornographic meets with little success. Publishers know this, and they know, too,

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that into the majority of the homes in the United States the language and the manners of the stable have not yet penetrated, and that virtue is still regarded as a decoration rather than a commodity or a pose.

INGENUE

THE highways and byways of literature, especially the unpaved byways, are as difficult to keep clean as the streets of New York, and have as few to attempt it — an unimportant squad of whitewings, a disgruntled paper scavenger or so in the parks, and an occasional wayfarer, a literary pedestrian, who mutters to his wife as he stamps his feet in the hall. Yet these mutterings have grown to an appreciable volume, to a point where they are worth newspaper space and are worth making the basis of a crusade; and though such a campaign cannot perhaps accomplish any but a spasmodic washing down of gutters, it does at least bring to light the reasons involved in the ethical question: Why are the streets dirty? Surely frankness has a value where writing is to be believed, even if words are used in books which are barred from the bedrooms of many a respectable house. Yet the mass value of a movement toward candor carries some writers beyond good taste. The reasons are not far to seek. There are always extremists; and again, everyone does it because everyone is doing it.

Still another reason, more naive, is the fact that the most productive writers of this time are younger than they have been in other periods. For nowadays a young man or woman can live by writing and without other visible means of support. These young people are at the age when they have only just discovered sex, and they are delighted with its interest, they want to talk about it. All of us bookish persons have at some time "discovered" Thackeray, Johnson, and the like, and have rushed to friends or family waving the volume and exclaiming, "This man can write!" There is really something wonderful about the great personage, we feel, in spite of his being so banal a character in the library. And surely someone (perhaps we ourselves) should point out this beauty, and that truth, and sing all by itself such a phrase, lest its cadence be lost in the opera.

It may be that this generation of writers has discovered, with the same loquacious wonder, that civilization is largely the problem of sex and society, and it speaks and writes about that problem as if no one had ever heard of it before. Doubtless there are few who disguise salacity under frankness for commercial reasons. Yet even to those whose art, self expression, or what-you-will in the jargon, demands frankness, there should be apparent the limits of good taste.

TWO DANGEROUS ADJECTIVES

"BEST" and "popular" as applied to books or lists of books are insidious and snobbish little adjectives. There is a fragment in the writings of Epictetus which may unfortunately be applied to an attitude common among American readers of books: "If you begin by admiring little things, you will not be thought worthy of great things; but if you despise the little, you will be greatly admired." We are afraid to like the humble, the small, the entertaining. Our books, like our clothes, must bear the approval either of the

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discriminating few or the vast crowd. They must be the very best, or the most popular. We must be led to taste them by a lure of superlatives. Since this is true, the magazines and reviews do not neglect to furnish lists and advices, elaborating the method through the use of questionnaires sent out and answered by serious ladies and gentlemen who solemnly select their two, four, or five foot shelves; whereupon we obediently build in bookcases and fill them. Read the books themselves? That is another matter. So many of us do not dare to admit that we really like best to read, perhaps, a rattling good adventure story. What's one man's poetry may be another man's doggerel — Eddie Guest's verses inspire the taxi driver as Shelley's might the professor. Some time back, in "John O'London's Weekly", the librarian of the London Library, Dr. C. Hagberg Wright, published a wise discussion of "Snobbery and Books". His second paragraph seems both suggestive and fair:

> There has been in the main a touch of intellectual snobbery in the published categories of "best books". They have presented some literary man's ideal, or the school prizes of his youth. Rarely do we find a mention of the humble bedside favourite or the mirthful pocket volume that beguiles a journey. Yet Charles Darwin is said to have preferred a "shilling shocker" to graver tomes, and I can vouch personally for the attachment of Huxley to detective fiction. But the fact remains that when an eminent person is called upon for a list of books to appear in print, he assumes the black cap and incontinently condemns everything short of the most lofty poetry and prose. The consequence is that the general reader glances through the solemn catalogue, and goes away sorrowing. In his eyes the best book is apt to be one from which he draws the most instruction with the most (or the least) entertainment, and the instruction derived does not necessarily come under the heading of book-learning. This general reader on whom publishers and booksellers depend for the steady sale of their wares will usually own he has no desire for Plato or Aristotle. John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer leave him cold. He feels unable to cope with Einstein. He prefers, and confirms his preference by purchasing, often at considerable cost, modern authors who do not figure in any notable list of "best books".

THE PAMPERED ARTIST

IN an article in "Scribner's Magazine", Henry Rood finds it in his heart to point out that the American college is not a fit place for the harboring of genius. He cannot picture Frank Stockton or Mark Twain in the toils of present day undergraduate imbecility. The artist, he points out, must have leisure and freedom of soul. "The whole college community", he writes, "is vibrant with a thousand notes and discords, echoing from a thousand directions. Is it reasonable to expect Creative Genius to germinate, take root, unfold its buds — to develop steadily, surely — in such soil, in such atmosphere?" Why not? Is college any more distracting than life? Does Mr. Rood, whose admiration for the liberal young folk of today is obviously tempered, and who finds the literary gods of the Puritan past admirable, think that life is any less disciplined than the academic sanctuary? Surely, intellectual freedom, of a sort, is found more readily among professors than among business men. Where shall we put our young geniuses, if we are wise enough to know them, if they are wise enough to know themselves? Shall they troop to Greenwich Village, or sail with William Beebe and Zane Grey to the Sargasso Sea? The artistic impulse, if it is worth anything at all, must find its scene and endure its struggles. It cannot survive a lack of discipline any better than it can survive the rigors of training in self control. But survive it will, if it is worth its salt. Mr. Rood deplores the gaiety of mod-

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ern college life, with its automobiles, house parties, and other frivolities. Does it not occur to him that Poe might have found these more entrancing than the college of his day, and might have amused himself therewith in quadrangle and cloister for more than a year? Sinclair Lewis is said to have found the restrictions of Yale unbearable, while the sedate Edmund Clarence Stedman was graduated and became a business man. Yet Frank Norris wrote "Vandover and the Brute" at Harvard, Edna St. Vincent Millay wrote "Renascence" at Vassar. Mr. Stedman had the soul of a business man; Sinclair Lewis had the temperament, if not the soul, of a reformer. Mr. Lewis would have reformed Greenwich Village quite as sturdily as Gopher Prairie, although his definition of reform would not have agreed with John Sumner's. Obviously, we cannot make our institutions of learning at the same time free of discipline and destitute of distraction, nor can life ever be planned so as to nurture the artist. Art is in its very nature uncommon, and the artist's problem, whether in college or in life, is one of adjustment. Whether he chooses to make these adjustments while being educated within or without a college, seems a peculiarly individual problem, and one with which the corporations of universities cannot greatly concern themselves.

REALISM: A QUESTION BEGGING TERM

MOST people would immediately associate the word "realism" with the novels which make a point of detailed enumeration of the physical lives and environment of their characters. The first thirty pages of Balzac's "Père Goriot" pile on pungent detail until the very flavor of the Pension Vauquer is an unforgetable pain in our memory. But the word "real" is a question begging epithet. Some of the novels we remember best, and some of the passages in otherwise dim books, are those which happen mostly out of time and place but which put us unforgetably inside the mind and passion of a character. The pages in Dostoyevsky's "Crime and Punishment" that are perhaps most searing and ineradicable are those pages after the hero commits the murder where madness marches tangibly before us in his mind — and ours. Nothing could be more intimate and real to us than the fancies that simmer on the threshold of consciousness. Yet nothing is more difficult for a writer to make clearly present to us. A room may be made real; the outer furniture of our lives may be transmitted with comparative ease. But that realm of being which throbs in our minds and courses through our hearts is possibly the hardest realism of all. Not the gas station and the drug store on Main Street, but what goes on in the psyche of the garage mechanic and the drug clerk, is a knotty problem for the artist.

NOW IT SHOULD BE TOLD

THE faithfulness of biography was discussed in these pages last month. Even more important — and more difficult — is it that history be shorn of faithlessness. Many stories of the recent war have been typed and printed, most of them under official sanction; most of them, therefore, essentially inaccurate. If our mistakes as well as our victories were to be recounted, future wars might not find

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us losing lives and millions by unnecessary blunders. The scandalous conduct of our Air Service has been hinted at but never fully recorded. Confidential files were closed to its historians by official order, and carefully selected West Point officers put in charge of the work. The result is that General William Mitchell, brave, daring, farsighted, finds himself in a difficult position, as difficult as that of visionaries in 1917 who attempted to push aircraft preparation only to be met with prejudice and stupidity at many points. The heroism of our aviators cannot be dimmed by criticism of our supply department. It is well known that squadrons made their own spare parts from plowshares and that a famous American machine, much praised by our press, was known at the front as "the flaming coffin", for obvious and just reasons. Could we not have a history of the war written with the boldness of "What Price Glory?" Would it not be an integral part, even a necessity, in any preparedness program, in any pacifist propaganda? It is, of course, too much to hope; for true histories are to be composed only when time has made caution unnecessary, when lack of patriotism cannot be imputed. We apparently must go on forever being deaf, dumb, and blind. Is there no chance that official war histories may escape from the conventional, as have personal stories of the encounter? General Mitchell, being honest and bold, will be accused of insubordination and of publicity seeking. Yet it is more than likely that he is a prophet, and a prophet, right or wrong, is never popular.

ADVENTURE AND THE YOUNG

"WE don't know what to do with my little boy of nine", said a lady in an upstate New York city. "He reads constantly, two books a week; but always adventure stories. What shall we do about it? Surely, we ought to be able to persuade him to read other things." Persuading children to read is a sorry pursuit. That they have the reading habit at all is a matter for parental congratulation. Why shouldn't a healthy boy like to read of Indians and pirates, of thunderous seas and bloody assaults? Such wanderings in romance will not have more serious results than occasional attempts to tomahawk the neighbor's baby. Sooner or later, the boy who has a real love of reading will find that the ordinary adventure tale cloys, and he will, under the guidance of a librarian or a parent who is wise enough to hint rather than to persuade, turn to the romantic masterpieces of literature. He will find, perhaps for himself, "Treasure Island" and "Jim Davis". Later he will discover Dumas, and then for a time his happiness will be unbounded. Perhaps he will pass through a stage where the love story comes in for its share. Such reading, it is true, may build up in his mind visions of life as he never will find it; but which would you rather have in your family, a romanticist or a realist? Does not the truthful child lack imagination? Let him dream his dreams, let him have the joy of selecting his own books, to which he may look back as an integral part of his spiritual development.

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RELIGION FOR THE FAITHLESS

By Irwin Edman

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In this series of articles, the first of which was "Philosophy for the Lawless", Dr. Edman is attempting to show that, although present day intellectuals talk much of changed codes, of religion destroyed, of a challenging of convention, there can be for them a stability in the midst of their chaos.*

The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full,
And round earth's shore,
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled,
But now I only hear
Its melancholy long withdrawing roar
Retreating to the breath
Of the night wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

WHEN Matthew Arnold wrote these mournful lines, he was worried because the new science had made it impossible to believe in the old theology; the avalanche of new information was making the old credulities impossible. He was writing in the period when the warfare between science and theology was at its height. On the one hand was the theological picture of a wise, tender, and omnipotent God, ruling the universe in the interest of a fallen but redeemable angel, man. Science was carefully constructing a landscape full of sardonic contrast, a mechanical universe in which blind matter rolled on its relentless way, and man appeared a brief fated flare of dust in a meaningless cycle of destruction. Honest, sensitive, and troubled minds like Matthew Arnold's engaged in the thankless — and hopeless — task of reconciling these irreconcilables. They tried to make the sweet incredible mysteries of theology tenable to the hard unquestionable teaching of science. The furies of that old conflict have not died down. There are still fundamentalists on both sides. But the conflict and the reconciliations now, after fifty years, both seem strangely ancient. It seems trivial now to adjust Darwin and Genesis to each other. In the tumult of clashing ideas, religion itself seems to have been forgotten.

The quarrel between the two rival pictures of the world given by religion and science has come to seem as irrelevant to religion, in its intimate and vital sense, as a dissertation on the history of marriage would be to a person in love. Religion as an experience is more like love and rapture than it is like logic. It is a sense of dependence arising out of human need, a hunger for union emerging out of human loneliness, a thirst for salvation arising from frustration and the need for peace. Out of the expression and exuberance, the failure and triumphs of human experience, the religious geniuses of the world have imagined symbols. They have made banners for the spirit to follow, patterns by which men might passionately and completely live.

The heat of controversy is over, and in the afterquiet of our noisily acquired freedom we are beginning to realize that the human needs out of which religion grows are present as of old, and that the religious experience is

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untouched and unkillable by the new science. What is permanently relevant in religion is as permanent and true as ever. What it furnishes is as much as ever a need of the human spirit, and something which science cannot provide.

The first step in reverting to the relevant in religion is to give up regarding it as an antiquated competitor of science. In a beautiful metaphor of Everett Dean Martin's, religions are not maps of another world. They are flags on which the human spirit has blazoned its hopes and its idealisms, its passionate acceptances and its serene negations. In their religious beliefs men have written down, as it were, in capital and eternal letters, the conditions under which the spirit of man must live in the world, and the ideals toward which that spirit moves.

From this point of view, the history of religion becomes a stirring record of the most serious form of the human imagination. It is the story of those metaphors of life and destiny by which whole nations and succeeding generations of men have lived. Each religion, in its dreamed and fanciful world, has given expression to the desires of men, their sense of the ineluctable limits of desire, and their vision of perfection. Their heavens and hells have been anagrams of the spiritual biography of the human soul. Their prayers and sacrifices have been articulations of human impotence and need.

Each religion has its congenial secret and its poetic rendition of the eternal moods and changeless difficulties of mankind. Men, for example, have always been impressed with the rising current of birth and vitality, the languishing tide of death, the certain coming of life again. There are the Dionysiac mysteries of early Greek religion, in which worshipers found vent for the enthusiasm flowing in their own veins, and flowing, too, in the universe, as they saw in the fresh and green of every spring.

Checked by an experience, where youth grows old, beauty tarnishes, the limbs grow feeble and the mind grows dim, men have always bethought themselves of an eternity of beauty which death cannot defeat or age decay. Out of these imaginings came the Olympian gods, all celerity and clarity, endless coolness and light, beautiful visions of timeless things projected on the screen of time.

Or again, no sensitive mind can go through to maturity without having at some moments a vivid perception of the illusions and delusions of life, a longing for nothingness and a tortured hunger for peace. Buddhism meets this need with its answering doctrine of universal suffering and universal pity, and its assurance of a possible escape into calm and nothingness. In the field of moral experience, that eternal distinction — inexpungeable to many temperaments — between good and evil was by the Hebrew prophets converted into a flaming injunction delivered for and from an unswerving and righteous God.

But most familiarly in the western world, Christianity has come with its tender and relieving message. Almost everything that the human heart greets or falters from in its passage from birth to death, finds its echo in the Christian story. It has held a promise of salvation to souls, deeply convicted (as who has not been at some moment in his career) of being lost in the world. It has made vivid to millions a Heavenly Father on whom the helpless and undeserving children of flesh might with assurance call. In the face of the

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bitterness, tawdriness, and corruptions of earthly days, it has taught with persuasive certainty the reality of the City of God, an eternal realm of light and felicity where the soul might find its rest.

These myths and symbols, written by poets with the cosmos for their theme, have, through churches and traditions, widely affected the imaginations and profoundly affected the conduct of millions of people for centuries on our planet. They are looked at askance by the cool objective mind, informed with the jargon of the laboratory and the telescope. But however informed and cool the mind of the modern man, no amount of intellectual denial will destroy his heart or still its longings. That — as Unamuno, the Spanish philosopher, points out — is the tragic irony of our intellectual situation. Our mind remains unsatisfied with the answers needed by our hearts. Our heads are filled with physical science and evolution. There is no room in them for God, freedom, and immortality. We are too crammed with knowledge to have an empty corner for faith.

To deny that religion is possible any longer because we know too much about the world, is like denying that love is possible because we are learned in sex, or that hunger still exists because we know about calories in food. That sense of mystical union with a universe overwhelmingly larger than and inclusive of ourselves has for many people been the beginning and the core of religious experience. That sense, no mere tinkering with formulæ and slide rules can destroy. The occasional sense of absorption by the whole movement and engulfing splendor of things is shared by the most informed scientist with the most terrified savage. Science, too, leaves the universe as dark and beautiful a mystery as ever. Humility is no less enforced by the vast spaces and atomic complexity of the solar system than it is by a tight little Ptolemaic world. A sense of divinity is provoked by the godlike reaches of the human mind no less than by the traditional name of a personal God.

Religion, indeed, has always been an assertion, romantic and quenchless, that the spirit counted more than matter, life more than death, human idealism more than mechanical defeat. It has frankly been concerned with the imagined good. It has always built a heaven whose materials were the heart's desire. We still imagine goods and our hearts still desire. Men in their religions have always been devoted to what they conceived to be most serious and important in their lives. Nothing else is worthy to be called divine; and to live for the goods, values, and truths which seem central, beautiful, and enduring is to live truly for godliness. To be loyal to these is to have faith in the God that lives actually, where alone gods have truly dwelt, in man's heart. In the world as at present conceived by science, there is more need than ever for faith in that divinity which man touches in dreams and sometimes, in genius or in rapture, touches in fact. That divinity is constantly threatened, to use the old church parlance, by the flesh and the world. The winged spirit which is man's warrant to divinity is threatened always by corruption. Worship of divinity involves, as of old, sacrifice and it involves prayer. In primitive religions savage gods demanded material sacrifice for physical benefits to come. But the symbolic truth of sacrifice remains. Every loyalty to a good necessarily involves a choice, a negation, a surrender. No artist devoted

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to creation, no worker devoted to his work, no one who heeds the voice of his hidden but authentic god that dwells in him but must in some sense deny the world; though no self respecting mind would any longer expect a self respecting god to interrupt the machinery of the universe for his provincial little petition. But that hush and meditation that comes with any attempt to be clear about what one really wishes and what one regards as divine, makes prayer no less a beautiful and real thing than of old. The human imagination must always speak in metaphors, and the metaphors of old prayers often serve as well as any. We will say as ever, "Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer." But the God will be a god that dwells in us.

Faith in the divinity immanent in and possible to life has all the compulsions of religion. It requires devotion to the type of life that will preserve those values we are content to call godly. It will mean, as of old, a refusal to bend the knee to Mammon; it will mean the giving up of many a momentary dear pleasure or delight. One may love beauty and worship truth, but it requires an active piety to make them prevail in the world. In a not too far fetched sense, to live in the constant companionship of these, and to act toward their realization, is to make the will of God prevail.

It may be protested that only a naive faith in a personal God can give the unhesitant fervor and the certain peace that go with traditional religion. A mere sense of the generous vitality of nature and the challenging possibilities of life, it will be said, is not enough to fill the needs met by the ancient creeds. It appears to me a very questionable assumption that because faith changes its object, faith no longer endures. For imaginative and sensitive minds, the passion called religious may find another object than the traditional image of God. Any intense allegiance or adventurous devotion is a faith. The artist in his creation, the worker in his work, the teacher in his teaching, if they are sincere and reflective of what they are doing, are performing acts of piety to the commands of an inner god. Permanent and stirring dreams constitute a heaven; a compelling and engrossing ideal is a god. To live governed by these invariables, to make no compromise where they are concerned, is to lead something like what the theologians would call the spiritual life.

This faith in the exuberance of nature and the inventive power of life will not, it is true, give peace. There is no heaven to look forward to save such as we keep shining in our own minds as patterns for the modeling of our lives; there is no power to rely on save those in nature and in ourselves. Faith becomes an adventurous and eager hypothesis. It is belief in the possible conversion of the dream that animates us into living fact. No one that looks before and after can live without some such implicit hope. Without it, life is a dying from moment to moment. The world is certainly far from resembling that picture of its possible loveliness that is carried as the City of God in the head of every idealist. But faith in the dear beauty of that picture is, for generous minds, a religion. Many free minds have had no other.

This faith may be considered merely a form of lyric romanticism rather than a creed. It may be objected that the absurdity of life, the finality

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of death, are capable of killing any response sufficiently resilient and universal to be called religious. But the religion of the future, while it will certainly have to start from the facts of mechanism and biology, will certainly rise, as religions have always risen, to those peaks and goals of experience on which the eyes of the religious genius have always been fixed. No amount of checkmating by the facts will stop that soaring of the human spirit, or kill its vision of a dreamed of divinity. That soaring is itself sufficient testimony of the reality of the divine. In merely dreaming of perfection the mind acknowledges its God. In fostering that dream in action, even the faithless will be performing an act of faith. And living among constant goods, imperishable beauties, and invariable truths, the soul, as religions have always promised, will be saved.

FOLLOW THE WIND

By Marion M. Boyd

FOLLOW the wind, follow the wind!
Each leaf points a silver finger,
The grasses bend, and the flowers laugh,
But the wind will not linger.

Follow the wind, follow the wind!
Past the haw tree and the willow,
Past the ruffled feathers of flying birds
And the stream's crested billow.

Follow the wind, follow the wind!
He knows all the hidden alleys
That open white to his lightest touch
Over the hills and valleys.

Follow the wind, follow the wind!
And find if you can the hollow
Where silence broods in the heart of calm,
Only follow, follow!

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SUNDAY

By Fabyan Mathey

With Sketches by Edith Whitcomb Morrell

A MAN and a woman. They belong to each other, they are of each other. A man and a woman given to life. Years will come and go, and come and go — long years, short years, on and on. Sometime, somehow, the years will melt. Life is ever fading.

He is sitting on the porch steps of their little house in the town. His legs are stretched out, stiff, in front of him. He has a face that is round and small, a neck that is thin and long. There are spectacles on his nose, glass that covers his eyes and makes them strange. Strange eyes for so homely a face.

She is sitting in a chair above him. She, too, is gaunt, but her face is long and with a large nose. There are no glasses over her eyes. She holds in one hand a piece of white cloth. In the other there is a needle. As the chair rocks back and forth, she sews.

It is Sunday. It is a Sunday day. Sunday is one day that he has for her. She is his wife. Last night he was not home until late. Working, striving ahead. She is his wife — this is their home.

They speak very little. Only a short while ago they lost their first child. A baby. They need not speak; they understand — they know. A man and a woman. They are of each other.

Last night there were many people on the train from the city. Gay people. They had been to the theatres, to the hotels, seeking pleasure. Finding pleasure, perhaps. The people on the train had talked loudly and

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laughed. He had not laughed. He was alone and quiet. For a while he had read his newspaper. Then the printing had vanished, and her face was there, on the paper in his lap. She would be waiting for him. She would be glad for him, glad to have him again. Her face and their home were before his eyes as he left the train. During the long walk to the house he saw her face — in the little room, in the lamplight. Waiting for him. Glad for him.

She rises from the chair and places her needle and thread and cloth down upon it.

"The dinner — " She smiles at him. "I must go look at the dinner."

He turns his head. "Yes — may I help?" He smiles also; a warm, tender smile.

"No, John; not now. But you are very kind", and she walks through the doorway and into the house.

He looks out across the grass to the road. He likes the day; it is Sunday and he does not go to the city. Sunday he is home with her.

He likes to look at the sunlight on the grass, at the shadows on the grass, at the trees. The sun plays with the trees; it makes shadows with the trees. Shadows on the grass. They move slowly, slowly — as the years move. Shadows from the sun and from the trees. He closes his eyes — Sunday. Cool shadows.

A dog comes around the corner of the house. It is a brown dog with bristly hair. It runs up to him. It is his dog — their dog. He rubs his hand on its head, gently.

"Bim." He speaks low to the dog. "Good Bim."

The dog stands there. It wags its tail and looks up at him. The dog speaks, too. It says with its eyes: "You are my master. You give me a home and food. You give me protection and life. I am grateful." The dog lies down beside him. "Bim, good Bim", the master whispers.

Two people walk by on the sidewalk. They look at him. He is tall and thin and has a homely face. But it is a good face, it is a fine face. Kind and gentle and strange. Strange eyes behind glass. And the people pass on.

It is Sunday — Sunday for her. In the afternoon they will walk over shaded roads and in the fields. In the fields among white and yellow daisies. They will be silent as they walk, slowly. His hands will reach down to pluck the flowers from their stems, and then to throw them away among the weeds. The daisies that he plucks will die, but they will leave seeds for new daisies next year. Life is ever fading. White and yellow daisies among flaxen weeds — another child will come.

They will come home from the flaxen fields for supper. He will help her — things from the icebox, from the little pantry. Supper in the kitchen. Again he will help her. Drying the dishes while she washes them. Putting the dishes away.

They will go out on the porch in the evening. They will lie, together, on the hammock. Her arms about him, his head on her breast. Silent lips will say: "I love you." On the hammock in the evening — far away. Golden evening. Golden darkness.

It is Sunday. Tomorrow he must work. A long week of toil, hard toil. Over a desk, high in a great building of the city. Working for her, helping her. He is her life, she is his life. Dirty trains in the morning, dirty trains at night. But Sunday will come again — seven days and another Sunday.

She will be at home tomorrow. She

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"In the afternoon they will walk in the fields"

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will be alone — their little child is gone. In the morning there will be things to put in order in the house. Dusting, breakfast dishes. In the afternoon she will go to the stores, then come home to read. She will get the dinner. Later he, too, will come home.

Yes, he has a good face. His face says: "I did not marry her for her body, as other men marry other women. I married her, because she is my life. She is my home." Days and days, years and years, on and on — she is his life, she is his home. He is her life.

The dog rises and rubs its head against his shoulder. "Good Bim", he says. Then the dog goes into the house, to her.

Gladness sings in his heart on Sunday. He wakes in the morning. He thinks he must hurry to get the train for the city. Then he remembers — he need not hurry, he need not jump quickly out of bed. He may lie there, beside her, as long as he wishes. He touches her arm tenderly. Her eyes open a little and she smiles. Her arm goes around him. They doze. It is Sunday — they will walk with each other, they will lie in the hammock with each other. Gladness sings in his heart, sings in their hearts. It is Sunday, when he may rest. Today he is not bending over a desk. Today is rest. He is sitting on the porch. She is in the kitchen, standing over the stove, perhaps. He is her life. She is his life.

She has a thin face and a large nose and small eyes. She has a gaunt, awkward body and plain, brown hair. She is beautiful. Her hair is beautiful. He likes to run his fingers through it — it is like the rays of sunlight shining through grey clouds and drawing dampness from the earth. Her eyes are beautiful — they look upon him with the reflection of their love. Her body is beautiful.

She is kind and thoughtful. She is fine. She remembers the little things, she does the little things. She gives herself to him. They are of each other.

A man comes out of a house across the street. He is throwing a ball into the air and catching it as it comes down.

"O, John!" the man calls gaily. "What about playing ball?"

"Yes, yes." John crosses the street, and the two men talk.

Soon others appear. They have seen the man throwing the ball into the air, and they, also, wish to play. Then all of them go to a vacant lot.

They play. They play with vigor. They shout, they laugh. These men are free now; they are not closed up in buildings, in small offices in the city. They throw fast, they run fast, they play fast. They are free.

One man hits the ball very far.

"Jesus! — Jesus! look at it go", another man exclaims. "Look at it — it sails!"

"Yes, it sails!" cries a third — "it sails!"

John watches the ball. It sails — why must there be desks and dirty trains? Sometime —

After a while the game is finished. John comes back and sits again on the porch. He reaches lazily for the funny paper. He has read it before, but he glances at it, reads it again. It is Sunday.

Sometime they are going away, far away, to another part of the world. They will live in a great castle with large rooms and purple curtains and fine furniture. Many servants and automobiles. Flower gardens and trees and vast lawns. He will not travel on dirty

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trains then. He will not bend for hours over a desk. Each day will be Sunday, each day for her. Purple curtains and fine furniture in a castle — sometime.

He is reading the funny paper. She stands in the doorway.

"Dinner is ready," she says, "if you will just help me put it on the table."

He rises quickly. The funny paper falls from his hands to the ground beside the porch.

"Yes", he replies.

He goes into the house to help her.

It is Sunday. Gladness sings in their hearts. Tonight they will lie in the hammock with golden darkness all around. They are of each other.

A man and a woman given to life. Long hours caring for the house — dusting, cooking, putting things in order. Long hours over a desk, high in a great building of the city. Years will come and go, and come and go — long years, short years, on and on. To-day is today, tomorrow is yesterday.

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WASHINGTON IRVING, ESQUIRE

By George S. Hellman

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The publishers of "Washington Irving, Esquire" have given us permission to use quotations from it before publication. Of this first internationally recognized man of letters, Mr. Hellman has made a human and appealing character. Irving was popular in his day and important to America in gaining the understanding of Europe and in furthering amity.*

AN outstanding fact in considering the life and work of Irving is that, in contradistinction to far the greater number of our representative authors, he had in him nothing of the Puritan strain. Emerson, Thoreau, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, the genial Curtis and the witty Holmes, whether or not of Puritan ancestry, all carried on that New England tradition which includes an emphatic interest in reform, in moralizing, or in the general relationship of instruction to entertainment. Irving, on the other hand, believed in enjoying life and in making life as pleasant as possible for others. He was not the exponent of morality but the proponent of good will. He was an observer, not a teacher; and he cared much more to observe and to enjoy than to be taught.

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The ignorance of Europe concerning America was really astounding. When Irving set forth on his travels our republic had, like himself, barely since the Treaty of Paris attained its majority. Napoleon absorbed the interest of the Continent, and no European government, or for that matter no European people, paid much attention to the twenty one year old member of the family of nations. "I was asked the other day at dinner by a well-dressed Frenchman whether my Province (for he took the U. S. to be a mere Province) was not a great wine country and whether it was not in the neighbourhood of *Turkey* or somewhere thereabout!" At another time Irving records that Americans have a name for drunkenness and public disturbance. "Pho — it's only some drunken American or other", was a comment he overheard at some street ruction, drunkenness being considered in an American "merely as a custom of his country". Still another time he was accosted by a French officer. "*Vous etes anglais, Monsieur*?" asked the officer. "*Pardonnez moi,*" replied Irving, "*je suis des Etats Unis d'Amerique.*" — "*Et bien, c'est la meme chose.*" Another Frenchman thinks that when America becomes stronger the Americans intend to drive all the Europeans out of their country. A merchant from Frankfort, while interested in our customs, knows little of the United States. At Lure a man asks Irving whether they are near Asia. On being told that they are not, "'*Alors,*' said he, '*ils sont tout pres de l'Afrique.*' — '*Non, pardon Monsieur, point du tout.*' — '*Diable. Comme je me trompe — ils sont dans le voisinage d'Europe.*' — I again informed him he was mistaken. — '*F —*', replied he, '*est il possible? Ou sont ils donc, Monsieur?*'" And so it goes on, vast numbers of persons believing that whoever goes to America "runs the

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narrowest risks of his life there from the *yellow fever* or the savages". And everywhere Irving, and Cabell with him when they were together, satisfy the curiosity and dispel the ignorance of those they meet. A Geneva merchant, a Protestant minister, an engraver of Basle, a gentleman of Lucerne, the nobility of Italy, the peasants of France, these and many more came into their real knowledge of America, imparted to them with that charm, that courtesy, that gayness and geniality, and always that well balanced patriotism which made them friendly not only to their instructor but also to the country which so graciously he represented. As we go on with our study of the life of Washington Irving, Esquire, we shall, if I am not much at fault, reach the conclusion that no other American has won more friends than did he for his country, this first journey to Europe being the initial step in his imponderable yet magnificent service as our ambassador at large.

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In "The Broken Heart", the pathetic story of the daughter of Curran, the famous Irish barrister, Irving had in "The Sketch Book" avowed his belief that people could indeed die of broken hearts, but added that exclusive devotion to the memory of a lover departed was to be found in women rather than in men. A man — and he was writing from personal experience — had a multiplicity of outer interests — practical success, fame, excitement, and so on — to mend, in some measure at least, the broken heart. The legend that Washington Irving remained a lifelong bachelor because of Matilda Hoffman's death half a century before his own, is due solely to the sentimental desire of his nephew and first biographer, Pierre M. Irving. In his attempt to perpetuate this gentle myth, Pierre M. Irving had recourse to comments, to suppressions, and to elisions whose nature is now apparent through a careful study of Irving's Dresden diaries.

There are three of these Dresden diaries, and what dances and dinners and all manner of entertainments are packed in their entries! In the merry life of the little capital of Saxony we meet an Irving vastly different from that of immediately preceding or subsequent years — a gay and rejuvenated Irving. The financial cares and the physical ailments from which he was never, for any great length of time, wholly free, were then only the lightest of shadows. He immediately became a great favorite at court, the formal yet intimate, gracious yet intellectual little court of a kingdom still in its teens.

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Amateur theatricals, whereof various were given at Mrs. Foster's residence, with Irving as the prime spirit in getting them up, account in great measure for the rapidity with which he fell in love with Emily. That delightful comedy, "Three Weeks After Marriage", was not the only one of the plays in which Irving was either the avowed lover or the actual husband of the young girl. There were frequent rehearsals where histrionic love making, on Irving's part at least, soon began to take on the character of serious courtship.

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Mrs. Foster did her best to persuade her daughter into marriage with the distinguished and charming American, but when Emily thanked Irving for his lines it was as a friend; and that was all. Yet he persisted in the hope to win her,

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and it was years before he entirely gave up that hope.

With the New York girl who died during their betrothal, with the Scotch-born woman who was too old for him, and the English girl who was too young, there is completed the list of the women who were desired in marriage by Washington Irving. Much more difficult it is to determine who and how many were those who were disappointed at Irving's failure fully to return the affection they felt for him. Madame de Bergh we may dismiss as merely a partner in a casual flirtation. Not so lightly can we pass by Mary Fairlie, Mary Shelley, and Antoinette Bolvillier.

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After all manner of news of friends, Mary approaches the conclusion with, "If you write a very long letter I may be again induced to follow your example. If you do not I shall consider it as a hint, that you do not wish to be troubled by me. All our family send their love to you. And Mama particularly requests that you take care of your health." Then, after she has signed herself as "Your Friend, M. Fairlie", Mary adds as a postscript: "Don't you admire this pretty paper — I like it so much that I have been trying, in vain, to leave it, these ten minutes but my pen today has the same propensity that my tongue has, when talking to you, I know not when to have done."

* * * *

The second Mary to come under the spell of Irving's charm was the daughter of William Godwin, the philosopher, and of Mary Wollstonecraft, a pioneer in the assertion of women's rights. The widow of Percy Bysshe Shelley was twenty eight years old, and Irving forty, when the two were brought together in 1824 by John Howard Payne. Payne himself was at the time deeply devoted to Mary Shelley, but losing hope as a suitor for her hand (or for her less formal favors) he seems to have resigned himself to the thought that Irving, to whom he was under obligations and with whom he then was collaborating in dramatic writing, might as well be successful where he had failed. In a mood wherein motives of friendship for Irving and Mary Shelley mingled with other less happy emotions, Payne wrote to Irving of his belief that Mary Shelley had sought him merely as a source of introduction to Irving. While this may be regarded as an overstatement, Mary had told Payne that Irving "had interested her more than anyone she had ever seen since she left Italy"; that he was "gentle and cordial"; and that "she longed for friendship" with him.

* * * *

But Irving, in 1824, was still caught up in his infatuation with Emily Foster. The situation was much like that which Heine describes in one of his ironic lyrics: Payne was in love with Mary; she, it would seem, with Irving; he with Emily; and Emily was later to marry a fifth.

* * * *

At Madrid, in 1826 and 1827, where Irving was so industriously engaged on his history of Columbus, the home where he was most often, and very often, a guest was that of the Russian Minister, D'Oubril. Antoinette Bolvillier, Madame D'Oubril's niece, was the most delightful member of the Russian Minister's household, and with her Irving became on terms of really rare friendship. When he left Madrid in the early part of 1828 to spend his re-

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maining two years in Spain mainly at Seville and Granada, Antoinette received his promise to write to her.

* * * *

Intelligent and high spirited, Antoinette Bolvillier struck some of the finest chords in Irving's nature, and led him to write, from the sheer point of artistry, the most perfect of his letters. Entering again upon the field of surmise, we venture the opinion that if, with his second great disappointment in love, Irving had not forever renounced the idea of marriage, this girl who was so sympathetic a companion in the Madrid days might have won his enduring affection.

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It seems perhaps a cruel thing to say, but I am convinced that if Matilda Hoffman had lived, the man of letters that the world of literature knows as Washington Irving would never have come into being. As the son-in-law of Josiah Hoffman, Irving would in all probability have had a sinecure as a junior partner in a distinguished law firm and later, perhaps through the influence of Hoffman, of Judge Van Ness and of other New Yorkers with voice at Washington, have obtained in early manhood the secretaryship of legation which he unsuccessfully sought during the administration of James Madison. There might, from time to time, have issued some piece of writing from his facile pen, but would there have been that prod of necessity which ultimately forced Irving into the career of an author? Not even the success of "Knickerbocker's History" could stir Irving from the happy, indolent life of a young man about town. It is difficult to say whether his aversion from work or his love for society was more marked in the days of his early manhood; but in any event he presents the unparalleled case of an author leaving his pen almost unemployed for a period of nine years immediately following the appearance of a phenomenally successful book.

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The struggle between his characteristic spirit of independence, and his equally characteristic tendency to underrate his own capacity, was soon to terminate in the first international triumph of an American man of letters. After two months of hesitations and misgivings Irving settled down to the first serious attempt at literary work since his arrival in Europe, and so well did he get on that by the end of the following February he had finished the first number of "The Sketch Book", and had succeeding numbers in partial readiness.

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As number after number was issued — first in the United States and then, shortly afterward, in England — the enthusiasm aroused by "Rip Van Winkle", by that universal favorite "The Broken Heart", by "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow", grew greater and greater. If Scott was especially delighted with the legend of the Headless Horseman, William Godwin seemed to find most to praise in the essay on "Rural Life in England". "It is, I believe, all true", wrote Godwin; "and one wonders, while reading, that nobody ever said this before." Godwin's praise was the first in that great chorus which was, in 1819, to make Irving famous all over Europe; and the comment that Godwin made — Godwin, whose work on political justice was one of the epoch making books of all times — is especially significant of what Irving began, in "The Sketch Book", to

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do for England, for English literature, and for the relationship between England and the United States.

* * * *

One more quotation, and we shall have ended with the memoranda jotted down by Irving during his Vienna days. "Nations", he writes, "are fast losing their nationality. The great and increasing intercourse, the exchange of fashions, the uniformity of opinions by the diffusion of literature are fast destroying those peculiarities that formerly prevailed. We shall in time grow to be very much one people, unless a return of barbarism throws us again into clans." — Is there not in this concluding sentence one of the first expressions by an American man of letters of the spirit of internationalism?

* * * *

A great favorite at court (the Queen on one occasion sent the Master of Ceremonies to bring Irving to her; told him that she had not seen him for a century, and paid him many compliments on "The Sketch Book" which she was then reading in a French translation), he had the royal gardens to walk in. He heard Carl Maria von Weber playing his own music on the piano; he talked with the King of Bavaria about Benjamin Franklin whom the King had known in Paris and whose horse and cabriolet the Bavarian monarch had bought after Franklin's departure; he discussed with the younger princes the future of Europe, with Russia as its vast and dangerous factor. There were gay luncheons at inns and at hunting pavilions; country excursions; sails on little lakes; dinners under trees on the lawn. And through it all the songs and whispers of Madame de Bergh, and the surging music of the heart so deeply stirred by Emily Foster.

The author of "The Sketch Book", his name now honored both in Europe and America, felt some hesitation in entering into the less dignified field of adaptation; but his passion for plays, his entire willingness to add to a purse somewhat depleted by the monetary demands of the unsuccessful steamboat enterprise, and last, but assuredly not least, his desire to be of service to a friend and a countryman more hard pressed than himself, were the determining factors in an acquiescence which included the condition that his participation should remain secret.

While Irving gave advice, and probably more than advice, in connection with many of the plays that Payne worked upon during the years 1823 and 1824, two of these were very largely his handiwork — "Charles II" and "Richelieu". With them we may consider "Abu Hassan" and "The Wild Huntsman" — adapted by Irving from the German — as the four finished pieces of Irving the playwright. And after that there shall be a glance at the germinal ideas of plays whose writing Irving contemplated but never carried out.

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In the following month Irving conceived the plan of a play to be entitled "The Cavalier", and during the following week wrote almost feverishly. After this all trace of the play is lost. Nothing remains of "The Cavalier". But loosely placed between the pages of a diary of that year have been discovered the notes for a play based on a suggestion given to Irving the preceding March by Lord Byron's friend, Captain Medwin. "El Embozado" — The Cloaked Figure — is a drama of the dual nature of man. The plot that Irving worked up from Medwin's note reveals an aristocratic and disso-

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lute young man who seduces a peasant girl. After having given her love, the girl learns that her hero is engaged to a young noblewoman. She kills herself. The night before the marriage her seducer is carousing with his boon companions. Later, when he is alone, he is confronted by a mantled figure that accuses him for his evil ways; will hear nothing in extenuation; threatens and commands. The spoiled young fellow becomes enraged and is about to attack the stranger when he realizes that the unknown visitor is himself. His other self — his better self — stands in the way of his career of riches, happiness, and of cold and selfish vice. But how shall a man get away from himself? The keenest sword cannot cut the strings of conscience; and in Irving's play — as later, differently evolved, in Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" — the solution is the hero's death.

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Byron is more frequently mentioned in Irving's notebooks of this period than any other writer. Irving's writings delighted Byron, and Thomas Moore had doubtless shown Irving Byron's letter of July, 1821, wherein the English poet had written of his enthusiasm for the writings of "your Mr. Irving". On the other hand, Irving took such pleasure in Byron's poetry that he sent him — the only gift presented to a man whose acquaintance he had never made — a copy of "The Sketch Book". He inscribed the first of the two volumes: "Lord Byron with the author's high respect and admiration. Washington Irving, Dresden, May, 1823." The phrase to be noted is "high respect".

* * * *

From critical and non-critical alike; from the reviewers in the journals and the boys at college; from royalty and diplomats; from lodging house keepers and country folk; in a word, from the high places and from the byways of English life, praise and affection flowed forth to Washington Irving; and it was as the most affectionately regarded of Americans that he sailed for his native land. The last of his recorded visits to any friends in London was at the home of the Fosters. Did he — years after the Dresden offer of marriage — then make the final attempt to bring Emily as his bride across the waters?

* * * *

The reception given to Irving by his fellow citizens was cordial beyond his most hopeful expectations. He found himself "in a tumult of enjoyment . . . pleased with everything and everybody and as happy as a mortal can be". Seventeen years had gone by since his home town had seen its famous son. Its chief citizens immediately arranged for a public dinner which Irving could not well refuse, although he looked forward to it "with awe", and wrote Peter that he would be "heartily glad when it was over". Doubtless he would have preferred to assume the rôle of the maidservant described by William Irving, a man almost as shy as his younger brother. On the occasion of a large dinner given by her mistress the servant had asked permission to go to bed early on the ground that she did not feel at ease with so much company about.

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Although his interest in national politics was quickened by his attendance at Congress in 1833 and by later visits to Washington, Irving continued in his early aloofness from political affairs. His dislike for the grime of politics and his aversion from public

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office led him to decline candidacy for Congress during the Jacksonian era; the nomination for the mayoralty of New York City offered him by Tammany Hall in 1838; and, shortly thereafter, the appointment to the secretaryship of the navy under his old friend, Van Buren. Statesmen and fellow citizens were continually trying to honor him, and he was continually trying to escape.

* * * *

Before his arrival at Madrid as the new American minister, Irving was to have more than three months of welcome and acclaim among many of the most distinguished personages of England and France. The diary wherein he sets down the doings of those days seems entirely to have escaped the attention of Pierre M. Irving and has remained unknown to succeeding biographers.

* * * *

With Samuel Rogers he went on May fourth to Lady Holland's — to her home in South Street where she "keeps up a kind of Holland House on a small scale", her larger establishment in Kensington having been the famous resort of statesmen and men of letters. There he met "Lady Seymour, the Queen of Beauty", and Colonel Charles Fox, "grown stout and grey". Two days later he accompanied Edward Everett to Queen Victoria's levee. . . . Of Victoria and her consort he wrote: "The Queen is pleasing in her appearance and acquits herself with grace and ease; Prince Albert, tall and elegantly formed, bland and prepossessing in countenance and demeanour." He found Victoria "though not decidedly handsome, agreeable and intelligent", and was impressed by the devotion of the young couple to one another. "It is rare", he wrote, "to see such a union of pure affection on a throne."

* * * *

Old Samuel Rogers was greatly affected on meeting Irving again. Irving's other friends were no less delighted, Thomas Moore in especial. At the anniversary dinner of the Literary Fund where Prince Albert presided, Sir Robert Inglis and G. P. R. James, the novelist, Lockhart, Lord Lansdowne, and many other Englishmen of prominence joined heartily in the toasts that were drunk to Washington Irving. Irving sat between Moore and Hallam, laughing with them at the maudlin speech that Thomas Campbell (having indulged too freely in wine) made in Hallam's honor. The next day (May 13), Irving breakfasted with Hallam, where he again met William Wordsworth to whom, a few days before, he had been introduced at a breakfast given by Miss Rogers. Wordsworth, at the age of seventy three, was the next year to become poet laureate, after having arranged with Sir Robert Peel that no official verse should be required of him — a stipulation offering evidence that Wordsworth was indeed a poet.

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The insurrection culminating in the Regent's overthrow in July, 1843, was preceded by the siege of Madrid, insurgent armies having marched upon it from various directions. Streets were deserted, shops closed, and the city was lighted up at night. (These were the days before bombing aeroplanes.) Thousands of Espartero's soldiers were waiting for the invaders who might at any time succeed in breaking through the gates and barricades. Irving was advised not to leave his residence, as "one may get involved in tumults in

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such times". But the gentle, non-militant country gentleman paid no attention to this advice, and on the day when Narvaez, the insurgent general, was with his troops only a few miles from Madrid, Irving drove forth as usual, at times alighting and walking among the soldiers. From gate to gate he drove, his carriage being one of the only three in the usually crowded thoroughfares of the city. He wrote to his niece Mrs. Storrow that he "could not resist the desire to see something of a city in the state of siege. I sallied forth with as much eagerness as, when a boy, I used to break bounds and sally forth at midnight to see a fire." But may one not assume that the real reason, modestly withheld, was quite different? No doubt it seemed to Irving that in a time of danger the American envoy should not refrain from following his usual custom; and when he alone of all the foreign diplomats at Madrid sauntered forth among the soldiers, he laid another stone in that structure of admiration wherein to this day his name is preserved by the people of Spain.

* * * *

Thrice welcome, indeed, was Washington Irving on his final return to the land of his birth. The verses of Lowell expressed the attitude of all Americans toward the man of whom and to whom William C. Preston, in the final year of both their lives, wrote: "I do not believe that any man in any country has ever had a more affectionate admiration for him than that given to you in America. I believe that we have had but one man who is so much in the popular heart."

* * * *

Irving's love for little children that had ever been so predominant a trait — a quality which some may regard as surely the wisest as it is the happiest of traits — is instanced throughout the closing years. He would make merry with them on meeting little boys and girls in the city streets or country lanes. Once, in a railway car, he noticed that two restless children were giving some trouble to their mother. So he took both little boy and little girl on his lap and so effectively entertained them that, "Ah! Sir," said the mother, "one can see that you are the kind father of a big family!"

* * * *

Irving's kind nature flowed forth of course in warm current also toward his fellows of the pen. When Edgar Allan Poe sought permission for the use of something that Irving had written as the material for a story of his own, the request was immediately granted, although the acquaintance between Poe and Irving was of the slightest. Whether Poe ever wrote this story, and what was the theme of Irving's that he may have adapted, remain interesting subjects for special research.

* * * *

The thirteen years that intervened between Irving's return from the post he had resigned as minister to Spain and his death in 1859, have been called a period largely idyllic. The joys of friendship, of family life, of his country place; the pleasure of opera and plays; of authorship and of reading; mild horseback rides, until too many falls ended these; occasional games of whist, chess, and backgammon; correspondence whose chief charm lay in the reminiscences they involved; playing with children; a little churchgoing toward the end — these attest the quiet tenor of the life that along paths of simplicity

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and in surroundings of natural beauty approached its gentle termination. In the sphere of public events there is nothing more important to record than Irving's participation, with William Cullen Bryant and Daniel Webster, in the trio that presided at the exercises in commemoration of James Fenimore Cooper. In civic celebrations perhaps the most important episode was associated with the laying of the Atlantic cable in 1858, which, as Irving wrote, "caused a day to be set apart for everyone throughout the union to go crazy on the subject". However important an influence he may have been, and was, in affecting the American world of letters, the former diplomat played no part in political events or in social movements during this period. In women's rights, free trade, temperance societies, states rights, and the abolition of slavery he seemed curiously uninterested.

* * * *

That he was an old man eager to enjoy repose, is not the explanation; nor that Preston, the Senator from South Carolina, and Henry Clay, the Senator from Kentucky, and men of all parties had been his friends from youth; nor that he did not love the Union; nor that he was not opposed to any system of human slavery. The cause of Washington Irving's abstention from the controversy which shook the foundations of his country is too deep for any surface explanation. He had, as a young man, become even at the risk of the severance of friendships, even at the cost of being misinterpreted by indignant fellow countrymen, firmly convinced that an author best serves the world by adhering to the employment of those talents as an author which are peculiarly his natural gifts.

* * * *

He believed in self development, but not greatly in the reform of others; in the sunshine of Nazareth rather th an in the lightning of Sinai. He was the patriarchal embodiment of good will toward men, and it is much to be questioned whether his value to America would have been greater had he, in those pre-Civil War days, swerved from that beneficent symbolization.

* * * *

Indeed, it is not too much to say that of all Americans during their lifetime he was the most unqualifiedly endeared to his countrymen. Benjamin Franklin may have been his peer in this regard, but neither the immensely popular Henry Clay, nor the intensely admired Daniel Webster, nor Washington, nor Lincoln, was loved in such unpartizan manner.

* * * *

In concluding, we must with emphasis recur to the thought that it was Irving, more than any other man, who brought into accord the English speaking peoples; that it was Irving who through his legends and his descriptions developed in his countrymen local sentiment and pride in the natural grandeur of their land. A fate not wholly kind to this kind and winning gentleman showed a fitting courtesy in bringing him to his simple grave at Sleepy Hollow before his brothers of the north and of the south faced one another, with vindictive eyes, on the however imperative, yet intellectually humiliating and ever tragical, field of war.

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THE NEW NOTE IN SOUTHERN LITERATURE

By DuBose Heyward

IT has been said that good taste is an outstanding characteristic of southern letters, and that this in itself constitutes no mean contribution to contemporary American art. That such is the case is undeniable. The southern writer has applied himself with energy and ability to his task, and he has produced a literature that has reflected certain aspects of his environment with fidelity and feeling. Most important of all, he accepted the trust imposed in him by his audience, respected its taboos, and so produced literature that was characterized by "good taste".

In many ways he was fortunate. The audience was already cultivated; it was rooted deep in Anglo-Saxon tradition. It knew and demanded good English in what it read. It was conservative, and was uninterested in sensational filth. But now came the fatal flaw. *This audience also demanded strict adherence to its code of good taste, and the code which it prescribed was that of the Victorian drawing room — not art.* There were, therefore, certain aspects of the life of the region that the writer must see only in part. Occasionally a daring spirit would ignore the signs. The case of George Cable has been pointed out to more than one aspiring southern writer as a horrible example of the retribution of an outraged society. He had broken the "code of manners", and he was hanged in chains that others might see and profit.

To illustrate how this false standard could inhibit, even pervert artistic energy, one has only to look upon the Negro in literature during the period following the Civil War. In the well bred southern drawing room of a decade ago, the "Negro problem" was never mentioned. A discussion of the economic and spiritual strivings of the race would have implied that such a problem existed; that in turn would have been disturbing, and accordingly "bad taste". This attitude was transmitted, simply by the weight of public opinion, to the writer. He knew that the raw stuff of human drama was there to his hand. But then — there was George Cable. And so the authors who undertook to interpret Negro life divided themselves into two general classes: those who dealt altogether delightfully with the Negro of the past; and those who took the Negro's sense of humor as a keynote, caricatured it beyond recognition, and produced a comedian so detached from life that he could be laughed at heartily without the least disloyalty to the taboo.

Now the task that confronts the south today is simply this: to readjust its standards of good taste. Good taste in manners, if you will. But for art, its own code of good taste, based upon a fearless and veracious molding of the raw human material that lies beneath its hand.

That an increasing number from the audience are realizing this, there can be no doubt. And in this fact lies the encouragement and hope for southern letters of the future. No longer isolated by geographical detachment, the southern audience is eager for light,

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and, possessing a congenial feeling for literature, it needs only to be made familiar with the new symbols to recognize the authentic in modern art.

Poetry societies which are enjoying flourishing existences in five southern states bring to their members each year a number of America's leading poets and critics in lectures and readings. Newspaper subscribers to the circulation of 300,000 scattered from Texas to Virginia read each week the excellent syndicated column edited by Addison Hibbard under the name of Telfair, Jr., with its trenchant and interesting comments. Book pages are today part of almost every paper of importance, and are read with eagerness and intelligence. Then there are "The Reviewer", "The Southwest Review", "The Sewanee Review", several other quarterlies, and "The Double Dealer", all seeking eagerly for the young writer with something to say. The fact that these publications are entirely uncommercial in intention or appeal renders their editorial policy unfettered.

Subjected to these and other similar influences, the prejudices of the audience are dissolving. It is beginning to concede that, after all, an artist may be permitted to see the whole of his subject and still not be a public menace.

Already, encouraged by this change in attitude, there has come a new note in southern literature. There need be no fear of open license. Good taste still holds good. But there is a new method of approach, and a new and daring handling of old material that promises much vitality for the new school. Within a surprisingly short time several writers have appeared who have forsworn the shackles of their immediate predecessors, and are observing and recording with honesty and fearlessness.

It is not the purpose of this article to cover the general field of southern literature; that has been done most admirably by Professor Richard Burton in his recent survey in this magazine. It is merely my intention to indicate this new quality, not yet discernible from the lecture platform, and to offer a few examples which will make clear its actual existence. Some of the names I shall mention may thus far have escaped the notice of all but a discriminating few, but they are destined to be heard from in the immediate future, for they have evidenced qualities that have already laid the foundation for a new phase of southern letters.

Let us take first the drama, in which there occur more manifestations of the quality to which I refer than in either poetry or fiction. Consider the plays of the Carolina mountains that have enjoyed such a vogue in New York. In "Sun-up" and "The Shame Woman" Lula Vollmer, of North Carolina, has given us a cross section of the lives of these dwellers in the southern Appalachians as illuminatingly and poignantly true as life itself. And Hatcher Hughes, a native of South Carolina, in "Hell-Bent Fer Heaven" has taken the effect of religious fanaticism on the same repressed and isolated people, and shown it as a deadly instrument of evil and destruction. At least two of these plays would have trod upon the toes of certain conventions of a decade ago, and yet — there they are. Now turn to "Roseanne", by Nan Bagby Stephens of Atlanta, which, although praised by critics, did not receive the popular attention that it deserved. Confronted by insurmountable mechanical difficulties, this playwright nevertheless presented in her drama, for the first time on the American stage, a psychologically true serious picture of contemporary southern Negro life. In this demonstration

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she was gallantly backed by Mary Kirkpatrick of Alabama, who allowed the play to close only after experience had proved that it is as impossible for the southern black to be portrayed by the Harlem Negro as by a northern white, plus grease paint.

Then, of course, there is Laurence Stallings, of Georgia, not dealing with southern material it is true, but displaying, in "What Price Glory?", an artistic ideal rather than a Victorian good taste of manners which would have been imposed upon him, I do not doubt, by his forebears, and which would have forbidden the employment of his agonizing realism, thus destroying the masterpiece created by Maxwell Anderson and himself.

In the south, which is hampered by the lack of a professional producing theatre, the little theatre has spoken clearly and fearlessly. At the University of North Carolina, Frederick H. Koch, with his own student playwrights, the most distinguished of whom is Paul Green, has presented and published folk plays of a high quality, and these have not hesitated to touch upon the evils of tenant farming and religious fanaticism.

Those who attended the little theatre tournament in New York last spring will not soon forget the dynamic play, "Judge Lynch", carried on by Oliver Hinsdale, director of the Dallas Theatre, to capture the national trophy for the year. Written by J. W. Rogers, Jr., of Dallas, and produced in the heart of the south, this one act play struck with the full power of its emotional and artistic force at the root of the lynching evil. Out of an overlong and rather appalling silence, it spoke clearly for a vast and enlightened number throughout the south. And has Mr. Rogers been hanged in chains at Galveston Bar? On the contrary, he has since been made an associate editor of the reorganized "Southwest Review". This would not have happened even five years ago. It did not happen to the pioneer, George Cable.

Two books by South Carolinians cannot be passed without comment, each being in its way an innovation in its approach to the Negro in the south. In "The Black Border", Ambrose E. Gonzales has combined the talents of a philologist, psychologist, and narrator in an authentic and priceless record of the fast disappearing Gulla Negro of the Carolina Low Country. While it is true that his sketches accent the humorous aspect of his subject, they differ from the comic Negro fiction in that they do not exaggerate the racial characteristics. His people are essentially human beings.

"Green Thursday", the second of the books that I have in mind, is by Julia Peterkin, and presents a number of portraits done with an intense, but sympathetic, analysis. Her Negro is still the primitive, living close to the soil. She has watched him at his tasks, and about his home, and what she has seen she has recorded, with neither a conscious nor unconscious superiority but with a strict economy of means, and an effect of stark veracity.

It may be said that both of these books give only the rural Negro, and that the authentic word has yet to be spoken for the Negro of education who is striving to adjust himself to the civilization about him. Unfortunately, this is so. "The Fire in the Flint", by Walter White, a book by a Negro, doubtless the advance guard of a long procession of novels of protest by members of the race, fails to convince, just as the comic fiction Negro type failed to convince, and from much the same cause. Here we have an author who sees the grave and not the gay, and with

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good reason; but the material has been subjected to such excessive exaggeration that the illusion of truth cannot survive. The book appeals only by reason of its sensational content. It is the cry of the propagandist rather than the voice of art. This is a pity. It is high time that the Negro produced his own literature showing lights and shadows in their true value.

Turning from fiction to poetry, I will cite but a single case. Not because it stands alone as an example of excellence, but because in "Chills and Fever", by John Crowe Ransom, published last autumn, I find this new note most evident. In fact, I know of nothing quite like it in American poetry. It is highly intellectual, and possessed of an almost diabolically humorous quality. Unlike the drama, and fiction, it does not turn inward upon its environment for inspiration, but is inclined to be metaphysical. Christopher Morley has liked it for what he described as its "pretty and intricate savagery".

Among critics, and writers of special articles for the magazines, the names of Gerald W. Johnson, Frances Newman, and Howard W. Odum stand out for their courageous, and not invariably popular, utterances upon matters vital to the south.

And so, I believe that we are due for a new phase of southern letters. The skies may not be as blue, nor the women as universally beautiful, as when yesterday was at its high noon. Its good taste may be questioned when the standard of the Victorian drawing room is applied, but it will at least have the virtues of honesty and simplicity, and it will attempt to leave an authentic record of the period that produced it.

THE LADY I ADORE

By Gamaliel Bradford

THE lady I adore declares
That he cannot be fit
To conquer fortune who despairs
Of ever winning it.

She says that speech of impotence
Is worse than empty vaunt,
That you should rise with confidence
And take the thing you want.

If she were I, she would be great.
I wish that I had more
Of her superb disdain of fate,
The lady I adore.

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HOW TO STAY OUT OF THE MOVIES

By James Ashmore Creelman

II: PLOTS AND COUNTER PLOTS

IF you read the last article and did the home work conscientiously, you will remember that it concerned itself with the movie story — the original, unadapted, simon pure scenario. Today we shall take up, in a serious way, the adaptation: that is, the screen dramatization of the original author's work, whether play, novel, short story or synopsis. Already you have been shown the gilded hells where prosperous novelists and famous scenario editors talk turkey à la King. Now let us slum for a while in the continuity department, the slave quarters where the boys who do the dirty work toil and sweat and plot revolutions and sometimes, when the warder nods, devour some weaker brother. By way of compelling attention at the start, let it be stated that work in this field pays better than any other form of professional writing. But, of course, it costs more to live, in the exact sense of the word.

In the dark days, when the movies had not yet reached the age of consent, they called it "the idea". About eight o'clock of a summer morning in 1908, almost any budding director might be seen rolling up the highways and byways of Old Hollywood to somebody's converted car barn, lately rechristened the Titanic Studios, with a used automobile and some more or less unused actors. His producer would allow him one reel of precious film and a camera man, with some such casual remark as, "Good weather for westerns, Joe. Get yourself a real snappy idea and have it cleaned up by five o'clock, positive!" Whereat the director, if worth his fifty dollars a week, mentally measured off an idea for a screen drama (probably about the sheriff who loved the sinless dance hall girl) exactly one thousand feet long, and presently returned not later than six o'clock with the same complete in celluloid form. Those were days when such gay pastels as "Ten Pounds of Limburger" might be filmed impromptu, under God's blue skies, and this nonsense about dramatic technique, closeups, pantomimic art, and the like had not yet contaminated a simple, primitive people.

Celluloid grew cheaper and pictures grew longer. Presently the more radical directors began to sketch out their ideas on a cuff or envelope. You can see how intricate art becomes. That was the first scenario. Very soon it became convenient to employ underlings for these literary labors.

Now nobody with any business sense is going to let a job simplify itself. On the contrary, the scenario form speedily became complicated beyond the comprehension of any except trained minds. Salaries went up and trade mysteries developed apace. "The idea" became "the story" — a thing apart from the scenario.

Soon everyone was using this word "scenario". It became vulgarized — laymen could pronounce it perfectly. The professional element took up a new expression, "the continuity". It

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is a more complex method of saying the same thing.

Today a smarter phraseology divides the continuity into "the treatment"— a detailed synopsis in which the original story is recast for screen production with the episodes and business indicated — and "the breakdown", which splits this recast version into 360 or more individual scenes with the captions, camera angles, and locations described and numbered in most technical language. You can see why we continuity writers are indispensable, what with knowing the meaning of such words and inventing new ones each year.

The larger studios buy a story from the original author and employ a treatment writer to shape it up as a whole. The treatment writer develops the dramatic structure of the piece, absolves it of censorable scenes, and tries to translate words into picture business. Then the breakdown man rewrites it into closeups, long shots, and the like — the sort of thing that you read about in textbooks on scenario writing. The total result is the continuity or scenario. Apparently this procedure is followed in an effort to secure the safety of numbers. You put three people on the job and get three times as fine a product, maybe.

The majority of continuity writers still doubt the efficacy of community story writing. That the original author's ideas must be subjected to translation is bad enough. But to pass such fragile stuff through two other hands, to inject three personalities into the total — ah me! Results too often prove that three times one equals just nothing at all. The best continuity writers endeavor to handle all phases of the adaptation, even to editing the completed picture.

A shortage of continuity writers has always existed. For one thing, it is a tough job. Writing a continuity is rather like crossing the British Channel, an experience no one would repeat did not a gracious nature erase the horrific memories. The sustained effort of carrying a photoplay, with all its manifold problems of story, acting, exploitation, and technical production, complete in one small scenario writer's brain — all in a nutshell so to speak — for weeks at a time softens even the most leathery mentality. Your tale's psychology may be simple as the Silver Prize Story in the "St. Nicholas" magazine, but its structural problems are those of higher mathematics.

For another thing, the business is really hard to learn. Anyone with six months' experience about a studio can write the breakdown form. But facility in dramatic construction, a knack at inventing picture business, a talent for terse, witty title writing, those are other matters.

I know of no work requiring the same resourcefulness. No one would ask a novelist or playwright to face a battery of hardboiled critics, knowing little of the problems of his work, and invent instantly upon request. Yet a continuity writer does much of his work before this sort of audience, "in conference". He is regarded as a convenient mechanism which, once the penny has been inserted in the slot, delivers on the spot a suggestion. Actors and directors work to the strain of a studio orchestra, with a tonic of optimistic comment to keep their spirits up, and frequently vacations to make them fit. A continuity writer attends to the purely creative side of production under the hypercritical eye of the staff on the one hand, and the original author on the other, working as a rule for fourteen hour stretches every day in the week just before the picture goes

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into production. Continuity writing may not be an art, but it is certainly a skilled and strenuous craft.

Finally, the opportunity to write that initial continuity knocks seldom and softly, and then — no matter how quickly the door may be flung open — is usually to be seen vanishing derisively around the corner like small boys on Hallowe'en. No business man is going to trust a green hand with a function which, within our little circle, is probably the most important phase of picture making.

Draw close while I answer the burning question. Salaries for this work range from $200 a week to $100,000 a year, depending on the standing of the company and the writer. There are staff jobs with a weekly salary; and there are free lancers who are paid piece work.

Continuities take from three weeks to two months to write. Men and women are equally successful, as otherwise, in this work. Should you then desire to sell yourself into bondage, charge at first about $300 for your body with, say, $2.50 extra for your soul — but plan to spend at least two or three years learning your job and another two years breaking into it. You will not earn while you learn. Unless, of course, you have made a name as poet, baseball player, aviator, or something of the sort.

Let us suppose that you have succeeded in persuading someone to trust you with a continuity — probably one which will not be filmed this season and which you are attempting on a double or nothing basis. First, you will read the play, novel, or short story under the most favorable conditions, trying to absorb the maximum voltage, to see its best points and get the author's angle. Then go into reverse and, for a day or so, try to discover its weaknesses.

A continuity writer gets the same thrill out of punching holes in somebody else's story that the wrecking crew gets out of breaking up a De Mille setting after the film is finished. For real relaxation, give me a few hours of wholesome, health giving, destructive criticism.

Fault finding is easy, genuine distinctive criticism is difficult. Few stories are ideal screen material. From a continuity writer's viewpoint, they're all the same — fine words and false hearts, each one imposing as a glass eye and just as impracticable. Anyone can spot foolish little errors like anachronisms, the things that fans call to the attention of movie magazines; but the fundamentals — inconsistent characterization, counter plots that take us jaunting afar, censor baiting scenes, morbid endings, and a thousand others — require considerable critical analysis to perceive and remedy.

It is a curious fact that, although construction in novels, in short stories, even in plays need not attain perfection, a movie plot requires the most modern plumbing. Words make clear the inner purposes of a stage or literary author; and clarity covers a multitude of structural sins. But movies are wordless. You cannot explain. And when your characters are actually *seen*, silently moving through improbabilities, each illogical act, each unconvincing change of mood and character, stands forth conspicuous as a coal heaver's nails. You must make a good, serviceable, heavy duty plot that won't break down anywhere along the six thousand foot stretch ahead.

Moreover, your continuity will doubtless be written for a star on whose favor your bare thread of existence depends — since any sensible producer will settle long drawn disputes by firing

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the writer rather than a million dollar box office asset. And if the home office has bought "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with a view to starring Childe Harold — perhaps with a slight change of locale to Death Valley in order to profit by the success of "The Covered Wagon" — or perhaps wishes to build up Ophelia's part in "Hamlet" in order to give the ingénue star a chance, again you must take thought. For Hamlet must not run away with the story if the star is to play Ophelia. And Uncle Tom must not steal sympathy from any priceless infants. My advice is to cut him out entirely. The southern territories don't like black face parts anyway.

May I suggest in passing that diplomacy is a first requisite? You must please from two to six persons, to convince each that your script is in accordance with what he wanted. Inasmuch as each will champion radically different ideas, the ideal continuity writer should possess the combined talents of Machiavelli, Lord Chesterfield, Zada the Hypnotist, the late Mr. Tweed, and the man who studied salesmanship by correspondence. Perhaps it were best to take up the concert stage after all.

Let us presume that you have studied the story, have hunted down each of the other fellow's mistakes and joyously crucified it. Now you must plot out a treatment.

During the war, when picture production ceased in Europe, American studios enjoyed an unprecedented boom which kept the few experienced scenario writers very busy. Since almost any sort of picture made money, unusual latitudes in script writing were permitted. With new millions pouring in and new scripts to be written each month, experimentation became possible. Such writers as John Emerson and Anita Loos, June Mathis, Anthony Paul Kelly, Jeanie MacPherson, Francis Marion, Lloyd Sheldon, and others developed, in those happy hectic hours, the complicated and highly effectual scenario form of today. To explain what it is all about, we must leave this idle chatter to become ponderously definite. A few sketchy comments on the technique will not teach you to write continuities, but may perhaps induce you to appreciate them.

There are two schools of continuity writing, the narrative method and the dramatic method. The narrative writer marches straight ahead from the start of his story, without great regard to form or final destination, always, however, making sure that the road is interesting. This division is discernible in other fields. Most novelists and short story writers use the narrative technique. It is a much more flexible — and less difficult — medium than dramatic writing. Consequently, there is an ever present temptation to progress easily from situation to situation — "shot to shot" in studio terminology — after the manner of a pulp paper magazine melodrama, and to depend upon purely physical action rather than to develop the characters logically and convincingly. The narrative form is highly effective for loosely knit stories of the epic type ("The Covered Wagon" or "The Birth of a Nation"), for action melodramas, and of course for action comedies.

The dramatic form of treatment requires the structural foundation of a play — to give tone to our little gathering, let us say an Ibsen play. It is much more compact than the narrative style. Its parts interlock. "Plants" in earlier scenes blossom in the later episodes. The story mounts, as a rule, to a single big scene, with the typical stage dénouement, followed by a quick finish or "tag", as it is called in

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pictures. The dramatic script lends a greater polish, a higher emotional content, a more vital characterization, and a stronger climatic scene, as a rule, than the narrative. But there is always the danger of forcing the story into unnatural lines to conform with a formula.

Motion pictures break up naturally into sequences — episodes occurring at one time in one general locality — just as a play falls naturally into acts. The curtain of these sequences, or acts, is the fade. You fade in and fade out.

The earlier movies used many of these sequences, sometimes fifty and sixty. Today there is a distinct tendency toward condensation in this respect. Just as the Elizabethan play of many scenes and acts has been abandoned for the compact modern drama of three or four acts, so the motion picture is gradually diminishing the number of its sequences. The record is Nazimova's admirable screen version of "Salome" made in just one sequence. Numerous short episodes make the effect too choppy. There is no time to build an emotional interest in any one scene. Before the audience has thoroughly digested the matter in hand and definitely thrown its sympathy to one character or another, the act is over and we are "Twenty Years Later in Madrid", or what not.

A superfluity of sequences is usually the hall mark of a badly written picture — but there is no rule. Griffith, notably, makes splendid pictures in multisequence form. Top notch continuity writers like Paul Sloans, Forrest Halsey, or John Russell often use this method. If the action is easily understood — "The Iron Horse" for example, where the interest lies in history and in melodrama rather than in character — the audience may be jumped about at will, and an enormous amount of ground covered in this way. But for emotional character stories or delicate comedy, long sequences of unbroken action are better.

Your first problem will be one of exposition and characterization. As stated in a previous article, most effective scenarios start like a novel, characterizing the plot people in from one to three short episodes, and then build the body of the story with the structure of a play. It is sometimes possible to open the story proper — that is, the first incident where some such major interest as the meeting of the lovers or the threat of the villain is shown — with the exposition, just as in a stage play. But not often, unless the writer possesses unusual skill. And a comparatively slow opening, devoted to characterization in short, genre episodes, is always preferable to a finale slowed down by insufficient characterization.

Parallel action, the movies' greatest advantage over the stage, was first discovered by D. W. Griffith, along with the closeup and most of the other fundamentals of the picture play. Parallel action requires the development of two simultaneous, related events. The Negroes are attacking the shanty where the beleaguered whites have barricaded themselves; and in some distant Kavern the Klansmen are starting to the rescue. These two lines are then intercut— a flash of the fight at the shanty, a flash of the galloping Klansmen, back to the shanty, and so forth. When Griffith first exhibited this extraordinary novelty, a great cry went up from certain wiseacres — the same people who opposed his introduction of the closeup on the ground that a photograph cut off at the bust was unnatural — and it was predicted that audiences would never be able to follow the story. On the contrary, this method of speeding the melodrama

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nearly knocked the picturegoers out of their seats, and is today the most effective trick in the scenario writer's kit. Notwithstanding, it is most unwise to intercut parallel action in emotional scenes — love scenes, for example — except occasionally for purposes of contrast. Intercutting for contrast often heightens an emotional or comedy effect. For example, just after the handsome city chap has sworn to our little milkmaid that he never loved another woman, one might disclose a short flash of Lady Montressa in her magnificent boudoir, reading a love letter in which he has said exactly the same thing. An effect of this sort sometimes is good; and sometimes it wrecks the whole scene by breaking the emotional thread. So there you are.

A properly handled audience sympathy is the very first requisite of a good script. No audience will be in the least interested in the adventures of characters for whom it has no sympathy; nor will it be disturbed by a villain, smiling or otherwise, unless it has cause to hate and fear him. No matter how subtly these quantities are handled, the fundamental fact remains that the hero and heroine must be likable from the standpoint of the audience — a movie audience, mind you — and the villain despicable. You must plant these sympathies or dislikes by showing your plot people performing good or bad deeds, respectively, at the opening of your picture. And they must remain consistently in character throughout the story. Always make your point in pictures. A novelist or playwright can juggle with psychological values. His manysided personalities arouse definite sympathies or dislikes in the reader or spectator because the author is able to explain, in words, the presence of uncharacteristic qualities in this or that individual. A movie author cannot do this. He can only hope to sound one strong note. Highly developed, involved characters confuse the screen audience; there is not a multiplicity of interests in such characters; there is just no interest at all.

Let us get back to particulars. In developing your treatment, it is well to eschew attempts at detailed writing and to keep your material in a few pages of notes for the first week or so. For some singular reason, the moment a treatment is written at length upon fifty odd pages of good white paper, it becomes, to the author thereof, gospel. Each change thereafter is like resetting a broken leg; and moreover, such changes usually necessitate other changes in many parts of the story, alterations far more easily accomplished in notes than in scripts. While your treatment is still fluid in note form, your mind will be open to new suggestions; once it is written, you are the champion of that particular treatment against all comers. So delay writing as long as possible. And then, if you can secure the services of a stenographer, dictate it. When dictating, a screen writer can concentrate upon a mental picture, a visualization of the scene as it unreels itself. When he himself writes, his visualizing powers are busy with typewriter keys or moving pen points; he has only his reason, which is not altogether sufficient for movies.

As to reason, or rather logic, let it be said that lack of it is hurtful and that too much of it is ruinous. Your event must *seem* logical. But if you go further to insist that, upon analysis, it *be* logical, your story may dry up completely. It is not life that you are trying to present. Were that the case, you could easily film without more ado the "Banker Has Love Nest, Says

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Wife" report from the afternoon paper. Reality would be uninteresting; it would play too slowly, lack form, fail to make its points. No, it is the illusion of life which you require. Often scenes must be falsified and facts suppressed in order to counteract the natural distortion of the medium. If the audience is interested, it will accept false premises, overlook bald facts, and feel rather than think. Make your characters true. Make your incidents seem true. That is enough.

A treatment must, of course, be composed for the most part of pantomimic business, gags and the like. You will be allowed from 130 to 190 subtitles — the written captions — averaging fifteen words and never longer than thirty words. The titles must foreshadow the action to come, but must never forestall it with some such announcement as "Upon Returning Home, Mary Finds the Letter", followed immediately by a scene in which she does exactly that. They must be clear, unstilted, and in character. Some will be spoken by the actors, while others, lapse-of-time and change-of-locale titles, connect the sequences.

Your first treatment will be greeted with oaths and loud reproaches. Suggestions are in order. Perhaps it will be rewritten half a dozen times. The business department will issue mandates. The star will have changed his mind about the character. And every now and then the director, all arguments to the contrary, will recapitulate his feeling that a cabaret scene ought to be put in some place. He does not insist; after all, one does not have to follow the script in shooting a picture. A grand finale — sitting up all night to finish the final version — new changes at the last moment — and into production!

And then?

You will have the pleasure of reading some such press notice as the following:

"The new superproduction 'What Are Women For?' combines the best efforts of a great director and a great star. Mr. Bogenschuts has long been known for his excellent direction, but in this production he has handled the story still more admirably. His smooth construction, his well balanced editing, his trenchant dialogue, strikes home with a new force. The small touches of business supplied by his star were worthy of her fine art. The original author is to be congratulated on a masterful plot. Now and then a false note was contributed by a hastily written scenario — as for example the vulgar and entirely uncalled for cabaret scene — but that is to be expected."

But then, life is like that!

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GETTING INTO SIX FIGURES

By Arnold Patrick

V: EDNA FERBER

"AS a child I wanted to be an actress. I've always wanted to be an actress. I'm not a writer at all", said Miss Ferber; but in that same week "So Big", one year after its publication, sold three thousand copies, carrying its total distribution well on toward two hundred thousand. The popularity of this novel of mother love is romantic for more than one reason. It entails a story of struggle and ultimate success, a story which is always dear to the heart of an American, no matter how sophisticated he may be. It tells also the story of artistic achievement. Whatever critics may think of Miss Ferber's work, and some of them rank it high, she has progressed steadily, she has selected, eliminated, forced herself to follow a standard, and raised that standard as the years have passed. The bushy haired, dark eyed little tomboy whose family had moved from Kalamazoo, Michigan, to Appleton, Wisconsin, when she was very young, whose great dream was to attend the Northwestern School of Expression, has become the successful, poised woman of striking appearance who keeps herself in trim for her writing much as an athlete prepares for a race, who goes to her desk every morning to work, who says that she would not give up her six years of newspaper experience for a similar period of study in any university in the world.

As a child, she says, she was a great "piece speaker"! Her greatest joy was to find an audience before which she could perform. Upon occasion she was taken to Chicago to visit Grandmother. The rest of the family would gather on the front steps along Calumet Avenue. "Where is 'Pete'?" someone would ask — "Pete" was her father's name for her. Then there would be a wild search, and "Pete" would be found on some corner, an admiring crowd of kids gathered round, content, exuding dramatic power, speaking pieces to her heart's desire.

The Ryan High School of Appleton was her alma mater. Before high school days, even, she had loved school. "When I woke in the morning to find that it was Saturday, it was almost unbearable", she says. "Fridays were the great days; those were the piece speaking days when we went around from room to room, saying our poems to each other."

So far, though she had organized amateur theatricals where violent dramas were given on improvised stages before audiences happy after the payment of the requisite number of pins, she had never wanted to write. All her imagination and desire were directed toward the stage. Yet she read, read avidly, everything she found. At nine, she read all of Dickens. Why? Because there was a full set of Dickens at home in the old walnut bookcase. Then followed "Hypatia", "Quo Vadis", George Eliot.

"My prize possession", she told me, "was a large green volume called 'The World of Wit and Humor'. If there

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is any humor in my work, I owe it to that volume. In it were selections from Washington Irving, from Artemus Ward. I have it still, and the pages are worn and broken at the binding."

Presently she discovered the library, and took away two and three books at a time. One of the most tragic days of her life was that on which she finished her quota of books, took them back, and found that she could not borrow more until the sun had set and risen again. She was not entirely a bookish young lady, however. She climbed trees with the best boys in the town, played games, and was as independent as a hawk.

Evenings at home form a vivid part of her memory — sitting hunched up in a chair with a book, reading to her father, who was blind, whom she adored. Going to him sometimes, when his head ached, and with strong, firm fingers rubbing away the pain. The story of these early days, much of it, is found in the first part of "Fanny Herself". Miss Ferber's mother also tells of them, the kindly, gay, youthful mother who lives with her in an apartment looking out over Central Park.

Beaux there were, too, in plenty; twice a week she tramped off to a dance. Always, when she wasn't reading, she was active, and always, while she was active, she was acting. "Even now", she says, "I'd rather see a good play than do anything else, and I'd rather see a bad play than no play at all!"

Small things change the course of ambition. In the case of every writer of best sellers I have considered, that obvious truth has been proved. Miss Ferber had been the editor of the Ryan High School paper; but the idea of literature as a career had not occurred to her. It was some little family quarrel — over pin money, as a matter of fact — that made her give up her idea of going to the School of Expression and march down to the offices of the Appleton "Daily Crescent", sign a contract at the age of seventeen to work as a reporter at three dollars a week.

The girl reporter on a paper, no matter how small, learns much of life. She collects news at the dry goods store and the post office, from the lounger on the street corner and the gossip in the parlor. Miss Ferber was a good reporter, and she took her work so seriously that presently she was made local correspondent for several papers, among them the Milwaukee "Journal". Meanwhile, her sister Fannie kept house for the blind father and the hard working mother, the same sister Fannie who has since become Mrs. Fox and has written an excellent cookbook to prove that early training counts.

The woman reporter of the Milwaukee "Journal" was sick. The editor was at a loss to replace her. Then he remembered having heard of this young lady in Appleton, remembered her copy as good, and sent for her. Miss Ferber left home with the assurance and innocence of youth, and came to be a regular "sob sister" on the great city paper.

She arrived puzzled, naive, with everything to learn. Her first assignment was on the famous Schandain case, a scandal trial filled with events whose import meant little to her. Yet she sat and drank it in, seemed to understand, turned in her copy at the end of the day. Those were the days of swift newspaper writing and of grinding work at impossible hours.

"Hey, kid, d'you think we're getting out a weekly!" was the cry of the desk. Copy would be ripped from the typewriter as it was being written. The girl covered street and morgue. She remembers nights in police court, when

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the filth of the streets was swept in to be judged. "Thirty dollars! Thirty days! Thirty days! Thirty days!" Flocks of white, mottled faces, hard, tired, despairing, gay! Again, the girl didn't know what it was all about, but she remembers clearly one incident. A court attendant, with years of gross experience, fat, worldly wise, sat beside her. "They look so tired!" said the girl reporter. "Aw well, they get their money!" he threw back. She swung around at him, looked at him with those great dark eyes, and scarcely knowing why she said it, snapped out, "Well, I guess they *earn* it!"

Now Miss Ferber read O. Henry and "The Saturday Evening Post". Miriam Michelson's "A Yellow Journalist" was running as a serial. It was the story of a girl reporter.

"I dramatized myself as its heroine", says Miss Ferber. "I hung around the office waiting for assignments. I wrote and wrote night and day!"

Before her, on the "Journal", had been Zona Gale, whose name was whispered as that of a goddess, the beautiful young lady who had gone east to New York and had stormed that stern citadel with success. One day, in pink flounces and a picture hat, Miss Gale came to pay a visit to her old office. Miss Ferber, banging away at her typewriter, did not meet her; but she overheard a conversation at the next desk which had a vital bearing on later events.

"If you want to write, and then want to sell what you've written," asked someone of the successful Miss Gale, "what do you do with it?"

"Send it to an agent", replied Miss Gale, mentioning the name.

Then one day, overstrung in nerve and overreaching in ambition, the girl reporter fainted away. The strain was too much. She went home for a two weeks' rest and stayed there. Yet even in the midst of a breakdown she could not be idle. She went out, bought herself a second hand typewriter for seventeen dollars, and started writing her first novel.

"I always work from a character", she will tell you now, and it was from her own experiences as a reporter that she fashioned her first novel "Dawn O'Hara". She held it of little importance, but her mother convinced her that it was worth a try. How did one sell a novel? What did one do with a thing when it was written? She remembered Zona Gale. She wrote her. "What was the name of the person to whom one sends things when they are written?" she asked. "It was a funny name, something to do with flowers."

It turned out to be Flora May Holly, and to Miss Holly went the first manuscript, which was promptly sold to Frederick A. Stokes for book publication. Before it appeared, however, she had turned to the short story; and from the start her tales were excellent in form and content. Turn to "Buttered Side Down" and you will find the first one, "The Homely Heroine". It was a good story. It still is! She wrote it in the shed at the side of her home, a shed that she remembers well, with trees brushing against it outside, and spiders, plenty of them, within. Her father had died, and they were selling furniture and household effects preparatory to moving to Chicago.

"How much is this beautiful almost brand new bedstead?"

Rattle-rattle-rattle on the typewriter.

"Why, this table cloth is spotless and of very good quality!"

Rattle-rattle — and a new heroine is created.

She sent her first short story to "Everybody's", because there lay a copy on the living room table. It was

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accepted. She remembers seeing her mother coming up the street waving the letter with the check in it. Sixty five dollars! She was grieved. It had been a good story. That wasn't enough. The next one went to "The American Magazine". A hundred dollars. That was better!

From then on, if writing is ever easy, it was easy for Miss Ferber. She discovered Emma McChesney. When she wrote her first story of a woman salesman, she had no idea of the proportions the character would take. This ideal of the modern business woman took the public fancy. All the magazines wanted Emma. For a time many of them had her. Yet the real turning point in Miss Ferber's career was perhaps the moment when she refused to sign a long contract with the "Cosmopolitan" for more and more and more again of Emma. Her whole career has been characterized by this effort not to become artistically stagnant, to do better and better work. She surveys everything she does with a coldly appraising glance, although I know that she loves the things she writes dearly. In each of her collected volumes of stories she has advanced. "The Girls", while in some ways a better book than "So Big", hasn't the deep emotional quality, the peculiarly accurate understanding, that make Selina an unforgetable character.

When she had finished "So Big" she thought it a failure. She was overcome with a sense of inferiority, so much so that she did not know whether she should publish it at all. Her publishers reassured her, and the critics were not far behind, then the public added its unflagging approval.

How does she write? Since she has moved from Chicago to New York she has taken a studio, where she goes every morning.

"Do you like to have people telephone you at your studio?" I heard a friend ask.

"Do I *like* to have them?" she laughed, with one of her amazing dramatic gestures. "I sit there longing and longing for someone to call."

Yet that is not really true. She, like all other writers worth their salt, suffers while she writes, wonders, works, wonders again. Is it good? Is it bad? Why do I go on writing when it is so hard? Yet they go on, and it is good, just as long as they feel that way about it — and, I think, only that long. When it has become easy, the flame dies.

Miss Ferber works direct on a typewriter. How otherwise, after those six years of newspaper work? A first draft, random collection of notes and incidents centring around a character; a second, nearer story form; and a third with the polishing accomplished.

When I saw her last she was deeply engrossed in the composition of her new novel of Chicago. I have watched many actresses during rehearsal periods; they are nervous, alternately despairing and elated. Likewise Miss Ferber.

These characters of hers, from where do they spring? They are largely intuitive, she will tell you. "I have never known a Selina. I have never been to the Haymarket in Chicago at night. It was one of the things I always intended to do and never did." Yet how real the scene where Selina takes her vegetables to market! Besides, Miss Ferber's a member of the Market Association of America, and that proves the truth of her background, doesn't it? Like many creative artists she has the power of sympathetic and acquisitive imagination. Masefield saw a fox hunt, *once*, and he has written a poem, "Reynard the Fox", which experts say is the greatest

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written account of an age old sport. What to study? What to know? What to write? It is a question, in the end, of being, not of knowing!

"Isn't it a pity", said Miss Ferber, who is after all one of the youngest of our very successful women writers, "that, after we reach old age and are just beginning to know a craft, just able to write of life fully, we must be cut off? It would be so wonderful if we could begin over again, learn another craft; say, 'I have been a writer, now I will learn to act!'"

Her plays have not really satisfied her longing for the theatre, although both "Our Mrs. McChesney", written with George V. Hobart, and "Minick", written with George S. Kaufman, have been successful. She is still the girl who dreams of being an actress. After an evening in which she has told you of how she learned to write, or — as she will undoubtedly put it — is learning, she still says, "I have always wanted to be an actress. I am no writer at all!"

And she would have been a fine actress, just as she is a fine writer.

POST OFFICE DIRECTIONS

By Robert Roe

MY address is nowhere.
Once when you wanted to write me
There was a place for a letter to come.
I was there to receive it.
Now if you have something to say to me
Draw it on the air with your finger
And blow it away from you
With your breath.

The winds that blow me with them
Four ways round the world
Will bring your messages.

Who will know
Seeing me stand by the rail
Gazing at an island passing
That loads the air with sandalwood
I am getting a letter from you?

It is a little ironic, I think,
Since I've made you a present
Of so much stationery
And so expensive
You should have nothing to say to me
And my address
Should be nowhere.

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ON THE TRAIL OF MR. TRAIN

By George W. Alger

I HAVE been asked to reply to Arthur Train's valedictory to the Bar. In the first place, he may rest assured that the 14,999 lawyers more or less remaining in practice in the City of New York have no heart burning over his announced abandonment of our profession. Even the disappearance of so gifted a person as Mr. Train will make no appreciable change in the great City. I am rather afraid that clients must have hesitated to bring to him legal problems having no exciting human interest and with no literary possibilities. It might well be that the average litigant or client in trouble over a lease might prefer a non-literary lawyer.

The fact that he has left us, therefore, is not distressing, for one lawyer more or less makes relatively little difference. His reasons for retiring to the pursuit of literature are, however, more interesting.

I disregard the frequent Biblical quotations with which his jeremiad upon law as a profession is profusely entwined. I do not infer that he has "got religion". I assume that these apt quotations are due not to penitence but rather to the chance possession of Cruden's "Concordance of the Holy Scriptures", and that his agile and versatile mind has found a use for all the citations in the good book under the word "Law" which seem to cast a slur upon law as a form of bondage of the spirit. It would, however, be equally easy for me to fill my paper from the same source with quotations which might make him repent his valedictory. The good book says somewhere, for example, that "the law of the Lord is perfect, refreshing the soul", or something to that effect. The main trouble with Mr. Train is that he apparently became interested in the wrong law.

Let us take up, therefore, the various charges he makes against law as a profession. His principal grievance, I take it, is that he thinks it has cramped his style. Those of us who read his law stories with pleasure could fairly enter a general denial and set up a counter claim of gross ingratitude. The law has furnished his literary material and the bread of his living for twenty five years. On it he has thrived as a writer of engaging legal yarns. Why bite the hand which has fed him?

When he declares that the law makes its practitioners tautological he is perhaps right, for his paper contains at least one gross illustration of this vice. He says: "But at length like Saul — and at about the same age — I saw a great light and I gave up persecuting the innocent people who had been the victims of my cupidity, egotism, verbosity, and bad manners. Thereafter, as the prophet Jeremiah remarks, 'they that handle the law knew me not.'"

This I take it is a long way of saying that he lost his job as assistant district attorney in New York City. These things will happen. Administrations change. It happened, moreover, a great many years ago when Mr. Train was known as one of Jerome's brilliant young men and a member of perhaps the most gifted staff the district attor-

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ney's office ever had. These were the days when he was quietly laying in his literary material from a daily professional study of bad men in the endless panorama of human life at its worst. All of which reminds me to say a word about the present New York District Attorney, who bears the fine Biblical name of Joab H. Banton. Mr. Banton enjoys the distinction of being the most noiseless person who was ever elected to that office. Not only does he not write, but he does not even spend his time talking to the newspapers or telling the world the exciting story of what he is going to do with some person who — perhaps — is about to be indicted. A district attorney without a brass band is a novelty in New York and unheard of in Chicago. Mr. Banton's cruel theory seems to be that his assistants should likewise keep out of the newspapers and spend all their time in accommodating criminals to early trials. I am giving this short advertisement to him, since he is the first New York district attorney I have ever known who failed fully to advertise himself. This in passing. Train is a graduate of the old brass band school, and his former chief was quite orthodox on this important point.

To dwell on the matter of style for a moment. If there is any one thing a good lawyer should be able to do, it is to express himself clearly. If he draws a will or a contract so that it can mean two or three things instead of only one, he is likely to get into trouble. He may make litigation but he is almost sure to lose clients; and clients in the long run are better than an occasional law suit. Exactness is the contribution the law makes to style. The best judicial opinions, for example, are often written in a style — to use the word in its strictly literary sense —which the professional writer can scarcely improve upon. I never read one of Judge Cardozo's opinions in our New York Court of Appeals without a sense of admiration for the condensed clarity of its English.

The complaint of verbosity and of antique terminology which Mr. Train makes should have been limited to the oldest, most conservative, most technical, and most unprogressive branch of jurisprudence — real estate law. The only way in which the waste of words for example on deeds and mortgages has been overcome, at least with us in New York, is by a statute commanding short forms and making you pay extra for recording the long old ones. My partner, who not only practises but by some mysterious providence of God seems to enjoy this branch of legal work, occasionally places on my desk one of those long term "ground leases" which take forty pages to say that the tenant has no rights in the demised premises except to keep — at his risk — a papier-mâché gold fish, provided he removes it at his expense at or before the termination of the term. It is all very solemn and probably necessary but it is not very thrilling. As for style, conveyancers hate it, as involving unnecessary risks whereas old precedents avoid them. Clients are unreasonable enough to prefer to avoid risks instead of encouraging style on the part of their lawyers. The objection should be laid to the door of the client and not to the lawyers.

All the other reasons which Mr. Train enumerates for leaving the profession seem to me good reasons for staying in it. Our experiences, apparently, have been quite different. He complains that:

> I had a burden, and a grievous one, which was my inability as a lawyer to express my own mind, and the fact that I was rapidly

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losing whatever individuality I had ever possessed; was in short becoming a mere composite or echo of all the other lawyers who had lived before me, even from the beginning of the world.

On the contrary it has been my in no wise unusual professional experience to be constantly engaged in expressing my own mind. What the average client really needs is not merely abstract law, but the opinion upon his problems of one sufficiently detached from them to get a somewhat different and perhaps truer perspective. Mr. Train says:

> We cannot advise our clients according to the standards of ethics, morals, or even "justice", but must, irrespective of the common sense of the matter, perforce be bound by the idiosyncratic decision of some irascible bigwig several hundred years gone by, which has kept on growing like a legal stalactite and upon which our misfortune is about to crystallize as the final drop.

This is beautifully said but it does not say much sense. Most of the stalactites of injustice with which I have been familiar have been not old but new, and made not by the courts but generally by the legislatures.

I am reminded in this connection of a conversation I sat in on a good many years ago between a distinguished jurist now the presiding justice of one of our Appellate Courts and Theodore Roosevelt. "Theodore," said the Judge softly, "this is the way we decide cases. We first find out whether we think the judgment below was right. If we do, we generally let it alone. If we think it was wrong, we generally find something in it to hang our hats on."

There are so many precedents that Justice can generally find one on which to hang her hat. I, therefore, dismiss Mr. Train's Babylonian reports and the precedents of Shadrach against Abednego without further comment.

The valedictorian complains that the law spoils one's sense of humor:

> In order to satisfy his client's requirements a lawyer must conceal all his natural high spirits, imagination, and interest in the lighter and more agreeable side of living. He must seem to be immersed in the profundity of his own vacuity.

The solemn asses of the world are widely distributed and the law of course has its share, but the profession neither maintains nor seeks to maintain a monopoly. Mr. Choate's clients, for example, generally found that his sense of humor was not a liability but an asset. As a law student I watched the trial of the famous case of Laidlaw against Sage. I shall never forget the painfully disconcerting effect which Mr. Choate's bubbling humor had upon Colonel James who represented Sage.

I remember an illuminating comment I once heard on an old trial lawyer who defended railroad accident cases in the New York courts for thirty years. He was highly learned, spoke through his nose, and was very solemn. The comment was this: "He always looked as if he expected to get stuck for a million dollars and his jurors got the idea and tried to accommodate him."

When you have a clear liability case and it is only a question of "how much", a lighthearted Christian Science attitude toward the plaintiff's bodily afflictions generally helps a good deal in getting a glancing blow instead of a knockout in the inevitable verdict. There is no real reason for a lawyer to undergo an operation to remove his sense of humor. Dignity, which La Rochefoucauld defines as "a mystery of the body intended to conceal the defects of the mind", is not a necessary attribute of the lawyer. Legal perplexities are to the average client bad enough anyway, without the solemnity of a legal pundit to make them worse. The wise lawyer knows it and conducts himself accordingly.

The diatribe in which Mr. Train in-

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dulges against "the trial lawyer" who spends his days in the courts is the most unjustified of all his accusations against our unfortunate profession. He says:

> They make the worst husbands in the world, for they are irritable, caustic, grouchy, cantankerous, and ill mannered, insisting upon quarreling over the most inconsequential matters, demanding a "yes or no" answer when nobody cares a damn one way or the other, hammering at and refusing to drop a subject until they have forced an admission of their correctness or driven everybody else out of the room. They do not allow their wives enough money and they cross examine them and their offspring as to where they have been and what they have been doing, until the poor things have no escape except by prevarication or homicide.

If that is what being a trial lawyer did to the valedictorian, it is perhaps right for him to quit. But this is no true picture of the home life of the typical trial lawyer. All the average overworked trial lawyer asks of his family is that they let him alone. That his wife get accustomed to his not coming home to dinner and that she make the stock excuse when he fails to appear at the home of the friends with whom they are supposed to dine. He does not nag or cross examine his children. He confers upon them the blessing of almost complete neglect.

He is engrossed so much of the time with squabbles in which he is hired to participate that he is almost dumb about the house. He gets his money in lumps generally not so big as they ought to be, and when he has it, his family shares in it. They live, not from hand to mouth, but from lump to lump, and look forward from one prospective fee to another even further off. It is the hope that the furthest off fee will ultimately eventuate which keeps them alive.

The trial lawyer is in a perpetual state of excitement which he tries to keep to himself; all he asks when he gets home, if he gets there at all, is to be allowed to go to bed early. He does not read anything except law reports and stenographers' minutes. His stenographer has either nothing to do or more rush work to get out in an hour or so than she ought to be expected to do in a day. She gets nervous prostration and her young man quits in disgust when he is left with tickets in his hands and no girl four or five times in succession.

The unkind remarks which Mr. Train quotes from Jeremy Bentham against lawyers are more than a century out of date. Macaulay says somewhere of Bentham that he "found jurisprudence a gibberish and he left it a science". Neither end of this famous sentence was more than half true. Moreover, Bentham's particular *bête noir*, Lord Eldon, has been dead a good while, and the unprogressive and wholly reactionary attitude of both the courts and the legal profession in England against which Bentham complained with much justice, but in an abominable style, has passed long ago. The law is an anvil which has worn out many a hammer and it will, I am sure, survive the humorous assaults of a new and, alas, transitory Bentham in the person of the creator of Mr. Tutt.

Balzac says somewhere that there must be a heaven, for there is nothing perfect in this world but misery. The law as a profession has its fair share in the fallibility of an imperfect world. It is, however, doing its part, and more, in mitigating the asperities of life and making toward a civilization in which justice is a reality, and peace among nations something more than a delusion or a remote and impracticable ideal. "They that forsake the law, praise the wicked; but such as keep to the law contend with them" (Proverbs 28:4).

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THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT BIOGRAPHY

By Joseph Collins

ONE of the commonest delusions of sane persons is that the writings of psychopaths are without value or interest. They are usually of greater merit artistically, and far more informative and suggestive, than those of the equilibrated. Contrast, for instance, Ford Madox Ford's book on Joseph Conrad with Henry Festing Jones's book on Samuel Butler. One is life, the other is death; one is clay into which the breath of life has been breathed, tenuous, elastic, receptive, emissive; the other is inanimate, inert, rigid, and crumbles when you handle it.

Mr. Ford has megalomania and glories in it. He has systematized delusions of grandeur to which his conduct conforms. He believes he is, and has been in his generation, the finest stylist in the English language and he expresses himself as if convinced that not only did he teach Joseph Conrad to write, but that the renown of the romancer was due in large measure to his collaboration. They are harmless delusions and do not interfere one jot or tittle with my enjoyment of his books. Indeed, as he grows older and fatter he writes better and better. Few contemporary English writers could excel "Some Do Not . . .", none save possibly Cunninghame Graham could equal "Joseph Conrad: A Personal Remembrance". I am moved to that statement after reading Mr. Galsworthy's tribute.

The Joseph Conrad that Mr. Ford presents may not be the Conrad that Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Doubleday, Mrs. Jones, or Mrs. Smith knew, but I am convinced that he would be pleased that I should know him as his modest friend depicts him.

"A biography should be a novel." That seems fair, since most novels are biographies. Mr. Ford has written a novel about Joseph Conrad and he has achieved a work of art. It will have the same effect upon readers as Rodin's sculptures have upon searchers for æsthetic stimulation or appeasement. Some will be moved to smash, others will be thrilled. All will admit merit. It is an informative, not a documented book, informative of a soul, not a body; not how many days he lived and where he lived, but how he lived and thought; how he dreamed and loved; how he interpreted men's conduct and how he shaped his own. The work is a remembrance, a logical unfolding of Joseph Conrad as he appeared to Mr. Ford from the first days of their acquaintance to the last. We are told little about Conrad's political, religious, and social ideas. Mr. Ford was no more curious to know what his friend's past was than we are to know that an English dramatist made a shapeless play out of one of Mr. Ford's novels. Yet the latter episode becomes important when we learn that this, and Mr. Ford's interest in the publication of a review, were the cause of the only "scolding" he ever got from Conrad. Forbearing and forgiving Conrad, diffident and reticent Mr. Ford!

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The life of a man is an open book for no one, not even for himself. The characteristics and peculiarities of Conrad intrigued his biographer from the beginning. He binds them with tenuous threads to Conrad's hereditary traits and the influence of his environment, and finally presents the picture complete, allowing his readers to draw their own conclusions.

Joseph Conrad, according to the portrait, was not the sort of man about whom a conclusion could be readily reached; and when it was, you could not bank on it. He was of cosmopolitan appearance: considerable British insularity, but more Slav and Eastern in his makeup. He gave the impression of a Frenchman, born and brought up in Marseilles! His hatreds seem to have exceeded his loves, but his life was a contradiction of his tastes and he has more friends than enemies. Mr. Ford avows that Conrad hated the sea and disliked to write. "*Un métier de chien*", he used to call it. When he had made up his mind to write for a living, he had his choice of three languages: he discarded Polish instantly, French with a sigh of regret which he never overcame, and decided on English. And he hated English as a medium of prose, even more than he hated the sea! He thought in French, sometimes in Polish, never in English, unless his thoughts were confined to the most common of everyday commonplaces; when they occupied a higher sphere they were always in French. It was because of the difficulty with which Conrad was constantly confronted that he first thought of collaborating with one who was reputed to be "the finest stylist in the English language". Like Omar's master potter, *he knows*!

Mr. Ford does not marvel at Conrad's desire to write in English, despite the fact that he knew French so much better. Ford himself writes French better than he does English, not that he knows it better — he does not — but because "in English, he can go gaily on, exulting in his absolute command of the tongue; he can write like Ruskin or like the late Charles Garvice, at will". In writing, but not in speaking French, he must pause for a word; it is in pausing for a word that the salvation of all writers lies. The proof of prose is in the percentage of right words — not the precious word; not even the startlingly real word. That we might have a whole book on Mr. Ford without a word about anyone else!

Mr. Ford bears heavily on their collaboration, and one unfamiliar with the writings of the two authors might gather that Mr. Ford was the *fons et origo* of much of Conrad's work. I have no doubt that Conrad put an appreciative valuation on Mr. Ford's assistance, but I have the same certainty that he did not evaluate it as did his biographer.

Some will think that Mr. Ford has recently had a bad quarter of an hour reading the current number of "La Nouvelle Revue Française" which is devoted wholly to Conrad. There his colleagues and admirers, French and English, tell of Conrad's personality and his writings but never a word of his "collaborator". Water enters a duck's back a thousand times more penetratingly than failure to accord him what he believes to be his right penetrates the dura mater of Mr. Ford Madox Ford.

Stephen Crane said, "You must not be offended by Hueffer's manner. He patronizes Mr. James, he patronizes Mr. Conrad. Of course, he patronizes me, and he will patronize Almighty God when they meet, but God will get used to it, for Hueffer is all right." We are

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ready to agree with Stephen Crane even after we read as an antithesis that the words in which Henry James always referred to Mr. Ford were "*votre ami, le jeune homme modeste*".

Conrad's life revolved around his books, he was constantly occupied with the best manner in which to introduce a character of fiction. It was necessary to get the character in with a strong impression, and then work backward and forward over his past; this theory was the result of thought and experiment on the part of the collaborators. In the same manner, they devised the best opening for each type of writing; their theory was that the opening paragraph of book or story should be of the tempo of the whole performance, so that the ideal novel should begin either with a dramatic scene or with a note that should suggest the entire book. They agreed that style has no other use than to make the work interesting. Hence, they sought to render their thought in the manner which appeared the most sincere and interesting, not to make a display of erudition or of cleverness, or of juggling with words.

Mr. Ford's book is adorned with flights into the land of constructive writing, and there is much to learn from the theories and principles expressed on the authority of both Joseph Conrad and Mr. Ford. For, there is no denying that the latter's style is fluent and clear, picturesque enough to be original yet kept constantly within the limits of pure English. Mr. Ford says that their greatest admiration for a stylist in any language was given to W. H. Hudson, of whom Conrad said that his writing was like the grass that the good God made to grow — when it was there, one could not tell how it came. The consensus of opinion however would seem to be that Conrad got his greatest inspiration from Turgenev.

Conrad's philosophy was resumed in one word, "fidelity". He was faithful in his adhesion to Herrick's maxim: To live merrily and trust to good letters. He never believed in using novels as a medium of preaching; if his standards of morality suffered from some of his heroes' breaches, he would create one who would express the opinions Conrad might have been willing to express himself. Thus did Conrad expound his beliefs anonymously, and because he was a gentleman he always created another hero who would refute the preacher's arguments. His belief was that one of the most important qualities for a novelist to cultivate was humility, to make himself as little conspicuous as possible to the reader.

Mr. Ford has a heart. Unlike his mind, it is assiduously concealed, but it pierces through the coarse envelope of the purely intellectual interest to which he attempts to confine his biography of Joseph Conrad. None of his memoir may be true, but that does not detract from it as a work of art. He shows no trace of real emotion, and his remembrances carry with them no suggestion of the broken heart which some authors would have assumed had they been writing on the same subject with the material Mr. Ford had at his disposal. His book, whether biography or autobiography, is a beautiful tribute to the man he liked and the author he loved. He says that there never was a word of spoken affection between them, never a personal note which would have revealed to either the inner sentiment the other entertained for his collaborator and playmate. But if Mr. Ford will never know what were Conrad's feelings for him, readers of the biography will know that Mr. Ford's book

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found its first inspiration in his heart, and, shaped by his affection, found expression in his intelligence. The duty which prompted him to write it was one of love, and the real sentiment, never expressed in words, is constantly watching over the author's shoulder.

My disappointment in Mr. Ford's book is the treatment of Conrad's art. Conrad had a form of realism that was nearly unique, blended with an impressionism that was at once captivating and awesome. Colors, sounds, voices, visions, atmospheres, are manipulated to make a harmony and an effectiveness that are sometimes overwhelming, always stirring. He accomplished realism through impressionism, and in this he was as nearly original as one can be in literature. Then he had another great merit; he did not draw conclusions about his characters. He submits the evidence without plea or prejudice, the reader renders the verdict. He saw life as it is, and man as he wishes to be, and he took them both in at a glance, just as Marlow did in "Chance". He registered them and in his hectic leisure reproduced them, and thus made posterity his debtor. And Fidus Ford has made us his debtors for showing Conrad as he appeared to him. I have no doubt he was quite a different Conrad to Stephen Crane, John Galsworthy, Mr. Doubleday, and Mrs. Conrad, but not more lovable and not more worthy of the admiration the whole literary world gives him today.

Another biography, this time of a decadent individual, Arthur Rimbaud, has recently appeared from the pen of Edgell Rickword. It is too laudatory, too apologetic, too condoning, but it reveals penetrative insight, sympathetic understanding, and a measure of critical acumen.

Rimbaud was a contentious, bumptious, conceited, selfish, pigheaded, insensitive young hobo who in three years of his youthful life wrote the best poetry of France since Baudelaire. He printed only one book, "Une Saison en Enfer", an epitome of his mind's life. When he was eighteen he stopped writing and began wandering, scoffing at literature, regretting his part in its creation, and scorning recognition of a position among the writers of his country.

He tramped, he traveled with a circus, he was overseer in a stone quarry, and finally landed in Africa where he lived the last nineteen years of his life, pioneering, exploring, merchandising. Then, just as he was about to secure a modest competency and to see his dream of fireside and family come true, a parasite possessed him. When he reached Marseilles they amputated a leg, and soon after he died in the odor of sanctity and in his thirty eighth year. A devoted, pious sister, Isabelle, has told of his last days with fervid affection in a booklet "Mon Frère Arthur", and Ernest Delahaye, who knew, understood, loved, and tolerated him perhaps more than anyone, published in 1923 a volume which pleased both the critics and Rimbaud's friends. About the same time, an industrious critic of French letters, Maurice Coulon, published a volume "Le Problème de Rimbaud, Poète Maudit".

Rimbaud has been dead nearly thirty five years. His literary output is the smallest on record. His poetry, although generally admitted to stand beside that of Hugo, Vigny, and Musset, has no human interest; he does not sing of love, he does not chant the virtues of his country or its people. Probably not one reader in twenty is touched by "Les Illuminations", and

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not one in ten discerns his thesis or his philosophy in "Une Saison en Enfer".

What then is the explanation of this sustained interest in him? Why does posterity extol him and neglect Gérard de Nerval, who brought to the light of day a long hidden pediment of literature: the æsthetics of symbolism? The answer is easily given. His "affair" with Verlaine is the human interest of Arthur Rimbaud. People like to read about him as they like to read "Town Topics" or "Le Cri de Paris". Mr. Rickword is to be congratulated on rendering the theme with his foot on the soft pedal. Had he called his book "The Taming by Time of an Antinomian", it would have been a comprehensive and a just title.

The wide dissemination of the Freudian theories is responsible in a measure for the keen interest of the reading public in sexual fixations, their manifestations and liberations. Rimbaud apparently got stuck on third base in the game of life, but there are many indications that he was stealing home when the bell rang.

It is refreshing to go from the wards of a madhouse or the corridors of an observation pavilion into the fields where sane men and women are working, into the streets and parks where children are romping and birds are singing. It is refreshing to go from Rimbaud to Anatole France, even though one gets such a left handed introduction to him, and inadequate presentation of him, as that made by James Lewis May. If comparisons were not odious still, I should say that L. P. Shanks's book on Anatole France was a juster estimate of his talents than his English translator's book, which is called "Anatole France, The Man and His Work".

Biographers should learn the difference between a panegyric and a critical study. It is a custom sanctified by time that the death of a great contemporary figure should be the signal of a truce as it were; foes lay down their arms for a period of time, friends and admirers join in lauding the man who has gone to his reward. No one takes much stock in an obituary dictated by the emotional reaction engendered by death, and no one looks to such writing for constructive criticism; but when a biography is written during the lifetime of the subject — be he as old as Anatole France was when Mr. May published his biography — there should be less puffing and more illumination.

Posterity will not forget the name of Anatole France, because his contribution to literature has been of such nature as to make him immortal; but to call him "the greatest of writers" and to prophesy for him a crown of immortality which will put all others in the shade, to uphold him as the poet, the essayist, the philosopher, the novelist, and the stylist "*par excellence*", is to deny to contemporaries the power of reasoning and to refuse to be lessoned by the past. Mr. May has allowed too much of his personal feeling of friendship and of his pleasure and pride of semi-intimacy with Anatole France to color his estimate of the writer. He admires him for his numerous stunts, for his manysidedness, for the rapidity with which he changed his point of view, in such a bewildering manner that often within the limits of a single page he plays all parts in turn. These are no grounds for admiration. At most, they would be occasions of wonder and amazement, but the truth is that a writer of Anatole France's calibre who "played all parts in turn" lacks convictions and standards; his philosophy was not to have any, and his belief was that none is satisfying.

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His life was a perfect example of the lack of a single guiding principle or idea: he was a dilettante of poetry; he was an amateur in the field of love; he was a cynic in the realm of tradition and a scoffer in religion. That he was a stylist of talent, a psychologist of merit and a philosopher of observation, of smiling skepticism and amused tolerance, no one denies; but it is disregarding the claims of criticism to say that a fairy bent over his cradle and endowed him with some of the "*douceur angevine*" sung by du Bellay and that his voice is "the voice of all humanity".

The whole world has agreed that Anatole France is a great writer — poet, novelist, and critic. As master of French prose he had no peer in his day, and of his countrymen Voltaire alone was his superior in the use of irony and satire; he was able to blend himself in his creations, to saturate them with his knowledge of good and evil, of actualities and probabilities, of ideals and realities, so that each one represented some feature of Anatole France and reflected some angle of his vast culture; and like Socrates he had the conceit of knowledge.

One of the qualities that made Anatole France so popular was his diversity of culture. He was a fair poet, a great novelist, a sturdy philosopher, a delightful story teller, a charming essayist, an understanding critic. He had a beautiful medium for his inspiration, and made such use of it that his French is probably the most grammatically perfect that has ever been written. It retains its grace and shows no sign of toil, yet writing was a task for him and he would cast and recast a sentence until it finally satisfied him. Words which seem to have come to him with the same ease as song comes to a bird were wrought with the care and labor that Benvenuto Cellini expended on his Perseus. He believed with this great master that to use words wrongly and indefinitely is not merely an error in itself; it also creates an evil in the soul.

He enriched literature with one psychological novel, "Le Lys Rouge", and his "Procurator of Judea" is one of the greatest short stories of the world; but to say that Anatole France the poet will endure so long as literature continues to interest mankind, is laying it on too thick.

(This is the second of three articles — the first of which appeared in March — on contemporary biography and autobiography.)

ON READING AN ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN VERSE

By Charles Hanson Towne

WE need not fear! For Beauty shall endure,
And the old quiet ways seem doubly sure.
Let the world add this harvest of young dreams
Of stars and flowers, the moon, the hills and streams
To the rich bins Shakespeare and Milton crammed.
Beauty still lives — you little critics be damned!

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THE SALVATION OF SINCLAIR LEWIS

By Grant Overton

With a Portrait by Bertrand Zadig

WHAT must I do to be saved, was the original form of the question, but not quite the form in which Sinclair Lewis asked it of himself for so many years. Rather, what must I do in order not to be damned — and he was practically alone among the younger men in showing any preoccupation, still less the least anxiety, on the score. Others younger and with more at stake than he were infinitely careless; F. Scott Fitzgerald and Ben Hecht and a whole crew did not care whether they were damned or not; they rather expected to be and they looked about for the devil, to tell him to take the foremost and not the hindmost. But Red Lewis, as Eugene O'Neill would say, was Diff'rent.

Not, you understand, O'Neillishly different. It is true that he was outwardly a somewhat unusual figure with his reddish hair, thin face and slender figure, nervously moving hands and somewhat eruptive manner. His aim seemed to be to have no habits, so much so that it became a habit of his to have no habits, not to be ordered or fixed, to be impulsive and spontaneous and irregular and excessive and rather wild. He was so sincere that it hurt. His several talents were not kept in a napkin, and yet somehow he seemed not to make anything of them. He could mimic most remarkably, but he was not a rival of Elsie Janis on the stage. He was without the repose of Will Rogers; given a rope, he would probably merely have hanged somebody or himself. He was feverish, rude and rapid. Within him generosity was constantly pouring on fiery indignations so that he seemed to hiss.

And yet he was cool, calculating, and cynical besides.

He was incorrigible in making the mistake, fortunately so rare, of being honest with himself.

Oh, how he longed for salvation! — but most of the conventional paths were barred to him forever. He was not a proper subject for a psychic, an emotional, or a religious experience. He was married, the father of a child, and the driver of a car. He was a successful writer of marketable short and long fiction and the author of four published novels, none of which had sold particularly well. He moved once a year or oftener, living in New York, Minneapolis, California, Florida, etc., but "without sacrificing bathtubs — which are, of course, æsthetically and economically the symbols of civilization". Obviously, you cannot go about the salvation of a fellow like that by any of the ordinary methods.

And yet, as I say, he felt that life was beautiful and damned. He was so much this side of Paradise that he had relinquished any real hope of attaining it. But he was past thirty; he was becoming old; and he was determined not to sink without a trace nor to live happily ever after without one last deliberate struggle.

With his latest novel, the cheerful "Free Air", which had run serially in

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"The Saturday Evening Post", he was meagrely equipped for his truly fateful enterprise. Moreover, Alfred Harcourt had set up a publishing business and was not averse from the idea of a few novels. So Lewis settled down and finished "Main Street".

We are told that it was no sudden inspiration. "Fifteen years before it was actually written," says Charles C. Baldwin in the third and revised edition of "The Men Who Make Our Novels", "the same notion had taken a hold on Lewis, to be roughly sketched with a small town lawyer as the central figure, and titled 'The Village Virus'. During the intervening years Lewis started to write the final draft three different times, once actually getting as many as 30,000 words down on paper. But though he always put it aside he always returned to it. He felt that it would not sell, could not sell, yet he had to write it." And then they say that salvation is free. . . .

"It was his book, his scorn and rage and rebellion, accumulated through all his youth and middle years", Mr. Baldwin explains. This would seem to be transparent. If that were all, it would not be enough. It is, of course, not half. The success of "Main Street" has naturally led to a reaction. It is now easier to find a list of the novel's faults than a summary of its virtues. But those virtues are conspicuous. They range all the way from the figure of Carol Kennicott to the "emergency dessert of oranges and grated cocoanut" which she served one afternoon early in the book.

"Main Street" has force, direction, and character. It has the acute realism of Defoe and a sort of artistic savagery found only in Hogarth and the news camera. You need not call it a novel, if you prefer not; call it a notebook, a panorama, an encyclopædia if that pleases you better. Overlong, formless, overwritten, without climaxes, its significance escaped nobody. Like Boswell or Pepys, a small slice was as good as the whole; but like them the texture and quality was uniform throughout. A little leaven — hydrocyanic acid — leavened the whole lump. The historical value of "Main Street" is extraordinary. Think of its being read a hundred years hence. How impossible, then, for the pleasant myth with which (no doubt) elders will want to inspire the youth of that time. Think of the value to us of a "Main Street" contemporaneous with Tom Jefferson and Jimmy Madison as an offset to the guileless Washington Irving and the prestidigitation of Mr. Hergesheimer.

The only drawback is that since "Main Street" is a classic, it will join the Great Unread.

Concerning the immediate fate of "Main Street", all has been told. It has also been told how Sinclair Lewis was excited thereby. It has been said and written that he got a swelled head. This was a perfectly natural, because slightly malicious, misconception. Since he had always been eccentric, abrupt, rude, sincere, outspoken, etc., etc., his deviations from normalcy of behavior were familiar to all his friends. But they remained his friends. His inferiority complex was no greater than theirs; it was a relatively small one for an American and an author, anyway. Of course, the success of "Main Street" made him conspicuous. Where once a friend or two had contemplated him with equanimity and liking, thousands of persons contrived to take him in, "meet" him, shake his hand, note his gestures — and put their own interpretation, not a skilled one, on every abrupt word or

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Sinclair Lewis

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twist of his mouth or flicker of his eyelids. Lewis was not fooled, and when, as he sometimes did, he spoke harsh words indicating that he was not really taken in, his arrogance was commented on and his personal downfall calculated with as much care as the sun's eclipse.

Having for the first time some money, he went abroad and played around. Many English authors and their familiars were stung by the extreme informality of his approach; but be not deceived, some of the best liked him. (By "best" I do not necessarily refer to anything but personal qualities.) "I was with Sinclair Lewis the other day — and liked him better than ever", writes Frank Swinnerton. "We had a jolly lunch."

A small band of Amherst alumni were chiefly instrumental in the political advancement of Calvin Coolidge. Possibly it was a mistake for Sinclair Lewis to go to Yale, but probably not, for he was to become too articulate, anyway.

The "swelled head" did not prevent him from writing "Babbitt", and all the best critical opinion is unanimous that "Babbitt" is a great advance upon "Main Street". It is, in many ways. It is better satire because more on the hour and minute and because more kindly. It is a better novel, having a beginning, a middle, and an end. Between "Main Street" and "Babbitt" there is no real comparison in readability. "Main Street" is hard sledding; "Babbitt" can hardly be let alone after one has got past the first page or two. The only technical objection to the portrait of the man from Zenith is its utter compositeness. We have all known fifty men of whom the things Lewis assigns to George F. Babbitt were true; but to have them all wrapped up in a single package tends to produce, after a time, occasional moments of incredulous unreality.

But this, after all, is Lewis's peculiar faculty, the ability to sum up everything at once — a power of generalization perhaps without a parallel in the history of fiction. In some sense, I suppose this generalizing faculty is anti-fictional; it is so, without doubt, in so far as fiction consists of the study of individual lives. There is a strain in Sinclair Lewis which allies him to the statistician and the census taker. And this tendency is constantly asserting itself, wherever it exists, in the direction of ideas and away from persons. We shall come to it presently in Lewis's new novel, "Arrowsmith".

I have no intention of writing a treatise on this tendency. For one thing, I don't know enough about it. It will perhaps help in the identification of it if I suggest some American writers in whose work it constantly asserts itself: Samuel Hopkins Adams, Arthur Bullard, Winston Churchill, Floyd Dell, Thomas Dixon, Will Irwin, Owen Johnson, Charles G. Norris, Upton Sinclair (nth degree), Stewart Edward White (in "The Glory Hole"), Brand Whitlock, Helen R. Martin, Dorothy Canfield, Honoré Willsie Morrow. These examples are enough to show that the tendency is emotional as well as intellectual — it is a love of an idea, of an attitude toward life, of sufficient intensity to color the writer's work. It is a sort of polarity as opposed to a kind of detachment. Its greatest danger is the fact that it can be expressed abstractly, with beautiful clearness, as an idea. Its effect is too often to rob the personages of a story of rich and rugged characterization; they appear thin, deficient in vitality; they either become anæmic or remain attenuated because the author's idea or

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attitude is all-important and he has neither the patience nor, indeed, the active imagination to present his characters with human detail and in their human texture.

Now Sinclair Lewis has this trait in as great a degree as any of his contemporaries, American or others, but in him it is met, mingled with, and tempered by a truly enormous capacity for the assimilation of individuals as such. The idea-tendency or attitude-tendency is plain throughout "Main Street", but this does not for one moment prevent the complete and acute characterization of Doc Kennicott, Carol, Guy Pollock, Sam Clark, Mrs. Bogart, Fern Mullins, Vida Sherman, and you-can't-remember-how-many others. Mr. Lewis's nearest parallel in this respect is H. G. Wells, who also writes with the idea-tendency and the attitude and who similarly teems with lifelike portraits. In both cases it is the amazing fertility of Charles Dickens combined with something Dickens had not. Or rather, I should say that Dickens never ranged beyond a specific indignation against English boarding schools, the chancery courts, and so on.

It has been remarked that Mr. Lewis's first novel, "Our Mr. Wrenn", obviously owes its character to such work of H. G. Wells as "Mr. Polly"; but Mr. Lewis owes much more to Wells, in the way of inspiration and example, than his first book. The same incurable restlessness belongs to both men; the same superb discontent with everything as it is; the same passionate warmth and width of human interest. Wells showed Lewis how to combine the idea-tendency or attitude with the mental notebook which never missed jotting down the quirks of human appearance, speech, and behavior. But Lewis has something that Wells hasn't — something that was either born in him (as I think) or else was learned from Balzac — a determination to get everything in. Now it may or may not be true that art consists in selection, in elimination; I do not pretend to know, although I am suspicious of anything so easy to say. But if that is art, then Balzac and Sinclair Lewis are not artists. Both are masters of the cheek-by-jowl.

"Arrowsmith" is about as long as "Main Street" and is much more akin to "Main Street" than to "Babbitt". The circumstances under which it was written should be pretty well known by this time. In the summer of 1922, Mr. Lewis met Paul H. de Kruif, a bacteriologist who had been with the Rockefeller Institute. "Babbitt" was out of the way. A prolonged discussion of medical education in the United States led Lewis to the determination to write a novel about "a doctor who, starting out as a competent general practitioner, emerges as a real scientist, despising ordinary success". We are told that "then, with Kruif, he wandered for three months from Barbadoes to Panama to Europe. They saw leper asylums and hospitals and small dispensaries among the Barbadoes canefields. They spent hours in laboratories in Panama, in London, in Paris. And with all their wandering they managed five or six hours of intense work every day, finally rounding out a complete plan for the book in some 60,000 words. To produce the actual novel required a year, Lewis working by himself in London and in the country near Fontainebleau."

Kruif has given a good picture of Lewis in the preliminary stage:

> A passenger ship is plowing along through the smooth, mysteriously weedy waters of the Sargasso Sea in mid-Atlantic.

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Down below in a snug little stateroom, before a typewriter on a little folding table, sits Sinclair Lewis, a lank, tously, red-haired figure in an impossibly gaudy silk dressing-gown. Ever and again with two powerful fingers he makes the flimsy machine resound with a staccato racket like machine gun fire. Now and then he stops to fumble a little hurriedly and nervously among the confused pile of maps, huge books, diagrams and papers that litter the table, the couch on which he sits, the floor, the washstand and the life-preserver-racks. Failing to find what he seeks, he rasps out in no very choice language, "Paul, what the devil have you done with Manson's 'Tropical Medicine'?" A hot argument ensues, through abusive personalities to religion and philosophy, through science to the arts, dying away at last amid a renewed clattering of the typewriter.

There was also this autobiographical factor, according to Lewis:

A small boy whose memory is of being awakened by his father's talking to a patient, down at the door; of catching 3-A. M. phrases: "Where is the pain? Eh? Well, all right, but you ought to have called me earlier. Peritonitis may have set in." A small boy who was permitted to peep at anatomical charts and ponderous medical books in The Office. Then his brother going off to medical school — gossip of classes, of a summer's interneship, of surgery versus general practice. And behind father and brother, a grandfather and uncle who were also doctors.

With such a background, the work and ideals of the doctors have always been more familiar to me than any others, and when I began to write novels (I started my first one just twenty years ago, and the first that was ever published fourteen years ago) I thought of some day having a doctor hero. Part of that ambition was satisfied in Dr. Kennicott, of "Main Street", but he was not the chief character, and furthermore I desired to portray a more significant medico than Kennicott — one who could get beneath routine practice into the scientific foundation of medicine — one who should immensely affect all life.

What of the result? "Arrowsmith" is a panorama of modern medicine as overwhelming in its completeness and its detail as "Main Street". It is a book that will have to go on the doctor's shelf as surely as Osler's "The Principles and Practice of Medicine" or the volume on gynecology. It might profitably go on the shelf of the ordinary home along with Holt's "The Care and Feeding of Children". For like these books it is essentially a standard treatise.

I do not mean that it is not a story. There is a very definite story. But the feature of the work is elsewhere. It lies in the unsparing presentation of all the aspects of medical education and practice. The crass commercialization in spots, the idealism in other spots, the working adjustment that is commonest in the profession, the blind alleys, the political factor which enters in when public health administration functions — all these trunk lines and many a branching are explored. Sometimes the exploration is very thorough; but even when it is brief the swift searchlight of Lewis gives you all the essentials.

The book is a vivisection; its subject is alive and quivering. The book is new; its subject is to the ordinary reader the most mysterious on earth. The book is human; its characters lack nothing that Lewis can give them. The idea-tendency or attitude is marked, as in "Main Street", and those who consider "Babbitt" Lewis's best novel will not be shaken in their conclusion by "Arrowsmith".

What the medical profession will say, I have no means of knowing. Their opposition will help the book very much. Their approval, I suppose, is not likely. They may merely pooh-pooh it gently, which attitude, without hurting it particularly, would help it least. The doctors have never mastered the arts of publicity — except here and there individually — and they have no established channels through which to make their conclusions widely heard and accepted. Had Lewis

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carried out an earlier intention to review the law in a novel as he reviews medicine in "Arrowsmith", the case would be different. Lawyers can do anything, and do.

He was born at Sauk Centre, Minnesota, February 7, 1885, the son of Dr. Edwin J. Lewis and Emma (Kermott) Lewis. A country boyhood. He went east to Yale and was graduated in 1907. He was a reporter in New Haven and San Francisco and then a magazine editor for several years. I think the only magazine of the lot now surviving is "Adventure". Then he did work for two book publishing houses. Having sold several short stories to "The Saturday Evening Post", he began free lancing in 1916. He had tried it unsuccessfully for a year and a half before that; but this time it worked.

"Main Street" made a small fortune for him. He is one of the four authors who have actually received $50,000 for the serial publication rights of a novel — this sum being paid for "Arrowsmith". In the best sense, money does not mean a great deal to him. He has kept enough to furnish an income for life, but he will hardly stop working, and working hard. So far as the money goes, he could have stopped after "Main Street" — or at worst have been obliged to do only a nominal task for years to come. But the picture of him at work on "Arrowsmith" is the answer.

Bibliography

1914 *Our Mr. Wrenn*
1915 *The Trail of the Hawk*
1917 *The Job*
1919 *Free Air*
1920 *Main Street*
1922 *Babbitt*
1925 *Arrowsmith*

SPRING FIRES

By Helen Anthony

YOU talk of autumn fires, but have you smelled
The smoke that rises from a ragged lawn
In early spring? And seen it float upon
A mist of newborn buds? Or trembling, held
Among the greening twigs, swiftly dispelled
To drift above our houses? Whispering dawn
Is the best hour to see the magic. It is gone
By glaring noon, and all the mystery quelled.
But when the sun first comes, or cooling eve,
Let only one sharp tang your nostrils fill
And you are lost. No use of any guard
Against fire sorcery. If you would leave
Your winter conscience, gain a springtime will,
Just set the grass to burning in your yard.

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The "Stanley Weyman" — Changed Taste in Novels — Aldous Huxley — The Libraries — Henry Seton Merriman — Middleton Murry and Keats — Worldly Success in Literature — Philip Lee Warner — John Lane — "The Constant Nymph" — First Editions.

LONDON, March 1, 1925.

I WAS referring a month or two back to the suggestion made by Mr. Pett Ridge (who, I am glad to see, is now recovering from a severe illness) that public houses in England should be named after authors of excellence. It seemed a reasonable notion, but not one which we had any chance of seeing in actual practice. But there is no end to the surprises which are to be found in daily life — "Truth is stranger, etc." . . . "More absorbing that any novel, etc." — and since that moment I have noticed a strange occurrence to which attention, so far as I know, has not yet been drawn in the English press. A Yorkshire fisherman was recently arrested and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment in, I think, Iceland, for fishing in prohibited waters. The name of his boat was the "Stanley Weyman". I do not suggest that there is any appropriateness in the name of the boat upon this occasion, but the literary inspiration is remarkable. Is there not scope in this department for the celebration of our writers? And, while I am upon the subject, would not the Pullman Company of America find in this field material for the naming of its coaches? The names in use are amazing enough, but they must eventually be either exhausted or superannuated. I wonder no enterprising publisher has entered into an arrangement with some such company — either railroad or steamship — to put into action the further celebration of literary success.

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Stanley Weyman is now, I gather, somewhat out of fashion; but when I was young his books had a vogue of immense proportions. The best known of them was, I suppose, "A Gentleman of France"; though "Under the Red Robe" must have run it close in the minds of many. It may even have taken the lead since it has been dramatized. "A Gentleman of France" retains some life and popularity among those who do not so much follow the fashion in reading as read what they enjoy. It certainly has a character of its own. I must have read it half a dozen times at least, particularly in times of illness, when old favorites do not pall. And while I could not endorse the remark once made in my hearing to a young person who was divided between reading "The Three Musketeers" and "A Gentleman of France" — which advice was to read "The Three Musketeers" first, it was so disappointing after "A Gentleman of France" — I do feel a weakness for Stanley Weyman which I should be sorry to shed. I am glad that a boat is named after him. It is very fitting. Unfortunately — or fortunately, as the case may be — fashions have changed. They have a way of changing. The authors who at the

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present moment are the height of fashion in England are E. M. Forster and Aldous Huxley. Mr. Forster has reached a wide public with "A Passage to India", and is the admired of all, though whether the admiration will last in face of the popularity I do not pretend to be able to foretell. He has a very subtle intellect, is a beautiful writer, and is able in the first part of "A Passage to India" to hold the attention and convince the imagination. There is something electrifying about the early chapters of the book. Later, I think, it is less satisfactory, less convincing, less interesting. The book as a whole leaves me with the doubt whether Mr. Forster is temperamentally a novelist at all. He falls back upon morbid hallucination when the need is for emotion. It is not a very good substitute, and Mr. Forster has used it before. I reserve my judgment, therefore, upon Mr. Forster as a novelist. For Mr. Forster as a writer and as an intellect I have the greatest admiration. If he wishes to write novels, he shall do so without protest from me. But I think I should prefer him as an historian or as a biographer. I do not like to see a novelist, when the call is for emotion, falling back upon morbid hallucination. But perhaps I am wrong in this as in so many things.

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The other writer who is at the present moment very fashionable in England is Aldous Huxley. Not only have his works a first edition value before and after they are published — so that extraordinary manœuvres are resorted to by wicked dealers to possess themselves of illegitimate supplies — but when they are upon the market they are actually bought and not borrowed. American readers, who buy their books, have no conception of the English readers' dependence upon the circulating libraries for all their books, and therefore they may miss the significance of this remark. I will repeat it, for the sake of emphasis. Huxley's books are bought. He is the only writer whose books may be seen all about Chelsea and Hampstead (the two most intellectual of London suburbs) in the hands of young women, and in the original dust covers, unsoiled. Nay, did I not with my own eyes see two separate young women in the West End of London carrying first editions of Huxley's new book, "Those Barren Leaves", on the very morning of publication! Always young women, mind you; not young men. It is the true indication of Huxley's modernity. I am very glad to see this, because Huxley has always appeared to me to be the brightest spot in our youngest writers. With every temptation to be precious, to be the idol of cliques, he is making his own progress. He lives away from the cliques, being in fact rather too large a proposition for cliques, and having rather too much humor for the coteries; and he is working. Instead of cultivating a reputation, he is earning one. If I am not mistaken, "Those Barren Leaves" is an advance upon all Huxley's other prose work. It is also interesting for something besides its positive merits. It shows that Huxley is developing. When that can be said of a man of thirty, who has quite a number of books behind him, the auspices are good.

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I have more than once in these letters referred to the English habit of borrowing books. When it is realized that Messrs. W. H. Smith and Sons have branches all over England, at which,

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besides selling books, they lend them for a fixed subscription; and further that Boots, the chemists, run similar subscription libraries in connection with all their branches (or nearly all), it will be seen that the Times Book Club and Mudies, with London headquarters, cover but a portion of the field. In addition to these firms, there are smaller libraries, both in London and in the provinces; there are the little shops in every village which are occasionally "in connection with Mudies", but which more often subsist upon cast off copies purchased in quantity at the distributions by which the larger firms clear their shelves of surplus stock. There are the Free Public Libraries, from which as a rule one novel and one non-fiction volume may be borrowed at one time (that is, not more often than once a day), the village libraries, made up of books which the more wealthy residents wish to disperse; and there are the uncontrollable lenders of books. These people may have had books given them for Christmas or birthday presents, and they will lend and borrow from their friends to an endless extent. This last item, you will say, indicates that some books must have been bought by the lenders. Not a bit of it. They will actually lend borrowed books! It is most commonly done. I have myself been lent books borrowed from other people. Crowning grievance — an author will be asked by almost total strangers to lend them copies of his own books. The line taken is: "I'd like to read it . . . knowing you, and all that. Can't afford to buy books!" Well, I do not expect people in England to buy my own books. I do not wish them to do so. But there are books which *ought* to be bought, and this is a thing which English people will have to learn if they are to be anything but parasitic book readers. It is ridiculous to think of households which possess nothing at all in the shape of a library. There are many such households still, although the cheap editions of Messrs. Nelson and Collins have done much to remedy the evil. For this reason I am glad to hear of a new scheme which is to be tried for the better circulation of books. For the sale and purchase of books, perhaps I should have said. This is nothing more nor less than a caravan. The caravan is to go about the country with stock selected from the catalogues of about forty different publishers. The enthusiasts who are driving the caravan are going to charter local village halls in order to give better demonstrations of the books, and by means of talks, exhibitions and other efforts, they hope to achieve some tangible result. With every good wish for the enterprise, I am not hopeful that it will be commercially successful. It sounds too amateurish for my liking. But this caravaning business is becoming all the style here. We have caravan theatres and concert parties — why not caravan booksellers? We shall see what the result is. At any rate, the books sold will be real books, and not those built up sets of rubbish which so many poor housewives are tempted into buying by traveling agents. I think the caravans should first of all tour East Anglia. In the whole of East Anglia — consisting of the counties of Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk (I do not know how many hundreds of square miles) — there is only one bookseller's shop of any note at all. Attempts to establish other shops in such centres as Norwich have ended in disaster so wretched that booklovers in the eastern counties are in despair. If the caravan bookshop can alter this state of things, it will have done pioneer work.

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A new volume of Conrad stories is just published here, and I expect in America also. A magazine is serializing a novel by Conrad, the title of which, following the one word habit which began with "Chance", is "Suspense". I do not know whether it is realized that this title has been used before, but in any case the former use which is familiar to me is that of a book not much known in this country. The late Hugh Stowell Scott ("Henry Seton Merriman") wrote several books before he adopted the later very familiar pseudonym. These were published anonymously, and "Suspense" was one of them. Others were "Prisoners and Captives", "Dross", "The Phantom Future", and "Young Mistley". In England, these five books are never reprinted, and I have read them all in American or Canadian editions. Speaking just now of Stanley Weyman reminded me of Henry Seton Merriman, because the two men were personal friends. I see that the sale of Merriman's novels continues, and I wonder that nobody has ever written any personal reminiscences of a writer who should not be despised. By "highbrow" standards, of course, he is nothing at all. It is the easiest thing in the world to make fun of his sententiousness and his effective and mechanical contrivances for maintaining melodramatic significance throughout a conventional story. Yet he did the thing with a great air, and for what he was — a popular novelist who carefully set his scenes in a foreign country and extracted from the briefest sojourns abroad material with which to support a mechanically romantic tale — he was miles ahead of our current practitioners. He could make more drama out of nothing than any other novelist I have met in the course of a long experience of novel reading. I wonder whether he is known in America. I should have supposed his work ideal for film purposes.

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I hear that Middleton Murry has been appointed to a lectureship at Oxford. He is to deliver a series of lectures, and the subject originally set was Shakespeare. This, in view of Murry's present great preoccupation with Keats, is to be modified, so that the series will now be on Shakespeare and Keats. The mixture will shock some bigots, and yet I do not know why it should do so. We know, upon the authority of Sir Sidney Colvin, that Keats was "underbred" (as I fear so many of us are in the eyes of the hyper-refined), but there is no poet who has more of the Shakespearian loveliness than Keats. The mixture should be a good one. Keats will be very much to the fore in a short time, for in addition to the great work which we are all expecting from Amy Lowell there is to be a book by Murry devoted entirely to Keats. With this book and the lectures, which no doubt will presently be published, Murry will have said his say about Keats, and then all the literary journalists will say their say about Murry and Keats and the canons of criticism; and we shall then know pretty well all there is to know about Keats. One point that strikes me about Keats is the number of people I have heard of who believe themselves to be reincarnations of Keats. Three distinguished writers of the present day are known by me to have had this delusion. Two of them are novelists. Not one of the three would ever strike an outsider as showing signs of reincarnation. But there must be something in a personality which has survived two books by Sir Sidney Colvin and such diversity of interpre-

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tation as is indicated by the delusion I have mentioned.

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When I said that I did not wish people to buy my books I was laying myself open to a charge of insincerity. In the sense that I am a professional writer I do desire that my books should be bought. It is commonly said in England, as I mentioned last month in connection with Edmund Gosse (who has now joined the glorious brigade of literary knights, so that he is once more on terms with his old idol, Sir Hall Caine), that novelists are a prostituted class with no aim but that of money getting. I should be sorry if that were true, and I prefer to think that it is untrue. Certainly, I do not hear novelists talk so much about money as do their critics. And I think it is due to the novelists to say this, that very few novelists of the present day are rich as the result of income made directly from their novels. Rich, that is, as compared with business men. But the popular reputation of a novelist is of considerable use to him in the earning market when he is required to do something other than novel writing. I imagine that when Mr. Bennett and Mr. Wells write for the press they can practically name their own terms, because the proprietors of the periodicals which require contributions from such men know that no other men can do what is wanted. Mr. Bennett and Mr. Wells have always been journalists. They were journalists before they became novelists. It is natural to them to express their views interestingly upon a great variety of subjects. Take for example Mr. Wells's latest book, "A Year of Prophesying". It has been objected by critics that this book is journalism. Of course it is. It says it is. It is set out as journalism. But if it had not been collected into book form I should never have seen it. We do not all read the same newspaper, and it is easy to miss the most charming article or short story if it is not made generally available for those who follow the work of a distinguished writer. And so I am very glad to possess a copy of "A Year of Prophesying". More, I think it should be salutary to those who bring against the book the charge that it is journalism. Who are the people who call Mr. Wells a journalist? Are they not also journalists? The point that should really be made about this book is not merely that it is journalism, but that it is such astonishingly good journalism. If any reason were needed for Mr. Wells's enormous popularity — and I suppose there is no doubt that his work is familiar to more people than the work of any other living English writer — it is to be found here. He is, as a supercilious friend of mine once said grudgingly about Arnold Bennett, "so damned interesting". The good journalist is the man who can be "so damned interesting" about a variety of subjects. By this standard Mr. Wells is proudly a journalist. I wish I were one.

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The late Philip Lee Warner had been working so hard, and in such an almost chronic state of ill health (rather than actual illness) for so many years, that his death has taken nobody by surprise. Yet those of us who knew him well were not the less shocked upon that account. The "Times" obituary notice, although it said much that Lee Warner's friends would recognize as essentially true, made one or two slight slips, as when it said that Lee Warner was with the firm of Putnam's after his sojourn with the firm of Dent, and that the Riccardi font of type preceded the

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Florence. In each case, the reverse is the fact. Lee Warner was for a time in the Bank of England. He then went into the firm of T. Fisher Unwin, the London publisher, then to Putnam's, then to Dent, proceeded to a partnership at Chatto and Windus, left at the end of the term agreed, and established the Medici Society as a separate business. The Florence type was designed at his instigation during the Chatto period, and the Riccardi type belongs to the Medici Society period. Contrary to the opinion expressed by the "Times" writer, it is extremely doubtful whether Lee Warner's taste was of the finest. He worked at such pressure that it was impossible for him personally to supervise every detail of the work which he so energetically promoted. The band of his lieutenants, indeed, was so variously recruited, and included so many men of personality only less strong than Lee Warner's own, that the organizer was in a state of perpetual battle. Half of Lee Warner's life was wasted in battle. He was as immense a battler as he was a letter writer. His letters were of extraordinary length. He was a born writer, who found his way into business and there, at top speed, with feverish energy, inaugurated vast schemes and spent enormous sums of money with romantic lavishness. I am under the impression that one of Lee Warner's novels was published some years ago by Macmillan's (the author's name being disguised, of course); but I may be wrong about this. It was a book concerning Saxon times. But he had also written, when I first knew him, some remarkable chapters of a novel about a gambler. The book of which these chapters formed a part was probably never finished, but my recollection is that it was of unusual subtlety. Lee Warner, himself, I should say, was subtle. He was probably too subtle to be a business man, for his subtlety made him appear capricious. Yet a more lovable man I have never met in the whole of my days. He was very highstrung — his eyes twitched almost incessantly — was a great smoker, a man given to sudden impulses. For these reasons, the mind in memory recalls him as always in action, sweeping from one room to another like a great grey dragon fly, pouncing, blinking, talking quickly through his nose, while his body curved away from his companion as he prepared for fresh and even swifter flight. It was a good head when it allowed itself to be seen, and the brains inside it were good, too, when Lee Warner would allow himself to use them. But whatever the brains, I think Lee Warner probably estranged more friends than the average man ever acquires. Most people (except myself) appear to have quarreled with him at one time or another, fearing that he was in some way overreaching them, that he was going to ruin them, or something of the kind; but I have never met a man who spoke ill of him. Some of his printing efforts, with third rate illustrations excellently reproduced, I regard as lamentable; as I think were some of his choices of pictures to be reproduced by the Medici process. This is why I questioned above the excellence of his taste. His taste seemed to me in fact very fallible. I liked him the better for that, because his faultiness was a part of his charm. That he *was* charming I believe there is not one who knew him who would deny. That he seriously advanced the cause of fine printing I should doubt. Nevertheless, there are many who very greatly admire the Medici prints, and for the introduction of these he will always be entitled to great praise. My own admiration and

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affection for him are based upon quite other deeds than his printing and his pictures, and I always found him a loyal and generous friend.

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The death of John Lane, also, should not go unmentioned here. Lane was nearly seventy one, and for some time he had not been in good health; but he did not look more than sixty. I saw him within a month of his death, after his return from the United States. He was one of the few publishers who had stamped a personality upon a business. No list was at one time more "characteristic" than Lane's. In their own way, Lane's business and Heinemann's were alike; because in each case the publisher was following his own bent and making a success of it. Taste and judgment were strong enough to carry a business through all trials. Of course, in the last ten or fifteen years Lane's business had lost something of its personal interest. It had expanded, and a very large production can never retain the same air of distinction as a small list to which the publisher can give all his individual attention. But Lane retained an extraordinary degree of interest in his firm's books and enthusiasm for them. He was a real publisher, who cared greatly for certain types of books. As a personality I can only say that whenever I met him he seemed quiet, conversational, and well informed. A strong impression he did not make on me; but that was probably due to his natural modesty.

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The newest author to be discussed everywhere is Margaret Kennedy. Young, and living as a rule down in Cornwall, far from the world of letters and tea parties, Miss Kennedy has scored a remarkable success with "The Constant Nymph". I consider this novel one of the best novels I have read for some time in English, and one of the most promising. It is promising because it suggests such possibilities, and not because it has any air of immaturity. Judged by itself it is an astonishing performance. Perhaps the early part is the best, perhaps the one conventional woman in the book is unsympathetically treated and so made shadowy, perhaps the ending is somehow scrambled, perhaps the almost incandescent quality of the book burns so white that in memory one will make less of it than one does at the moment of reading. These things may be; yet, equally, they may not be. In any case, everybody who cares about good novels should read "The Constant Nymph". For the younger generation here it is a pity that the principal enthusiasts for the book in print have been septuagenarians who do not know a novel from a horse trough; but I can assure my readers that younger men have much admired Miss Kennedy's great talent, and that among themselves they have cordially expressed such admiration.

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I was talking recently to a man who buys first editions. He told me some curious things. According to my friend, there is a considerable and increasing demand for first editions of Michael Arlen and Robert Keable. Stevenson, Conrad, and other late enthusiasms are already on the wane. The two dead authors who are tremendously in the ascendant — so that a modest buyer is alarmed, although he is told that even at present prices their books are worth "buying for a rise" — are Trollope and Gissing.

SIMON PURE

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AMY LOWELL ANALYZES CREATIVE GENIUS

By John Farrar

THE aspects from which Amy Lowell's Life of John Keats may be called great are so many that it is difficult to select one and call it more important than another. As a study of a sensitive, unusual, brilliant, and finally sick boy, it excels in tenderness and penetrating power. As a description of the poetic temperament in general, and of the progress of Keats's genius in particular, it seems to me unique among critical studies. As a work of scholarly biography it presents an array of new material, marshaled with the zest usually employed by explorers to unknown lands or detectives at work on baffling mystery cases. Nor has Miss Lowell allowed any one phase of the book to run away with her sense of proportion. She weaves them, makes them whole through real love of her subject and a magnificent prose style which is always readable and shiningly clear, bursting every now and then into passages of lyric or dramatic intensity and beauty.

The book is long, some twelve hundred odd pages, and it is closely written. It offers no easy meadows for casual wandering. It is not a story by Maurois, Strachey, Werner, Dibble, or the like. It is an important biography written by a woman who knew that Sir Sidney Colvin and others had already covered the same field and covered it well. Her first excuse for undertaking it was her own collection of Keats manuscripts and first editions, which contained much new material. I think, though, that she needed no such excuse. Her understanding and admiration for the man whom she considered the most modern of his poetical age was enough, and it is this admiration which gives the book its authentic note of genius. To recreate the life of a man in all its happy, tragic, wearisome yet fascinating detail, is what Miss Lowell set out to do. And she has made his friends and his time real to us. The writing of a phrase, the construction of a great stanza, these are as dramatic to her — and to us as we read them — as the two gun duel of a western thriller. This is the story of a poet by a poet, the analysis of a lover by a woman who would have understood him, who would have chid him for his weaknesses and deplored his selfishness and sentimentality, but who would have been awed by the genius of his phrases and the sweetness of his character at its best.

In her first volume Miss Lowell has been happiest; for here she has her hero in his moments of robust development, before trouble and disease had exaggerated tendencies toward melancholy. How well she uses the methods often before employed in her work, in "Can Grande's Castle" and elsewhere, of creating a period around her central figure by the recital of synchronous events! She does not hesitate to reconstruct by the aid of her vivid imagination what a journey to London must have been like to the young medical student. "Did he walk"; she writes, "and leave his precious portmanteau to be sent on by wagon, or did he ride up to town on the top of the

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coach with the portmanteau safely stowed away in the boot? Historically speaking, the journey is a blank. But whether he walked, or spanked along behind four lively horses to the tune of jingling harness and the guard's busy horn, even supposing that it rained cats and dogs and the drops trickled down his neck, we know very well that his spirits were bubbling over with excitement, that he felt exactly like a knight of romance starting forth in quest of high adventure in the green forest."

Even more characteristic of Miss Lowell's method than this passage is still another descriptive of a journey:

> On Monday, April fourteenth, he booked an outside seat for Southampton on the Lymington and Poole Mail, leaving the Bull and Crown Inn, Holborn, at half-past seven on that very evening. Shortly after three in the morning, the mail clattered through the little village of Chawton, past a small cottage standing directly beside the road. In this cottage lived a widow lady, Mrs. George Austen, and her two daughters, Cassandra and Jane. Did Jane Austen wake just as day was breaking on that Tuesday morning and listen to the mail going by? I wonder.

I should like to quote passages in which she discloses the boy's developing love for the best in his poetry, his companionship with his brothers, his delight in the Elgin Marbles; but it would be unfair to the reader to take these jewels from their setting. Surely Professor Chauncey Brewster Tinker in a review of the biography is unjust when he says, "Miss Lowell's book is, in a sense, new in kind. It is preeminently the work of a book-collector." Is it not already apparent to you that it is preeminently the work of a poet, and a student of mankind?

Professor Tinker's review is a tempered and kindly one; but he errs again, it seems to me, and vigorously, when he says: "There are, to be sure, moments when the reader feels that Keats is being somewhat overcharged with praise. He is defended against every conceivable criticism. There was no indecision or vulgarity, no bumptiousness — despite his treatment of Shelley — no sensuality, no commonplace thinking." This is not fair to a book which is courageously aware of its hero's faults. True, his ancestry is defended, the vulgarisms of the Fanny Brawne letters condoned, the truth of the hint by some biographers that he contracted syphilis at Oxford doubted, many of the legends about this "moon-struck boy" dispelled; but Miss Lowell is too good a New Englander, too experienced in advising young poets, to let John Keats escape. She is definite and harsh in her criticism of his early verses — yes, of some of his later work. She calls four of his poems "four great failures" punctuating his life: "Sleep and Poetry", "Endymion", "Otho the Great", and "Hyperion". One of her chapter headings reads, "A Pet Lamb in a Sentimental Farce", Keats's own estimate of himself taken up by literary society and behaving a trifle like a spoiled child. That he escaped is Miss Lowell's concern and pride in him. She is horrified by his inability to face financial difficulties, and does not conceal the fact that she considers his softness in lending money to friends, when he could ill afford it, unmoral. She even feels that he should have made some attempt to fill his pocketbook by accepting an offered job as salesman, no matter how distasteful it might have been. Moreover, in her amazing account of his love affair she finds him at times thoroughly selfish, and although she understands the reasons behind this selfishness, she is too much the woman quite to forgive it. No, Miss Lowell has not worshiped blindly at her shrine. She has remained her usual clear-minded self.

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As a study of creative genius and the working out of the life of a man of letters, the book is unexcelled. The chapter on "Endymion", technical though it is, has enough of that keen exploratory sense which is the mark of the fine critic to make it worthwhile, even entertaining, reading. Miss Lowell's studies of the poet's sources, of his selection of material, of the effect of environment and circumstance on the development of certain poems, of the maturing of his genius to its full fruit in the composition of the odes, "The Eve of St. Agnes", the fragment of "The Eve of St. Mark", are little short of masterly. Here her detective as well as her critical faculties come into play. To one who knows little of the actual details of Keats's literary history, the dating of a poem, the tracing of copies of Drayton's "Endymion and Phoebe", the new complexion placed on the composition of "Hyperion", are actually of slight importance. Yet Miss Lowell makes them vital. You rejoice with her at some meaty discovery or wise conjecture. You hope that she is right and Sir Sidney wrong. She persuades you subtly into her lists in these matters. She has so visualized John Keats that, at last, the smallest new sentence from his pen becomes magnified, the discovery of the source of his black eye, of paramount interest. "Now here is my bomb-shell!" she writes, and goes on to make you believe that her conclusions concerning "Hyperion" constitute an explosive.

In reading of the circle of friends that surrounded this young poet, it is impossible not to make comparisons with today. What of log rollers in literary history? How would poor Keats have managed, had it not been for his friends who wrote him sonnets and reviewed his books, who succored him and encouraged him and defended him? Of these friends, Miss Lowell finds Richard Woodhouse, although not the closest, certainly the most consistently helpful. How wise she is, too, in knowing that it was seldom the actual criticism of these friends that helped, but simply that so-frowned-on log rolling, back patting — in other words, encouragement — that kept Keats going in the face of criticism often both personal and bitter. She knows, too, how ridiculous are most charges of literary plagiarism. Did not Keats borrow freely, do not most great poets borrow freely, or great novelists or playwrights or what not? Can any jury in any land say what has really been stolen, and what imaginative idea is native to any man? "Improvement is the only justification needed for a literary theft", says Miss Lowell. What a treat it would be to hear a court deliberating as to whether Keats had improved over Drayton, or whether he had secured the background for his great "St. Agnes" from "The Mysteries of Udolpho". What a difference there is between one of the great poems of all time and a forgotten popular novel!

The last part of Miss Lowell's narrative is told with skill and tenderness. Fanny Brawne becomes no less real than Keats. The wasting body and fevered mind of the young poet, the lessening vitality, combined with his ripening poetic gift, make a tragic picture. Into the hopelessness of his health Miss Lowell brings the brilliant light of his poetry as relief. Nor must we forget the clear, beautiful picture of his love for his brother Tom, and his unreasoning loyalty to the coarser grained George, demanding money from his newfound home in America. Trouble piles on trouble. Through it all he writes, feverishly sometimes, lingeringly at others, and always his biographer tells us what he writes,

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under what strains, with what intent. Now it is the misconceived "Otho", now the melancholy measures of "To Autumn", now the jingling vagaries of "The Cap and Bells". Throughout the two volumes Miss Lowell has used letters gracefully and with telling effect. Some of them have hitherto been unpublished; but all of them seem fresh by their clever placement. Good letters they are, especially the poet's own: letters that are like diaries, or notes filled with zest and humanity, or blazing with strained and tormented love, silly jealousy, or oversweet emotion.

A rich book this, in more ways than one, flashing with beautiful sentences, profound in human emotion, always intelligent. Seldom has a story of a literary man been so carefully planned, so brilliantly executed. Having secured her facts at great pains, Miss Lowell made them a part of herself and gave us Keats as she sees him, as we can scarcely fail to see him, having read her book. Her publishers have not failed in their part; binding, type, illustration, are in accord with the text. In every way it is a great piece of work, one in which we may take both pride and pleasure.

John Keats. By Amy Lowell. Two volumes. Houghton Mifflin Company.

GULLA LULLABY

By Josephine Pinckney

THE Buzzard and the Butterfly playing in the field,
Nobody home but the baby
Butterfly shivers in his red-speckled wings,
Nobody home but the baby
Butterfly giggles, "How sweet the fields taste!
I'll eat and I'll eat — not a honey drop will waste;
Death can't catch me till there's nothing left to eat!"
Long eyed Buzzard sleeks his feathers with his beak —
"Death will be a-coming either this week or next week . . . "
Go to sleep my little baby

Go to sleep, go to sleep
Go to sleep my little baby
Loo-loo-loo-lulla-loo-loo-loo
Nobody home but the baby

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A YOUNG AMERICAN'S FRIENDSHIP WITH ANATOLE FRANCE

By Edward Wassermann

WHEN I left America during the war I hoped, being a pacifistic young American, to meet Anatole France in preference to the Kaiser. Through a lucky chain of events I became attached to an organization that was transferred to Tours where Anatole France was residing. He had started to remodel his house in Paris, but at the outbreak of the war had found it impossible to have the work completed. Thereupon he had gone to his country seat. So one bleak March day, with an acquaintance who had a letter of introduction to France, I motored through the narrow streets of Tours over the Loire bridge and up the steep hill at Saint Cyr. The whole drive took about a quarter of an hour. We reached the iron grill gate of La Bechellerie. We rang a bell that clanked stridently though not altogether unmusically. The door opened and we came into a courtyard with a graceful Louis XIII manor house at its end. On entering the hall, dimly lighted by a lamp, we saw our host come shambling out in easy gait from the next room.

France was never ceremonious or pompous. He stretched out both his hands, and ushered us into the salon where several village notables were engaged in a discussion of the war — a subject, as I afterward found out, that continued to be foremost in France's mind. Joined with his tremendous absorption and curiosity concerning everything pertaining to art, he had an unending interest in politics and in the war. He was rather worried about the outcome of it — thought that the end of the world was drawing near. He was disgusted that humanity, which he had always hoped might improve, was continuing on its old road of stupidity. "Indeed," he said, "war and love are the two things that men do best." From time to time he would pace the floor, his sharp eyes darting out glances in a most searching yet kindly way. He was dressed in his usual home garb of a suit minus the coat, an old colorless woolen dressing gown, and a red velvet skull cap whose color contrasted vividly with his white hair. When engaged in some discussion, he would move his cap at various angles. At this time I met Mlle. Laprévotte. France informed me that she was the only bright spot in his life and that I would find her a kindred soul since she also was an American. Not wishing to presume on France's good nature, I did not prolong this first visit, from which I carried away — in addition to the bewilderment of an accomplished ambition that had no regret at its accomplishment — a charming souvenir of his delightful hospitality. He had been kind enough to ask me to call again. I did so and then, gradually forgetting that I was in the presence of a genius and remembering only his simplicity and kindliness, I formed a friendship with him which

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grew until I saw him practically every day.

Mademoiselle had been born in St. Louis of fairly humble parentage and had spent most of her life in France. With Anatole France she occupied a peculiar position which was a blending of companion and housekeeper. She was very timid, very bashful, deeply appreciative of any attention. Though most people rather looked down on her and considered her boresome and bothersome, I had the impression that her simplicity and goodheartedness really fitted her for the exalted position she was finally to attain. France adored her, treated her almost as a child, and took his moods from hers.

In May, 1917, I was ordered to Paris. Before I left Tours I went to pay my respects to France. Mademoiselle was ill and I feared that France would be in no mood to see me; but he did, and presented me with his photograph, an amicable kiss on my forehead, and his paternal blessing. In August of that year I returned to Tours and immediately went up to see France, who welcomed me as a long lost friend. From then on I went up every Sunday for lunch, and generally once a week in the afternoon, for luckily I was a tin soldier who was usually free at sundown. It was interesting to notice the various well known people who would go up to see France. Among them I met such celebrities as Michel Corday, Kermit Roosevelt, Steinlen, Moutet the deputy Socialist who defended Caillaux, Louis Barthou, Pierre Mille, and Mlle. Maille. At that time Mlle. Maille was in the Comédie Française, and I was fortunate enough to go with her and France to a celebration in memory of Paul Louis Courier. He had been born at Véretz, a tiny town near Tours. Mlle. Maille recited, after which France made a speech in honor of the celebrated pamphletist. France never had been a good public speaker and he read his discourse somewhat haltingly; but for all that its beautiful language was obvious.

About this time I decided to try for a commission in the United States Army, and France, always interested in even the slightest details of the life of a fellow human being, was good enough to give me this letter of recommendation: "I can conscientiously affirm that having known Sergeant Edward Wassermann since his arrival in France I am able to appreciate his remarkable intelligence, his excellent mind, his exemplary morals, and his thorough knowledge of the French language which he speaks perfectly. Consequently I suppose that you will judge Sergeant Wassermann to be capable of rendering great service as an officer. Receive, gentlemen, the expression of my highest esteem. (Signed) Anatole France of the French Academy." France had always treated rather slightingly the French Academy, and he told me that in order to be more helpful to me he had signed "of the French Academy" for the first time, since he never cared to use this title. I omit discussion of France's other eulogistic phrases — this article is no confession — but as to my "remarkable intelligence", unfortunately I was not to pass my examination. Whereupon France, as true philosopher and friend, said that he considered examinations the proof of the world's idiocy, since they were invented by idiots to fool wise men. In one of his books he relates his own failure to pass an examination because he was so intimidated that he said "yes" to everything, even when the examiner asked him if the River Seine were in Africa.

His geniality was truly remarkable.

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When various friends of mine came to Tours he always received them as cordially as if they had been his own. I introduced him to one friend — a Red Cross worker — who prided herself on her French accent, which really was extremely good. After she had left I commented to France on her accent. "Yes," he said, "she speaks French too well."

These were the hard times of the war. Mademoiselle knew little of how to procure the necessities of life. Hampered by her illness, France was incapable of looking out for himself. He had no coal and his house was freezing. Half the time he had no flour or other essential provisions. Yet in the midst of complaints concerning the discomforts of war, he would branch out into cultural conversation. When, for instance, I brought him some white bread, which few in France had eaten in three years, tears came to his eyes. A minute afterward he was seeking to collate an edition of "Candide" that I had also brought to him. I suppose that a mind so steeped in the arts could not long be hampered by the events of life which to the ordinary individual seem so important. I met him in Tours one day, sobbing. He told me that his daughter had just died. They had been estranged for several years and France, with his customary negligence of the daily tasks, had let slip a possible reconciliation. He deplored this fact, then remarked that after all, even though one were sad, one forgot quickly. He corroborated this by adding that, grief stricken as he was, he had eaten a delightful lunch — he even remembered the pleasures of a savory cassoulet. Whereupon he discoursed on the excellencies of the cuisine in southern France.

When the false armistice was rumored, I found France in Madame Tridon's bookshop in Tours. It was his custom to go into the back of this shop and discourse on almost every subject before a crowd of admiring villagers. On that day he was delighted that peace had been signed, though embittered, as usual, because he seemed to see his country's ruin as well. A few minutes afterward, with his great love of literature, he began talking to me about Racine and went into ecstasies over some batiks I showed him — he had never seen any before. When the real armistice came along the little town of Tours celebrated it with a nocturnal parade. I dined with France and Mademoiselle and later we watched the fireworks from the balcony of the hotel to which he had moved on account of the coal shortage. Tears came to his eyes at the thought that peace was at last imminent. For France was always a pacifist, though a Frenchman at heart. At the beginning of the war, in spite of advanced age, he had volunteered. Later he had written two books on the war which by their very shortness suggested that he loathed war. He finally came to believe that the war was being continued for the betterment of the profiteers and he wrote me the following dedication in "Sur la Voie Glorieuse":

WHAT OUR DEAD SAY

But in December 1916, hearing that Austria had made peace propositions that had been kept secret by the allied governments, from then on I kept silence, being unwilling to make myself an accomplice to men who were either cupidinous or fanatical and who were continuing a war the necessity of which no longer appeared to me.

I saw very little of France for a while after the armistice, since he went to take a cure at St. Cloud. But before leaving, with his thoroughgoing kindness and thoughtfulness, he gave

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me some eighteenth century place cards to use at a Thanksgiving dinner. To find these he had taken me into what he called "Bluebeard's Room", a sort of storeroom for all the things he could not use elsewhere in his house. A few weeks afterward I was fortunate enough to be transferred from Tours to the Peace Commission in Paris. I was therefore able to see France quite often.

He was staying at St. Cloud with his great friends the Couchouds, trying to build up his strength which had been weakened by the war. He had become very much interested in a new phase of spiritualism, and showed me various pictures taken through mediums. At this time, a company had formed to produce moving pictures of some of his books. France rather marveled at the movies but put little faith in them. This is quite easy to understand. His books do not readily lend themselves to the screen, since so much in them depends on the style and the philosophy.

Presently France returned to Tours, and the fortunes of peace sent me back there as well. I readily gave up the gaieties of Paris for the pleasure of renewing my delightful visits to La Bechellerie. It was thoroughly stimulating to hear France discussing life, art, and literature, and making cynically apt remarks about everything. One day, when we were talking of women, he remarked that Pasiphae was less reprehensible than Lady Macbeth, for she at least had had physical pleasure in her sin, whereas Lady Macbeth had been prompted merely by the lust of ambition. As to death, he said, in effect: Life in itself is so wonderful that had we, before birth, the knowledge of life's beauty and death's inevitability, we would choose not to live, because of the pain of giving up life.

At this period my military career became irksome to me, and I began to think of how I might get my discharge in France. We discussed this matter frequently. Finally France, in his modest way, said that perhaps my commanding officer had heard of him, and might help me get my discharge were he to think that France needed me. Consequently he penned the following letter, with its obvious fiction:

DEAR EDWARD WASSERMANN: Having decided to write immediately the book on America about which I have spoken to you so often, I beg that you come to me as soon as possible to serve as my secretary as you have promised me.

I cannot do without you to accomplish this great task.

Unfortunately I have no right other than my favorable sentiments toward America to solicit your demobilization of your superiors, but as soon as you are free I count on you to take your position of secretary with me.

Dear E. W. I cordially shake your hand.

ANATOLE FRANCE,
Of the French Academy.

Needless to say, it was over two months before I regained my liberty. By this time spring had come and I had arranged a two day leave to Paris. France told me that he would be motoring up himself, and I delayed my departure for his. One morning he, Mademoiselle, and I started out bright and early, driving through the graceful hills of the Loire Valley. France commented on the beauty of nature and on the suavity of the landscape. But soon he was off quoting Racine, one of his favorite authors, whom he knew almost entirely by heart. At about noon we neared Chartres. We left Mademoiselle at the hotel and started, as was his wont, to hunt old books and antiques. We found a modest bookseller with a rather uninteresting line of musty wares. France kept darting from one pile to another, taking out book after book; just as a sparrow, with

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LA BECHELLERIE
ST CYR-SUR-LOIRE
(INDRE-ET-LOIRE)

Bonjour, bon an, mon fils.

Nous avons reçu joyeusement vos beaux présents. Non! je n'avais pas cette rare et précieuse édition de la Henriade, ni cette pièce introuvable faite lors de l'avènement de Louis XVI. Quant à la boîte, mademoiselle Emma s'est avisée qu'elle n'avait pas de boîte à mouches en écaille pour la garniture d'une de ses poudreuses, et elle a pris celle-là sans remords, après avoir longtemps contemplé l'oiseau perché sur une branche, qui orne le couvercle.

Nous vous embrassons.

Je me mets aux pieds de mademoiselle Wassermann et mademoiselle Emma. Me dit qu'elle est votre charmante sœur, la personne la plus accomplie qu'elle ait jamais connue

Anatole France

25 décembre.

Facsimile of the Letter Translated on Page 202.

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his head inquisitively perched to one side, pecks at and leaps from crumb to crumb. Naturally we were late for lunch. Afterward, reluctantly (we had heard there were other shops that had escaped us), we continued on our route to Paris, for Mademoiselle insisted upon our arriving there before evening. Before leaving Chartres, however, we took a hurried view of the famous Cathedral. France described to me the beauties of the low reliefs depicting the stages of the Cross, and ended by admitting that Christianity must have been a great religion to inspire so many great artists.

During my stay in Paris my sister and I called on France, and he presented her with a most interesting *objet d'art*. It was a tile from the floor of the Borgia's apartment in the Vatican. France (old satyr that he was) told us that on these floors had taken place the famous incident in which the Pope, his family and friends, stood on a balcony and threw down some oranges to a host of naked girls. This fruit was then being grown in Italy for the first time and the novelty inspired the fair damsels to a wanton game of catch-as-catch-can.

At about this time there came to me the following letter:

GREETINGS, HAPPY NEW YEAR, MY SON.

We received joyously your beautiful presents. No! I did not have that rare and precious edition of "La Henriade" nor that unfindable article made at the time of the accession to the throne of Louis XVI. As to the box, Mademoiselle Emma remembered that she did not have a tortoise shell box for patches to go with the garniture of one of her *poudreuses* and she remorselessly took yours after contemplating for a long time the little bird perched on a bough which ornaments the cover.

We embrace you.

I lay myself at the feet of Miss Wassermann, and Mademoiselle Emma tells me that your charming sister is the most accomplished person she has ever known.

ANATOLE FRANCE.

After my discharge I spent some time in traveling, but would frequently take a trip to Tours, where I found France most pessimistic because Mademoiselle was very ill. He would weep and tell me that if anything happened to her he would undoubtedly commit suicide, that life without her was impossible. But then again his love of literature would burst forth, and he would lead me enthusiastically to his library to collate my first editions of Voltaire or to show me a new design of Prud'hon, one of his favorite artists.

In August I spent a weekend at La Bechellerie. Mademoiselle was still ill and France was not too cheerful, but he talked about many things — love, art, de Musset, or Rodin. I had noticed that Rodin's collection of Greek art was rather ugly. France declared that Rodin had ugly antiques intentionally, in order to show that his own statues were more beautiful.

It was a delightful weekend. France was revising "Le Lys Rouge" but was only too glad to find an excuse to wander around his place, either fixing a twig of ivy or admiring a bush, and then breaking off into some classical quotation. I was reluctant to take my departure. The morning I left, France came down to awaken me and we chatted for a while almost as father and son. Then, after breakfast, he motored me to the station and waved a friendly farewell, for I was leaving for America.

I went abroad again in 1920, and was delighted to learn that France had returned to Paris and was living once more at the Villa Said. I rushed to see him. He was gradually fixing up the house, and I found him engaged in hanging pictures and placing furniture. He despaired of ever getting his home livable again and bewailed the fact that his books had been mixed with those of

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Mademoiselle Laprévotte. From then on I used to see him every morning, when we would hang pictures and discuss prints and events in my life — for his, he said, was over. His friend Prouté, who owned a shop on the Rive Gauche, would come over from time to time with various drawings. France was particularly fond of early Italian drawings and French eighteenth century prints, including those of the little known Vivant Denon about whom he even wrote an opuscule. Steinlen would frequently saunter in, always with pencil and paper in hand, and as we chatted he would draw innumerable sketches of France.

France's life was very simple. He would get up late, rummage around the house in the morning, and after lunch and a nap would go out for a drive to Versailles, where he once owned a house, to St. Cloud to visit his friends the Couchouds, or even across the Seine to his beloved print shops and bookshops. Occasionally, he would enter the social world, but very rarely — he was too old for such frivolity, he announced. However, he came to me for tea to meet Claude Farrère, because Farrère was on good terms with the naval authorities. France was at the moment engaged in helping out some youngster whose liberal views had got him into trouble in the navy. Then again, we drove out into the Bois for tea. And once I took him to an all night restaurant to show him the modern dances, which enchanted him, and to the Casino de Paris where the gorgeous revue also pleased him tremendously. He was equally impressed by the behavior of an American woman in our party whose intolerance made her condemn a beautiful Negress in the revue. Such bigotry clashed with France's democratic and æsthetic views.

His character, as I knew it, had as many sides as his great genius. He was above all the personification of kindness, with a tremendous sense of the brotherhood of man. For instance, even when he was feeble he would not allow his servant to put on his shoes, because he said that was debasing a brother of his. He was keen to the utmost degree; from some slight conversation he could reach a person's fundamental character. He was apt to be rather moody and suffer fits of great depression, for instance if Mademoiselle were ill; yet so changeable was his nature that he would immediately forget his troubles in a discussion of art. He very seldom lost his temper; when he did, he quickly regained control and laughed at the stupid thing that had aroused his anger. He was ever ready to help anyone in need, and his greatest interest besides intellectual pursuits was in trying to shape humanity toward better results. He was a pacifist during the war because he hated to see men suffer, as may be shown by speeches he made from time to time.

France had no use for Clemenceau, whom he reproached for having so frequently changed parties. He was very friendly to Caillaux, the minister who has recently been allowed to return to Paris after being absolved by the Herriot government of the wartime charge of having carried on communications with Germany to establish peace. France always declared that Caillaux was the cleverest politician in France and that he, for one, would prefer the rule of a clever rascal to that of some upright fool. When some woman, knowing his friendship for the imprisoned minister, said that she pitied Caillaux because he must be suffering, France remarked that suffering was only relative, and corroborated this statement by adding that a small boy,

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when he saw a couple locked in amorous embrace, also said, "How they must be suffering." His humor was really delightful though, to say the least, as broad as might be expected of one with his infinite tolerance.

France was averse to discussing his own work. He always stated that he hated to write and that it was a terrible effort for him, since he had to work over each phrase until it became almost perfect. He was very partial to "L'Histoire Comique", which never enjoyed as much popularity as most of his other books. It was more or less suggested by a love affair which France had with an actress during his South American trip, and I think he liked it for that reason. He was also very fond of "Le Révolte des Anges", but rather looked down on his earlier "Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard" which had gained him admission to the French Academy. Academy days were things of the past, because of Madame de Caillavet's death and even more because his free political ideas were viewed askance by this ultra conservative body. He cared for his more personal books and often talked to me of "Le Petit Pierre" which appeared while I was seeing him. His second published book, an essay on Alfred de Vigny, seemed negligible to him and he was surprised when I showed him a copy I had unearthed. He was never very much impressed by his prefaces to various of the classics republished in a collected form as "Le Génie Latin", but this was probably due to the fact that Lemerre, the editor, forced him to write them at such a starvation fee that finally France sued him. He was very fond of all his philosophical books such as "Le Jardin d'Epicure", "Sur la Pierre Blanche", and "Crainquebille". He was inclined rather to underrate his most popular book, "La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque". He liked "Le Lys Rouge" and was very partial to "Clio", which, as well as many of his short stories, he wrote to prove how different history seems in the process of formation from what it appears later on.

France always found interest in talking about other writers. "Proust", said he to me, "is too long and life is too short and I feel that I have no time to waste in reading him." He considered Abel Hermant the best of the living novelists and was fond also of Daudet. He admired the beautiful style of Villiers and of Barbey d'Aurévilly, and said that when Farrère published "L'Homme qui Assassina" anonymously it was so well written that many people thought he had written it himself. He was not blind to his friends' faults, and never overpraised Pierre Mille, Ségur, Louis Barthou, or Michel Corday, even though the last named was one of his most intimate friends. He liked Corday, he said, for his character, not for his work, and was loath to understand how the latter could be so inferior to the former. He considered Flaubert a truly great author. Mallarmé with his Impressionism remained incomprehensible to him, and Coppée he thought absolutely bereft of talent. He admired Zola as a psychologist but not as a writer. Hugo he considered somewhat old fashioned, though he admired his beautiful verse. De Musset he found delightful. But, after all, it was the ancients that France loved best.

In the spring of 1920 the first signs of his illness began. One morning I found him in a semi-delirious condition. Mademoiselle did not know what to do so I went out for a doctor, who said that France was overtired. A rest was prescribed which in a few days restored him to health. One day I took him to one of my favorite restaurants, run by

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a woman called Madame Coconnier. She came up to our table to greet me, and when I introduced France to her she very politely said, "I am delighted to make your acquaintance. It seems to me I've heard about you." France accepted this eulogy with his customary simplicity. Another day we lunched at the top of the Butte with Steinlen and a group of journalists from the Midi. France was charmed to be with this band of young men and was the life of the party, joking with everyone and drinking several glasses with us — a rather rare happening, for he claimed to be no longer able to stand much wine. Of course, when he refrained it was not for ethical reasons. Indeed, he used to tell me that it was a good idea to go out and get drunk once a month and then rejoice in a hangover until the next month.

About the middle of the summer I went on an extended trip through Italy and Spain, returning to Paris only in September. France was back in St. Cloud taking a rest cure. When I went out there he told me that he was going to be married. I was much surprised until I learned that he was taking this step because, according to French law, he could not leave Mademoiselle any of his property unless they were married; otherwise it would have to go to his first wife whom he had divorced years before. Soon afterward he went back to Tours, and I started to prepare for my return to America. On October eleventh I followed him down there to see him married. The eve of this event we spent together chatting about what was going to become of me, for I was reluctant to return to America. Then he told me of his youth, how he had been loath to do any work whatsoever, and how finally, driven to it by necessity, he had started out on the career which was, he said, to culminate in his present marriage. Whereupon we drank several bumpers to the coming event. He told me that it was so long since he had signed his real name (Thibault) that he was really unable to spell it and at the Mairie had been forced to ask whether it had an "lt" or a "d" at the end.

The wedding morn, as wedding morns should be, was sunny and bright. At about eleven o'clock we motored up to La Bechellerie. The wedding party formed there and the guests went halfway down the hill to the Mairie of Saint Cyr. The Mayor made a speech, the contract was signed, a delegation of women Socialists wished the couple all sorts of happiness. France thanked them in a few words broken by emotion, and we returned to his house for the wedding breakfast. There were seventeen people at the marriage — the Baronne Dubreton whom I had presented to France and whose love of Racine as much as her charming personality had completely won him over, her daughter, the Dubiaus who kept a department store in Tours, the Mignons, a country doctor and his wife, the Couchouds, the Calmann-Lévys (his publishers), the Kahns (Mr. Kahn looked after France's business details), the Cordays, the bride and groom, and myself. After a lunch of delicacies which Mademoiselle in her pride as housekeeper and wife had had sent down from Paris, washed down by many delightful glasses of Vouvray and champagne, we wandered around the garden and had our pictures taken. Finally, with tears in my eyes I took my departure, hoping against expectation to return soon to my beloved friend. This was the last time we met.

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THE NEW YORKER

Yogi Night at the Provincetown Playhouse — The Drama Finds a New Level in "The Depths" — A Wife Who Had to Know — The "Ring" Returns to the Metropolitan — A French Modern Competes with Zuloaga's Posters — "Enkindled Driftwood" — Hot Afternoons There Have Been in Urbana.

DURING the past month, in the course of reading some of the vast number of periodicals and newspapers which plague our nation, the New Yorker stumbled upon an extraordinary sentence in a review by Stark Young, one of our most intelligent critics, which read: "People who take the theatre as mere pastime will not find the piece at the Provincetown Playhouse to their liking."

On the face of the matter, the sentence appears to be a simple statement, yet on considering it one finds there the kernel of a philosophy which largely dominates the spirit of experiment in the world of contemporary art and letters. The obvious query to such a statement is, "Well, if the theatre does not exist for the sole purpose of providing pastime, why does it exist at all?" Are we to make of the theatre a sort of mental gymnasium whither we turn our steps regularly to exercise our brains? Are we to consider it a sort of higher mathematics? Are we to work at our theatregoing? One might have slipped past that opening sentence without noticing it save for the inclusion of the word "mere". There is about the nice placing of that word, about the inflection it demands, something which indicates a certain polite condescension. It says, "The theatre is all very well but it is not the place for one to go in search of diversion. Or, at least, it *should* not be such a place."

It would appear that these newcomers in the history of the theatre would change the whole basis of its existence. They would make it something to be taken painfully. Fortunately there is no danger of such a revolution. Once the theatre becomes painful the public will desert it, and so there will be no theatre at all.

The play which Mr. Young was engaged in reviewing at the moment of his self betrayal was an extraordinarily painful exercise translated from the German of Walter Hasenclever, called vaguely "Beyond", and produced on the stage of the Provincetown Theatre. Save for the Theatre Guild, the public owes a greater debt of pleasure to the Provincetown group than to any management in New York during the present dull season. "Beyond" came as a blow. At the dress rehearsal the little theatre was crowded by spectators who could be divided roughly into three classes: (a) the "arty" ones who gasped with awe at hidden wonders of the piece, (b) those who received it in a mildly dazed condition, and (c) those who, in defiance of the hostile glares of the "arty" ones, laughed through three acts and then, abandoning the final two, went home to listen to the radio.

The evening might well have been

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called "Yogi Night at the Provincetown Theatre". Hasenclever, according to program notes, is an ardent Buddhist. The notes, however, neglected to say that, so far as one can judge from this piece, his mind is an extremely mediocre one which ejects quite regularly the most ponderous bromides. The piece had but two characters, but this lack of variety was compensated by the number of scenes, totaling twenty two, labeled variously "cellar", "telephone", "roof", "bed", etc., etc. Not that the piece was a spectacle; on the contrary, the variation of scenes was denoted by the shifting of a chair, a sofa, a bed, from one position to another, and by the periodical appearance of a pair of shutters. Nevertheless the lighting and the settings were by far the best part of the piece. Under the skilful hand of Robert Edmond Jones they attained an amazing degree of insinuating beauty and effect.

The play was stupid. One was told that perhaps it was beyond comprehension, and of course, such a statement can be taken quite easily in two distinct senses. The author aimed to eliminate all save the essential speeches or, in other words, to clear away all the detail which makes for interest and is so troublesome to the playwright. The result was a series of such revolutionary and brilliant speeches as "What is reality? Reality is nothing." Well, everybody knows that. The story is that of a man who becomes involved in a love affair with the wife of his friend, at the moment of his friend's death. Eventually the ghost of the first husband returns and drives the second to kill the wife of both. Much to the confusion of the clear-minded, there is an immense amount of mystical Yogi talk.

"Beyond" was by no means so intelligent or so interesting a piece as "Processional", the experimental play produced earlier in the season by the Theatre Guild. Helen Gahagan, in a handsome red velvet gown, played the wife, and Walter Abel, with the gestures of an automaton, essayed the rôle of lover. Fortunately no helpless actor was assigned the rôle of the dead husband.

The month was notable for the production of two utterly incredible plays: one called "The Depths" and the other an unnamed play staged by Richard Herndon at special matinées with the offer of a prize for the best title. The New Yorker has thought of several titles, but they are not printable. Jane Cowl was the excuse for "The Depths", and on this occasion not a very good excuse. The original play by Hans Mueller had, so reports go, extraordinary merits as a psychological study of the time old situation between a woman of the streets and a pure young man with whom she falls in love. Somewhere along the way these merits were dropped overboard. One has the impression that, during the lengthy road tour of the piece, it was entirely rewritten according to the desires of the cast or the manager rather than the author. The result, in any case, is one that is prize taking in its banality. And the program is prefaced by a quotation from Havelock Ellis which refers scornfully to "old platitudes"! Miss Cowl is quite bad.

At the Times Square, Grace George returned after much too long an absence from New York in a charming comedy by Paul Geraldy dealing with the absurdity of a woman's character. It is called "She Had to Know" and is concerned with the desire of a wife to know whether she is appealing to men. The whole comedy is whipped cream, but the cream, fortunately, never

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sinks; throughout the piece there were volleys of masculine chuckles which testified to the accuracy of the author's psychological details. Miss George, as usual, gave a spirited, graceful, and intelligent performance. At this sort of comedy she is unexcelled. The cast included Bruce McRae, who was delightful as the heavy, honest, unimaginative husband profoundly in love with his wife. For intelligent people this is a refreshing piece.

For the first time in nearly nine years the complete "Ring" of Wagner is being given at the Metropolitan. The war, of course, made it for a time impossible, and after the war there was a shortage of German singers. But now all is well again and the Metropolitan is doing itself proud on every score of the production save possibly that of the scenery which, owing to the hocus-pocus which Wagner placed in his librettos, has never been properly solved. In addition to the Wagnerian singers of the past season or two, the Metropolitan now has a host of strength in Nanny Larsen-Todsen, Maria Müller, and Karin Branzell. These three women are not only fine singers and gifted with dramatic power but, strange as it may seem, are handsome in appearance and look like goddesses. Indeed, the physical appearance of the singers now doing the "Ring" is startling; they look much as the heroes and heroines of the "Nibelungen Lied" should look, and the operas gain accordingly. Bohnen, as Wotan, is magnificent. There is but one thing to be hoped for — that some day Siegfried and Seigmund and Parsifal and all the others will give up wearing wigs which resemble frayed hair mattresses. There are times when it is worthwhile breaking with the grand tradition, even at the expense of angering Frau Cosima Wagner.

THE DRAMA SHELF

"One Act Plays for Stage and Study", preface by Augustus Thomas (French). One of the best collections of producible one act plays yet published.

"Eight Little Plays for Children" by Rose Fyleman (Doran). Slight plays filled with fanciful humor.

"The Discovery" by Mrs. Frances Sheridan (Doran). Aldous Huxley has done a charming, subtle, and highly entertaining thing in this rewriting of a famous old play.

"Too Much Money" by Israel Zangwill (Macmillan). A farce by the provocative gentleman whose visit to America last year will be remembered as a strong one.

"Twenty-five Short Plays (International)" edited by Frank Shay (Appleton). A worthwhile collection both for production and study by this veteran among play anthologists.

"Acting and Play Production" by Harry Lee Andrews and Bruce Weirick (Longmans, Green). A competent text, well illustrated.

At Scott and Fowles Gallery Paul Manship held an exhibition recently of some fifteen examples of his recent work in portrait and decorative sculpture. It was a singularly satisfactory show. The busts, in which he abandoned his archaic style and adopted a straightforward conventional model, are as good as any that have been done during the present generation. Best among them are the portraits of former Dean Frederick Keppel of Columbia College, and the dean of Bryn Mawr. There were also some fine bronzes, and the models for two heroic figures in the manner which has come to stamp Manship and his followers.

Three water colors by Horace Brodsky were notable in a charming small

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exhibition which included the works of Gordon Craig, Henry Dixon, Eric Gill, Miguel Mackinlay, and John and Paul Nash.

At the Brummer Galleries, where one can always find pictures that are alive and interesting, there was an exhibition of Seurat, who in the twenty years since his death has come in for great *réclame*. He is, in many respects, one of the most difficult of French painters for the conventional to understand. The New Yorker found a deep interest in his pictures without being greatly moved by them. And yet they were of greater merit and beauty than the obvious Zuloagas half a block away. While hordes of people trampled each other before the portraits of Julia Hoyt and Michael Strange, the Seurat show went almost unnoticed. Art, perhaps, is but a matter of publicity.

Some day, when the New Yorker feels affluent, he plans to offer a prize for the best translation made of the writings of Scofield Thayer. Mr. Thayer, together with Paul Rosenfeld and one or two others, is commonly reported to be writing English each month in "The Dial". Next to cross word puzzles, the New Yorker has found the writing of Mr. Thayer consistently the most fascinating of games. He writes in the February "Dial" concerning Marianne Moore: "I should here like to expose certain literary fragments, torn jaggedly from the hard contexts, fragments which, being felt out with the hammer of our intellect, return the consistency of rock crystal, fragments which, being thrown upon the hearth of our sympathetic understanding, betray the immense, the salt-veined, the profoundly meditated, chromatization of enkindled driftwood."

Now what *does* all this mean? To be sure, he is writing of Miss Moore whose "enkindled driftwood" won the "Dial" prize of $2,000 as a great contribution to letters. Not since the poetess who entertained Mr. Pickwick and his friends, has there been such verse written. Mrs. Leo Hunter, it will be remembered, was the perpetrator of the verse ending:

On a log
Expiring frog.

Miss Moore's poetry is something like this, save that she arranges it in novel fashion. Rearranged by her mystical touch, the same verse would doubtless appear as "enkindled driftwood" in somewhat this fashion:

on a
Log
Ex-
piring frog.

"The Nation", by the way, awarded its poetry prize to Eli Siegel for a gem of a verse called "Hot afternoons there have been in Montana". To fully appreciate it, one should read this prize poem. The nearest approach to it is a verse written by Ben Ray Redman called "Hot afternoons there have been in Urbana", in which the closing line, which rises to new heights in crystallizing the character of our times, is "Red Hot Mamma."

Altogether the month has been a delightful one!

LOUIS BROMFIELD

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THE PUBLISHERS AND THE NEW SEASON

II

ACROSS Fifth Avenue on East Forty Fifth Street are the small but excellently furnished offices of a young publishing firm, Minton, Balch and Company. Their list boasts distinguished and popularly inclined volumes. There is "Lenin", written by none other than Trotsky, an unconventional biography which contains, among many other impressions, a somewhat violent one of H. G. Wells. "The Last Cruise of the Shanghai" sounds like the most exciting of the new travel books. It is written by Judge F. De Witt Wells, and is an account of his voyage in Icelandic regions for four thousand miles in a forty foot boat, his shipwreck in a hurricane on the Newfoundland coast, with tales of heroism and fortitude. Fiction on this list includes Elias Tobenkin's "God of Might", which appears to be an unusual and powerful consideration of certain phases of the Jewish problem in the middle west. The always amusing Richard Connell has a new volume of short stories. V. R. Emanuel's "Middle Years" is said to discuss marriage from the angle of the middle aged man.

On Fifth Avenue is the imposing front of Scribner's bookstore. Nor are the offices less imposing. A quiet library with a long table and comfortable chairs offered solace while I considered this list. Scribner's fiction boasts two of the most brilliant of young Americans, Fitzgerald and Lardner. The former is represented by a novel, "The Great Gatsby"; the latter by "A New Book of Stories and Sketches". Another collection of short stories which sounds promising is E. Earl Sparling's "Under the Levee". Three Boyds coincidentally appear as members of the Scribner fold: Ernest, the critic, with the first volume of a series of "Studies from Ten Literatures"; Thomas, author of the superb "Through the Wheat", with a collection of short soldier sketches which he calls "Points of Honour"; and James Boyd, a southerner, whose "Drums" is said to be a brilliant story of the south in Revolutionary times.

The Roosevelt-Lodge letters will, naturally, gain international attention. So, too, Edward Bok's additional autobiography, "Twice Thirty". And particular importance is attached to a new edition of Sir Sidney Colvin's "John Keats" because of the Amy Lowell volume on the same subject. Arthur Train's "On the Trail of the Bad Men" has already awakened interest in the legal profession. Among many Russian books this season, "Speckled Domes" by Gerard Shelley is probably the most unconventional in treatment.

Farther up Fifth Avenue, and somewhat similar in dignity and general appearance, are Dutton's bookstore and the offices of E. P. Dutton and Company. "The George and the Crown" by Sheila Kaye-Smith tells the story of the lives and loves of two young Englishmen, great friends but of decidedly different character. In "The Rational Hind", Ben Ames Williams writes another realistic character study with the same background as his earlier "Evered". Louis Joseph Vance sticks to melodrama — "hell-

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roaring" melodrama, says the announcement — and gives us "The Road to En-Dor". Another Italian immigrant becomes articulate — "Reamer Lou" by Louis Forgione sounds as if it might prove to be an entertaining book, the story of a youngster's rough and terrible experiences in an American shipyard. Algernon Blackwood has an overwhelming sense of the psychically unusual. It is in this field that he again wanders in "Tongues of Fire".

Still more of Russia — this time of its economic policies — is told by Edwin W. Hullinger, a United Press correspondent, in "The Reforging of Russia". Even more important, perhaps, is a new Ossendowski book, in which the romantic author of "Beasts, Men and Gods" attempts to show why Russia fell and what her future is. He calls his book "The Shadow of the Gloomy East". Samuel Gompers's autobiography, "Seventy Years of Life and Labor", should have a wide public, appearing as it does so shortly after the great labor leader's death. James Moore Hickson, whose healing work in this country was much discussed, has in "Heal the Sick" written a combination study of spiritual healing in the past and its place in present day religion. Poets and others interested in poetry will watch for Clement Wood's "Poets of America" with unusual eagerness. Mr. Wood is not calm in his opinions, and this series of comments on his contemporaries is likely to cause alarums and excursions in many a Poetry Society.

In the same building which houses several large motion picture companies, on Madison Avenue not far from the Ritz Hotel, is the new home of Harcourt, Brace and Company. The reception room is a lovely one, with walls of soft grey-green, quiet-shaded lamps, bookshelves well filled. The twenty first American printing of Papini's "Life of Christ", this time in a popular edition, is perhaps almost as worthy of note as Sinclair Lewis's "Arrowsmith". This, his first novel in two years, will be much discussed. It covers a wide range of American scenes and characters, and deals with the life work and hopes of young Dr. Martin Arrowsmith. Three college novels prove that Mr. Harcourt believes Percy Marks has not entirely absorbed the market for them. "The Western Shore" by Clarkson Crane gives us coeducational treatment of the University of California, and its sponsors term it "the first grown up treatment in fiction of undergraduate life in an American university". George Shively's "Initiation" is a story of college, war, postwar. Stanley Johnson's "Professor" shows with humor and a touch of bitterness an instructor's life in a small southern university.

Essays, "The Common Reader", and a novel, "Mrs. Dalloway", are announced for the brilliant Virginia Woolf; essays, too, from Charles S. Brooks, whose "A Thread of English Road" is still popular. The author of "Barnum" now analyzes the rather startling career of Brigham Young. Two other general books on this list which seem of particular interest to me are Count Hermann Keyserling's "The Travel Diary of a Philosopher", a book already much read and discussed in Europe, and another study of the great English mystic, titled "William Blake in This World", by Harold Bruce of the University of California.

In the Forties too, but farther west nearer the theatrical district, as befits a publisher who is entering the field of dramatic production, is the elaborately furbished house which shelters Boni and Liveright. A grand piano, stained

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glass windows, elaborate brocades, and what not surround this publisher with a Belasco-like setting. From a literary standpoint, Theodore Dreiser's novel, "An American Tragedy", his first fiction in many years, is important. "Replenishing Jessica", Maxwell Bodenheim's new prose effort, is announced as a "tale of a modern Thaïs", which suggests possibilities of one kind and another. On this list, too, is fiction by two American poet-critics. Herbert Gorman's novel of New York's literary smart set is titled "Gold by Gold", while Conrad Aiken calls his collection of short stories "Bring! Bring! and Other Stories".

Hendrik Willem Van Loon found time while preparing his lengthy tome on "Tolerance" to cut a few capers both with writing and illustration in "The Story of Wilbur the Hat", a satirical and humorous sally through modernity. John Macy's long announced "Story of the World's Literature" will appear, and Alfred Kreymborg's autobiography "Troubador". In poetry, one of the most important books of the season is found on this list: "Collected Poems of 'H. D.'" offers us a new chance to appreciate this American poet whose work, first known in connection with that of the Imagists, has steadily progressed.

West Fiftieth Street glows with dress shops and tearooms. Among these are the modest offices of Thomas Seltzer. "The Guermantes Way", a two volume addition to the works of Marcel Proust, is quite obviously the most important book on his list. The author of "Invisible Tides", Beatrice Kean Seymour, has just completed a new novel, "Unveiled", which is said to be a vivid and detailed study of love and marital relations. D. H. Lawrence has translated some sketches of Sicilian peasant life from the Italian of Giovanni Verga. He calls them "Little Novels of Sicily". Dr. Ira S. Wile, after many years' work among children, has collected the stories of fifty of his most interesting cases and presents them as "The Challenge of Childhood".

The offices of Alfred A. Knopf and the home of "The American Mercury", while luxurious, are businesslike, with their black and white tiled floor, well upholstered library, and neatly arranged desks. Floyd Dell follows "Janet March" with "This Mad Ideal", a most interesting study of an interesting girl, which I believe to be his best novel since "Moon-Calf". This, Francis Brett Young's "Sea Horses", and Geoffrey Dennis's second novel "Harvest in Poland", seem to me to be the most arresting novels on the Knopf spring list, with the exception of several important foreign translations—a Knut Hamsun among them — and a first novel by an American, "The Spring Flight". Lee J. Smits is said to have a gift for the picaresque; in fact, so enthusiastic does the genius of the Borzoi become that he claims this work approaches "that somewhat chimerical ideal" — i.e., the Great American Novel — "more closely than any other first novel in recent years". I have reviewed in the March number Will Irwin's "Youth Rides West", for which one can find little but the most extravagant praise.

To the growing library of American period literature and biography Knopf adds Thomas Beer's "The Mauve Decade", and a life of Washington Irving by George S. Hellman, extracts from which appear elsewhere in this number. Mr. Hellman's discoveries throw light not only on the character of Irving but on the history and politics of early America. "Paul Bunyan",

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by James Stevens, with woodcuts by Allen Lewis, gives us a vivid interpretation of this great American folk figure. Stevens has worked for many years in lumber camps and mills, where the legends of this hero sprang up.

This season, too, Knopf inaugurates a new collection, the Blue Jade Library, the "semi-classic, semi-curious books — books which for one reason or another have enjoyed great celebrity but little actual distribution". The first two titles are "The Life of Henri Brulard" by Henry (Beyle) Stendhal, and "The Diaboliques" by Barbey d'Aurévilly.

One of the recent romances of the publishing business is the stupendous success of Simon and Schuster, with their cross word puzzle books. Two at least of this far famed series will issue from their offices on Fifty Seventh Street this season. "The Celebrities Cross Word Puzzle Book" has several interesting features, among them a thousand dollar prize for the best puzzle constructed on a design given in the book. Among those who have contributed puzzles to this collection are Chauncey Depew, Admiral Sims, Irving Berlin, Harry Houdini, Governor Smith, Will Rogers, etc., etc. The advertising for this volume carries the slogan, "Glorifying the American Cross Word Puzzle." Also with this, or soon after, will be published "The Cross Word Puzzle Constructor's Book", in the back of which will be found a "cross word puzzle dictionary", which shows all possible three letter words beginning in "a", etc. This dictionary, of course, will be useful in solving puzzles. Those who know H. T. Webster's "Bridge" book will be even more amused by this human caricaturist's "Poker Book". Somewhat to offset their puzzling activities, these two young publishers are bringing out Franz Werfel's "Verdi", a study of the musician heavier in tone, but not unlike, the Maurois "Ariel". Terry Ramsaye's history of the motion picture, "A Million and One Nights", will be an elaborate study of that industry; in fact, the most inclusive and ambitious book on the subject yet attempted.

Two more houses, an old and a young, and we must leave Manhattan. Duffield and Company, long known for attractive children's books, have a number of adventure and mystery novels. Among their general books are explorer Nansen's "Hunting and Adventure in the Arctic", and "Sonata and Other Poems" by Professor John Erskine of Columbia University. The recently established Dial Press offers "Sixty-Four Ninety-Four", a novel by R. H. Mottram whose "The Spanish Farm" won the 1924 Hawthornden Prize. There is also a collection of Gorky stories. On the general list are a volume of essays on present day literary figures, "Men Seen", by Paul Rosenfeld, and collected poems by those modernists E. E. Cummings and Marianne Moore.

Of publishers outside New York City, the nearest — virtually of course, in town — are Doubleday, Page, with their great plant at Garden City, Long Island. Gardens, a restaurant, offices both elaborate and simple, are to be found in this combination press, publishing, and magazine organization. Their "Tales of Hearsay" include unpublished Conrad material — his first stories and his last. "Love", by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden", ought to be interesting and popular. It is a brave title, at any rate. Ellen Glasgow's "Barren Ground" will be published in a luxurious edition. A light novel, or rather a series of sketches of literary value, is A. P. Herbert's "The Old

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Flame". A variety of popular fictionists appear here: Alice M. Williamson, William MacLeod Raine, H. Rider Haggard, Sax Rohmer, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, Julian Street, etc., etc.

The late Gene Stratton-Porter's "Tales You Won't Believe" consists of elaborately illustrated nature sketches. This and Kathleen Norris's autobiographical "Noon" are among the most important of the Doubleday general books. Carveth Wells's "Bouncing Fish Balls and Other Things" has been characterized by one gentleman with the phrase, "Truth is stranger than Traprock." In the case of this Malay travel book, the statement is said to be true. William McFee's "An Engineer's Notebook" is presented in a new edition including new material, some of which has appeared in THE BOOKMAN. Humorous, fantastic, and for some time successful in England, is Ben Travers. His first book to be published here will be "The Cuckoo in the Nest".

Boston cannot be neglected as a centre of the publishing trade. There on Park Street, in new offices in which quaintness has yet religiously been preserved, are Houghton Mifflin. Rafael Sabatini's "The Carolinian" will certainly be one of the season's most read books. The famous romancer has chosen Charleston in 1774 as the scene for an adventure tale of early America apparently as filled with glamor and heroism as have been his old world stories. Willa Cather has edited "The Best Stories of Sarah Orne Jewett". The clever and already critically appreciated Michael Sadleir gives us a picture of Victorian England in "Obedience". Samuel Merwin turns from Chinese history, which he celebrated in "Silk", to his theatrical background and life, in a romance, "The Moment of Beauty".

Amy Lowell's "John Keats" will probably rank as one of the greatest biographies by an American. Miss Lowell has spent three years gathering original material for this work, even more, when one considers the time she has given to amassing her own collection of Keats manuscripts and letters, probably the most comprehensive in existence. Lowell Thomas's "The First World Flight" should be a thrilling narrative, unique certainly in its recounting of this amazing adventure. A companion volume to Hilaire Belloc's "The Path to Rome" is "The Cruise of the Nona" in which he gives not only an account of voyages on his yacht, but many stories and speculations, humorous and wise, fruits of a life active both intellectually and physically. "So You're Going to Italy!", a travel guidebook, will need no introduction to those who know Clara Laughlin's unconventional handling of travel advice in "So You're Going to Paris!"

In a large remodeled home on Beacon Street, with a good bookshop on the first floor, are Little, Brown and Company. Of their fiction, "Soundings" by A. Hamilton Gibbs, brother of Sir Philip, is likely to prove most read. It is a wholesome love story with French, American, and English characters, and is written by the author of one of the finest war books, "Gunfodder". Two second novels by Americans that should be interesting are "To Babylon" by Larry Barretto, whose "A Conqueror Passes" was a novel of the war generation which received much praise, and "The Cobweb" by Margaretta Tuttle, whose "Feet of Clay" appeared last season. Popular authors abound here: Cosmo Hamilton, Oppenheim, Farnol.

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Little, Brown's most important biography is the "John L. Sullivan: An Intimate Narrative", done, apparently in the modern manner, by R. F. Dibble. An autobiography which should have color and many interesting anecdotes is Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson's "A Player Under Three Reigns". "The New Barbarians" by Professor Wilbur Cortez Abbott of Harvard is a study of the principles of American democracy, and a prophecy.

Along by the public gardens, in a charming old fashioned home beautifully furnished, are "The Atlantic Monthly" and the Atlantic Monthly Press. They announce three romantic novels as a result of their memorial prize to Charles Boardman Hawes, author of "The Dark Frigate" and other excellent adventure tales. The prize winner itself, like Sabatini's new novel, is a story of the Carolinas, a tale of the struggle of French Huguenot colonists with the Spanish from Florida. It is by Clifford M. Sublette and is called "The Scarlet Cockerel". The other two stories are "Old Brig's Cargo" by Henry A. Pulsford, a humorous sea tale laid eighty years ago, and Alfred H. Bill's "The Clutch of the Corsican", a romance of Napoleonic days.

In Philadelphia are Lippincott and the Penn Publishing Company, businesslike establishments both, the former concerned perhaps most with the sale of elaborately illustrated gift editions, the latter with children's books, yet both with general titles on their lists. From Lippincott's comes a new book by the anonymous author of "Uncensored Recollections", called "Things I Shouldn't Tell". Along with this is the unconventional portrait of Anatole France, already much read abroad, written by the great author's secretary Jean-Jacques Brousson, and titled "Anatole France at Home". A study of J. M. Barrie by Patrick Braybrooke and a novel of the younger generation, "Choice" by Charles Guernon, seem interesting items.

Another swashbuckling yarn — there are aplenty this season — comes from the Penn Publishing Company, "At the Sign of the Silver Ship" by Stanley Hart Cauffman. We are asked not to reveal too much of the story, whose setting is old Philadelphia. From this house come also Alice Ross Colver's second novel and Sidney Williams's third. Mr. Williams is the jovial literary editor of the Philadelphia "North American". His new tale is called "Mystery in Red".

Indianapolis is represented in matters of publishing by the house of Bobbs-Merrill. Two first rate American novels are found on their list, at least two. "Stacey" by Alexander Black is a study of the man who wants to find success quickly, a type as universal in America as Babbitt and as human. "Father Abraham" by Irving Bacheller is a story of the last years of President Lincoln's life. A novel by the popular playwright, author of "Liliom", "The Swan", and "The Guardsman", should be interesting to many. It is called "Prisoners".

Important in the biographical field will be "The Life of Abraham Lincoln" by William E. Barton. A book which combines travel and history in an unusual manner is Paul Wilstach's "Along the Pyrenees". On this list, also, are two important inspirational books — Bruce Barton's study of Jesus Christ, "The Man Nobody Knows", and Mary Austin's "Everyman's Genius", an elaborated version of the articles which appeared in THE BOOKMAN during the past year.

—*J. F.*

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Retail Bookseller", and* "THE BOOKMAN'S *Monthly Score". Such books as the editor specially recommends are marked with a star.*

FIVE IN FAMILY — E. H. Anstruther (Mrs. J. C. Squire) — *Dodd, Mead.* The Five — father, mother, and three young people — were transplanted from a New Zealand fruit farm to an English village. A picture of adolescent psychology and of parental and filial relations, taken very seriously.

* THE GREEN HAT — Michael Arlen — *Doran.* Brilliant study of the vagaries of a brilliant if wayward lady.

PEACOCK FEATHERS — Temple Bailey — *Penn.* The pursuit of beautiful Mimi by Jerry gives this author a chance to sprinkle her pages with the sugar of life.

THE DIVINE LADY — E. Barrington — *Dodd, Mead.* Lady Hamilton is again responsible for a glamorous story of love and its attendant adventures.

AT THE SIGN OF THE SILVER SHIP — Stanley Hart Cauffman — *Penn.* This is a diverting comedy of the sword and wig period in the Province of Pennsylvania.

* ALIAS BEN ALIBI — Irvin S. Cobb — *Doran.* Ben Ali Crisp worshiped only the god of news, and that in the days of twenty years ago when newspaper work was an adventure.

IF DREAMS COME TRUE — Alice Ross Colver — *Penn.* Besant's People's Palace idea rediscovered by a gilded youth.

A GENTLEMAN OF COURAGE — James Oliver Curwood — *Cosmopolitan.* The animal lover and the wood enthusiast will find a love story here that has the usual open air grip.

THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY — Ethel M. Dell — *Putnam.* Fantastic without fantasy is this light tale of love's ways and wanderings.

* THIS MAD IDEAL — Floyd Dell — *Knopf.* As good as "Moon-Calf" if not better. All about a really nice young lady who would fain be a poet. (*See page 220.*)

THE GREAT AMULET — Maud Diver — *Dodd, Mead.* The history of "Captain Desmond, V. C." is carried further, together with some new characters who might have been created by Ouida.

NINA — Susan Ertz — *Appleton.* A woman who loves in spite of everything — unlike "Madame Claire", but interesting.

* SO BIG — Edna Ferber — *Doubleday, Page.* A mother's devotion to an unworthy son makes this fine story continually and deservingly popular.

REAMER LOU — Louis Forgione — *Dutton.* Life in the shipyards seen through the eyes of a keen Italian-American.

* A PASSAGE TO INDIA — E. M. Forster — *Harcourt, Brace.* Good writing and character drawing as well as racial significance in this solid study of conditions in the East.

* THE WHITE MONKEY — John Galsworthy — *Scribner.* An appendix to "The Forsyte Saga" and a readable analysis of postwar unrest.

* SOUNDINGS — A. Hamilton Gibbs — *Little, Brown.* Profoundly moving and with great holding power is this love story of England, America, and France. (*See page 219.*)

THE THUNDERING HERD — Zane Grey — *Harper.* The old formula, but one of the best of this adventure writer's tales.

BLIND MAN'S BUFF — Louis Hémon — *Macmillan.* The second novel by the author of "Maria Chapdelaine" to appear in English. Hémon in the least idyllic of moods. (*See page 222.*)

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* BALISAND — Joseph Hergesheimer — *Knopf.* Richard Bale is a stalwart and appealing figure in one of the best recent historical novels of America.

* THE SLAVE SHIP — Mary Johnston — *Little, Brown.* A novel of slave trading days written with spiritual insight and real beauty.

MIRACLE — Clarence Budington Kelland — *Harper.* Adventure in Canada's great open spaces reaches a thrilling climax at the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré.

THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER — Bernhard Kellermann — *McBride.* A story of the downfall of Prussian militarism and of the degeneration of a city and its people under the strain of war. (*See page 223.*)

* THE CONSTANT NYMPH — Margaret Kennedy — *Doubleday, Page.* An artistic, unmoral family seems all the more lovable by contrast with a prim, mid-Victorian set in a book that deserves to become a best seller. (*See page 192.*)

MRS. WILLIAM HORTON SPEAKING — Fannie Kilbourne — *Dodd, Mead.* The first year of married life in the smart young married set of Montrose in the good old middle west, vivaciously described by one of its members.

THE ENCHANTED HILL — Peter B. Kyne — *Cosmopolitan.* Romantic and dangerous deeds with an attractive aviator hero, a New Mexico setting, and a dog to add to the sentiment value.

WITH THIS RING — Fanny Heaslip Lea — *Dodd, Mead.* One of Miss Lea's well known and well liked meringues.

* ARROWSMITH — Sinclair Lewis — *Harcourt, Brace.* The best character work yet given us by this realist in a story of a physician's ambition, discouragements, and loves. (*See page 183.*)

RUGGED WATER — Joseph C. Lincoln — *Appleton.* Humor and adventure among the Cape Cod life savers. An excellent example of this story teller's work.

* THE PRINCE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE — Harry F. Liscomb — *Stokes.* Another Daisy Ashford, only older. A combination of Diamond Dick and Ethel M. Dell. (*See page 221.*)

SHAKEN DOWN — Alice MacGowan and Perry Newberry — *Stokes.* San Francisco's graft ring and the earthquake are the background for a cleverly intricate plot.

CHALLENGED — Helen R. Martin — *Dodd, Mead.* A splendid study of the ennobling of a selfish young man by his really charming mother.

* SARD HARKER — John Masefield — *Macmillan.* One of the world's best adventure stories. Sard is a great character and his story is told with power and beauty.

THIS SORRY SCHEME — Bruce Marshall — *Harcourt, Brace.* A marital complex straightened out at length.

EAST OF THE SETTING SUN — George Barr McCutcheon — *Dodd, Mead.* Another Graustark princess is captured by another American. The same fascinating and frivolous touch that made Graustark almost as real as Czecho-Slovakia.

SHORT STORIES WRITTEN IN SHANGHAI — Members of the Short Story Club — *Oriental Press.* A collection of tales of life in China, among occidentals for the most part.

* GOD'S STEPCHILDREN — Sarah Gertrude Millin — *Boni, Liveright.* The teeth of the children are set on edge in this vivid study of missionary and Hottentot.

IN A SHANTUNG GARDEN — Louise Jordan Miln — *Stokes.* Love among the lanterns and blossoms, and a tactful handling of race problems.

VAL SINESTRA — Martha Morton — *Dutton.* Deeply psychoanalytical and good to read at that.

* JONAH — Robert Nathan — *McBride.* Superbly written study of the prophet, his loves, and his relation with his God. (*See page 219.*)

ROSE OF THE WORLD — Kathleen Norris — *Doubleday, Page.* A story of social scheming, business intrigue, and love triumphing over all.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1924 — Edward J. O'Brien — *Small, Maynard.* The tenth annual collection by this erudite gentleman who has made himself our best known critic of short fiction.

THE INEVITABLE MILLIONAIRES — E. Phillips Oppenheim — *Little, Brown.* With entertainment as well as adventure quality, Mr. Oppenheim tells us how to spend our money if we have too much of it.

THE VIRGIN FLAME — Ernest Pascal — *Brentano.* The author of a promising first novel forces a heroic theme and calls America to task for the follies of a pinheaded young flapper.

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TALES OF THE WILDERNESS — Boris Pilniak — *Knopf.* Russian stories, sometimes obscure and eccentric, sometimes straightforward and moving. (*See page 223.*)

THE CLOCK — Aleksei Remizov — *Knopf.* The title story is a novelette in six parts, somewhat in the manner of Dostoyevsky. "A White Heart", "The Betrothed", and "Easter" are three sketches which illustrate the author's poetic mood. (*See page 223.*)

THE PEASANTS — Ladislas Reymont — *Knopf.* Nobel Prize novel, all about another farm — realistic detail and minute characterization.

RED OF THE REDFIELDS — Grace S. Richmond — *Doubleday, Page.* Light as a feather but sentimentally correct and with the usual heart appeal.

ANNETTE AND SYLVIE — Romain Rolland — *Holt.* The attraction and repulsion of two girls who are half sisters for each other — the one a woman of ideas, the other a creature of instincts. It is the first volume of "The Enchanted Soul", to be completed in about eight volumes. (*See page 222.*)

LUCKY IN LOVE — Berta Ruck — *Dodd, Mead.* A beautiful girl, a masquerade ball, lovers at cross purposes, and a happy end. A light theme heavily handled.

* THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL — Anne Douglas Sedgwick — *Houghton Mifflin.* A love story with an international note that has appealed for its sympathetic detail and its uncompromising sweetness.

YOUNG MISCHIEF AND THE PERFECT PAIR — Hugh de Sélincourt — *A. & C. Boni.* A tract on how to make marriage successful, in the form of a puerile story of two irritating young lovebirds and the lesson they taught their blind elders.

TRIPLE FUGUE — Osbert Sitwell — *Doran.* Stories and sketches, entirely heterodox, by the first of the famous Sitwell family to invade America.

THE GATES OF MORNING — H. de Vere Stacpoole — *Dodd, Mead.* Life and love on a lost Pacific atoll painted in startlingly vivid colors.

NORA PAYS — Lucille Van Slyke — *Stokes.* Another variation of "This Freedom", equally damning and equally unconvincing.

NAJIB — Albert Payson Terhune — *Doran.* Adventures, the scene laid near Jerusalem, in which a devoted Syrian servant and his young American master foil the wily and dangerous natives.

DEEP IN THE HEARTS OF MEN — Mary E. Waller — *Little, Brown.* A sentimental survey of social conditions in the lower strata.

* THE OLD LADIES — Hugh Walpole — *Doran.* An expert study of old age, with irony and sentiment skilfully blended.

* PROFESSOR, HOW COULD YOU? — Harry Leon Wilson — *Cosmopolitan.* The rebellion of a wife-heckled academic — riotously funny!

BILL THE CONQUEROR — P. G. Wodehouse — *Doran.* The second great William to invade England, this time in the person of a Long Island Lothario who nonchalantly extricates himself from one dilemma after another.

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS —

BOOKS THAT MAY HAVE ESCAPED YOU

1. *"Last Poems" by A. E. Housman (Holt). Some of the most beautiful lyrics written in this century.*

2. *"The Men Who Make Our Novels" by Charles C. Baldwin (Dodd, Mead). Informative and useful sketches, if somewhat prejudiced.*

3. *"The Wind and the Rain" by Thomas Burke (Doran). An exquisite piece of autobiographical writing with fictional quality.*

4. *"Tom Jones" by Henry Fielding (Knopf). Scarcely needs this notice, except that there is a fine new edition with an introduction by Wilbur Cross.*

5. *"This Singing World" by Louis Untermeyer (Harcourt, Brace). Collection of children's poetry by this master anthologist.*

Strong and Deep

"SOUNDINGS" by A. Hamilton Gibbs (Little, Brown) is a story of unusual emotional appeal. It has discernment, beauty, passion, and a variety of incident. It is a sort of masculine variety of "The Little French Girl", although certainly the heroine of Miss Sedgwick's novel has little resemblance to Mr. Gibbs's Nancy. This brother of Sir Philip and of Cosmo Hamilton has drawn French, English, and American characters with much understanding and fine skill. His novel presents a picture of love and friendship in their subtlest meaning. With no hint of actual Freudianism, it yet has great psychological significance. It draws the distinction between physical and ideal love, and shows a modern forthright girl faced with the problem of deciding between the two. The war enters only as an incident to the development of a rich love story. At times Mr. Gibbs reminds me of Swinnerton, although his strokes are broader. He understands women as few men novelists do, and he knows the English and the American temperaments thoroughly and is able to picture them without prejudice. His sex motivation is straight from the shoulder, but the blows are not dealt with such brutality that good sportsmanship and taste are lacking. I like this story better than any other I have read this spring. In fineness of writing it seems to me to rank with Maugham's "The Painted Veil", Floyd Dell's "This Mad Ideal", and Lewis's "Arrowsmith". I cannot imagine anyone's picking it up and laying it down again unfinished, so moving are the simple yet beautiful and effective incidents. The same author's "Gunfodder" was fine, but in some ways this is a better book; and from the point of view of popularity it should put him on a par with his already popular brothers.

Two Novels With Touches of Poetry

ROBERT NATHAN'S "Jonah" (McBride) and Floyd Dell's "This Mad Ideal" (Knopf) both have a quiet beauty and a sense of the poetry of language that commend them to thoughtful readers. Both have, too, love stories that are unusual and yet human. Nathan makes the story of the prophet real, endowing it with a vein of quiet satire which, although

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termed by the New York "Times" blasphemous, seems to me on the contrary to be sweet and reverent. The satire is of life, not of Jehovah, and the import of the whole book is one of deep religious significance — to me, at least. At any rate, "Jonah" is an advance over "The Puppet Master", and marks Mr. Nathan again as a writer of thoughtful, beautiful prose. If Jonah's philosophizings are simple, they are at least well expressed.

> Jonah replied gravely, "We are sad because life is not simple, the way it used to be. We imitate other nations and so we are not certain about ourselves any more. We are not even sure of God; we begin to wonder if He is not a bull, or a dove, and if He is not also the God of Aram and Babylon. That is why we are unhappy. When the things we believe in are questioned, it makes us restless and sad. Patriots are the only happy people, for they believe in themselves; and if other people disagree with them, they do not forgive them for it."

Floyd Dell's novel is certainly his best since "Moon-Calf", and I am inclined to think it a little more appealing than that unusually appealing story. It is the quiet story of Judith Valentine; or rather, part of the story of Judith Valentine, for it ends in a fashion which leaves much to be wondered about this fascinating girl, this girl who would write poetry. We have had plenty of young poet heroes in our modern novels, but here it is a girl who drives blindly ahead with her ideals in rhyme and metre. Again we have presented the struggle between domesticity and artistic ambition, only here it is a double struggle — Judith has her poetry and Roy his art. Does Mr. Dell believe that marriage is impossible under these conditions? He offers, I think, no answer to his question; but he asks it poignantly and he tells a story that is interesting and lit by flares of passion and truth.

Superb and Absurd Mr. Boswell

A CHARMING new book is "Earl Percy Dines Abroad" (Houghton Mifflin), in which Harold Murdock reconstructs, in Boswellian fashion, the dialogue which he imagines might have been heard at a dinner actually given in London in 1778 by General Paoli in honor of Earl Percy. If the dialogue is not spirited, it is at least pleasant, and the volume is of excellent workmanship in all particulars of printing, binding, and illustration. It appears in a limited edition.

Professor Chauncey Brewster Tinker's two volume "Letters of James Boswell" (Oxford) gives us a book which, for flavor and charm and nonsense, almost equals the "Life of Johnson". Here is this pompous, weak, foolish yet brilliant man, in all his enchantment — and he was, you know, a curiously appealing figure. You have only to read Mr. Tinker's "Young Boswell" to discern that fact, if you have not discovered it for yourself. I take the liberty of quoting a few sentences from a lengthy epistle to Zelide (Isabella de Zuylen). Boswell writes:

> Let not religion make you unhappy. Think of God as he realy is, and all will appear chearfull. I hope, you shall be a Christian. But, my dear Zelide! worship the sun rather than be a Calvinist. You know what I mean. I had sealed this letter, I must break it up and write a little more. This is somewhat like you. I charge you once for all, Be strictly honest with me. If you love me own it. I can give you the best advice. If you change tell me. If you love another tell me. I don't understand a word of your mystery about a certain gentleman whom you think of three times a day. What do you mean by it? Berlin is a most delightful city. I am quite happy. I love you more than ever.

And so on and so on. Nor is he less emotional when writing to one of the same sex, the Reverend William Temple, concerning his resignation of the recordership:

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I am quite in a fever. O! my old and most intimate friend! what a shocking state am I now reduced to. I intreat you, if you possibly can, to afford me some consolation directed to me here, and pray do not divulge my mortification. I will endeavour to appear indifferent — and as I now resign my recordership, I shall gradually get rid of all communication with this brutal fellow.

Mr. Tinker's notes are numerous and helpful and, of course, beautifully phrased.

A Newsboy Novel

ITS publishers assure me that "The Prince of Washington Square" (Stokes) is not a hoax; that the young gentleman in his teens who presented the manuscript genuinely conceived and executed this amazing combination of sentiment, heroics, and sophistication, never knowing at all how very funny it was. There seems to me some internal evidence to disprove this fact; but, however that may be, Harry F. Liscomb is almost as entertaining as Daisy Ashford. Through these pages stalk the "desperate bootblack bully", Percy the cake-eater, and the Prince himself, whom two flappers "were brazen enough to osculate on his rubicund jowls, much to his social contretemps". That particular passage somehow makes me wonder about the authenticity of the whole. On the other hand, the general tone of the following paragraph almost makes me a believer in the youth and innocence of the reputed author:

The flappers, in marked contrast to the cake-eaters, were such squeamish dressers that it would be a difficult task to describe accurately what kind of clothes they were actually wearing. How these flappers managed to dress so fastidious on the meagre wages their parents earned weekly remained a fathomless mystery to their plainly dressed classmates, but to them it was a merely flapperish secret.

Another gem from a short chapter called "Midsummer Infatuation" must not pass unnoticed: "Jack sheiked his sheba like a real son of the shifting sands in a gallant try to make her his second subjugation, but she proved too astute for him." Here is an excellent volume for reading aloud of an evening. Reading it on a train is dangerous, for fellow passengers are convinced that loud and uncontrolled laughter is a sign of actual, or at least incipient, lunacy.

Signposted Reading

THE librarian of the University of Pennsylvania, Asa Don Dickinson, has made a guidebook to reading and called it "One Thousand Best Books" (Doubleday, Page). There are many such volumes; no one of them, I think, with any more carefully adjusted lists than this latest one. The indexes are masterpieces. There is a plan for ten years of reading at one hundred books per year. There is a suggested library for women's clubs of three hundred volumes. Most useful of all are Mr. Dickinson's descriptions of specific books and their authors. These short pieces are informative and well written. Nor does the author neglect other lists; he discusses and tabulates them. Here is the result of a life of librarianism, and a fruitful one. It is well worth your attention if you are anxious to be directed in realms of literature. Catholic, informed, well made, this is a useful and pleasant volume.

— *J. F.*

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

ROMAIN ROLLAND AND OTHERS

By Ernest Boyd

WHEN "Annette and Sylvie" appeared in France in 1922, it was understood to be the "prelude to a work in several volumes", entitled "The Enchanted Soul", which, if not so long as "Jean Christophe", would consist of some eight volumes. Of these two have been published so far in French, and now the first of them is available in English, the smooth English of Ben Ray Redman. If it does not reproduce the choppy style of the original, it is vastly more agreeable to read. To deliver judgment on a work after reading the prelude would be rash, so let it be said that "Annette and Sylvie" is very much more readable and entertaining than the second volume, "Summer", which is just about as dull and old fashioned a piece of French melodramatic fiction as I have ever tried to read. Annette and Sylvie are half sisters, the former legitimate, the latter illegitimate. Annette has been brought up by rich middle class parents, and Sylvie has grown up in poverty and independence. They meet and are attracted to each other by their very differences, for Annette is intellectually bold but externally reserved and modest, whereas Sylvie is shrewd, unreflective, and free in her speech and manners. Nevertheless, in the end it is the respectable Annette who has a child by a man whom she despises and refuses to marry. The second volume is endlessly and drearily concerned with the history of this unmarried mother and her child, contrasted with the position of Sylvie, who has got along very well without ideas or theories of life.

Whether Romain Rolland can recapture the popularity and prestige which were his before the war embroiled him with ninety per cent of his French public, will be determined by the ultimate success of "The Enchanted Soul", his most ambitious novel since "Jean Christophe". French criticism tends more and more to regard him as the author of that one work. Another one novel author is Louis Hémon, the vogue of whose "Maria Chapdelaine" both here and in France encouraged the publication of "My Pretty Lady" and his "Journal", neither of which has had very much success. "Blind Man's Buff" is better than either; but in spite of the author's familiarity with English and with London, this story of an Irishman's adventures in search of a clue to the riddle of his universe, first in Socialism and then in the Salvation Army, has the rigidity of a still life. Louis Hémon's work prior to "Maria Chapdelaine" had been offered to French readers in serial form without attracting much attention, even though he once won a fiction prize. The English influence on him was so strong that, after his death, stories by Kipling which he had translated for his own amusement were actually printed as his by a Paris review. It was not until he got to Canada and wrote "Maria Chapdelaine" that he found himself; then fate intervened, as usual, and he was killed.

Admirers of Zola will be glad to see an edition and a translation of "Germinal" that are worthy of each other.

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This is not the bowdlerized Vizetelly version, but one made by Havelock Ellis, who has written a special preface for this reprint of what was originally a work issued only to subscribers. After the lapse of more than twenty years Ellis looks again at his work and finds it good, and he is proud to have been the means of making this great epic of industrialism available for readers of English. "Germinal" is one of the "Big Six" in the Rougon-Macquart series which survive the deadly method of Zola. It is so elemental in mood and so elementary in the details that once shocked our grandfathers, that I doubt if any healthy minded reader today will notice any perceptible outrage to his or her pruderies. It has none of that synthetic bawdiness out of which a new generation gets a "kick" comparable to that of synthetic gin.

Bernhard Kellermann is already represented in English by "The Sea" which, outside Germany, has been unaccountably regarded as a work of literature. Now comes "The Ninth of November", a German best seller, which did more than anything else to put this author on the map. The title has little significance, for it is not until toward the end of the book that "the sun of the 9th of November rose sparkling over Berlin", and the story is essentially a study of the German military type and of Berlin life during the year preceding the armistice. General von Hecht-Babenberg is the personification of all the vices of Prussian militarism, and his own household crashes into ruin symbolically and conveniently just as the German Empire is overthrown. His daughter Ruth emerges into the wicked world as a result of women's wartime activities and is converted to Socialism. His son mutilates himself to avoid going back to the front, and carries on a love affair with the lady whom the father has selected for his second wife. In the modern German manner, corpses rise from the grave and symbolic figures haunt the guilty, but Kellermann is just putting some cheap expressionistic touches à la Toller to his conventional wartime melodrama whose best parts are the descriptions of the horrors of trench life and the pictures of the gradual fall of Berlin from a fine, clean, orderly city to a sink of vice, debauchery, poverty, and despair. Bernhard Kellermann will not, I fancy, put Messrs. Barbusse and Wassermann out of business, for they have surpassed him in those qualities which give any value to "The Ninth of November".

The two volumes of translations from the Russian are supplementary to each other, for in his introduction to "Tales of the Wilderness" Prince Mirsky is not so enthusiastic about Boris Pilniak, the author of that work, as about Aleksei Remizov, the author of "The Clock". Pilniak, Remizov, and the as yet untranslated Andrey Bely are the three outstanding figures in Russian literature since Chekhov, and it is these we should read, he says, rather than Andreyev and Artzybashev. Prince Mirsky is a sound and interesting critic of Russian, and his very lack of excessive praise for Pilniak is a proof of his good sense. Remizov embodies nearly all the characteristically Russian traditions, Gogol, Dostoyevsky, and the folk tale, and in Mr. Cournos's versions he provokes the demand for more and better Remizov.

Annette and Sylvie. By Romain Rolland. Henry Holt and Company.
Blind Man's Buff. By Louis Hémon. Macmillan Company.
Germinal. By Emile Zola. Alfred A. Knopf.
The Ninth of November. By Bernhard Kellermann. Robert M. McBride and Company.

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The Wilderness. By Boris Pilniak. Alfred A. Knopf.
The Clock. By Aleksei Remizov. Alfred A. Knopf.

THE LOVESOME SPOT

By Richardson Wright

FORMAL design is axiomatic wherever gardens played a part in domestic and artistic evolutions. From the beginning gardens were made not to imitate nature but to challenge her. This type of design goes far back into the race roots. The formalism of Italian gardens carried on the heritage of Greece; French gardens learned formalism from Italy; and English gardens, in turn, from France. In Spain formalism came through the Moors, who transplanted the idea from the Persians, those same Persians who, going eastward, took formal garden design into India. And the Persians, for their formal designs, were indebted to the Egyptians! In America garden design, like its sister art, architecture, is a synthesis of all the experiments and achievements of the past.

This universal concept of garden design is evident in the three sumptuous books under consideration. M. Forestier, who has to his credit many fine gardens in France and Spain, and who created the *roseraie* at the Bagatelle in Paris, offers what he calls "a notebook of plans and sketches". This work, originally published in France some years back, has been capably translated by Helen Morgenthau Fox. Plot plans and perspective drawings show variously sized garden problems. Details of garden architecture — steps, summer houses, seats, fountains, pavements — are drawn in practical detail. Plant lists are included. The book is ideal for those who plan to design a garden, whether large or small, and for those who study landscape architecture, since each detail is so beautifully and helpfully explained. The gardens, of course, bear the heritage of La Notre in the geometrical formalism of their design. In the main the plant material suggested by M. Forestier is used in this country or equally good substitutions can be found; certainly the type of design he suggests fits our suburban problems exactly. It is adaptable to many kinds of houses in practically all sections of the country.

Miss Nichols's "Spanish and Portuguese Gardens" is another inspiring aid to garden design. Of late there has been a revival in California and in Florida of what is termed Mediterranean architecture — Spanish and Italian types of houses. For such houses the gardens of the Iberian Peninsula are a natural concomitant. They are Moorish gardens, enclosed, formal, precise, dependent upon water, color, architecture, and a studied design for their effects. Heretofore this style of garden has been practically unknown to American gardeners. The oriental word for a garden is "a paradise"; it was a place to live in. The newer gardens of Spain — and the author assures us many are being made today — are recreating this Eden spirit.

Apart from its architecture, the pronounced feature of the garden of the Iberian Peninsula is water. The hot climate made the water tank and the water channel as necessary in Spain as it did in India. Likewise the same brilliant arrangement of color that is found in the rugs of Persia and India is found in the flowers and architecture of Spanish gardens. Miss Nichols surveys each of these features in her study of the oriental background and in explaining the Moorish transition of them

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to Spain. She describes the pleasure grounds of the Renaissance, gardens of Majorca, the eighteenth century developments in Spain, the smaller gardens and patios and the Portuguese pleasance. Her lists of the plant material used in these gardens constitute an especially illuminating feature of the book. The illustrations have been selected and reproduced with great care.

"Beautiful Gardens in America" is a revised and enlarged edition of a previous work by Miss Shelton. It is an indication of the amazing improvement both in gardens and in garden interest that has taken place in this country in the past ten years. Introductory chapters speak of the problems of climate met in this country and give historic data where necessary; otherwise this is a picture book, a rich, inspiring, and helpful display of gardens from every section of the country. The variety of these gardens is impressive. Italian types are here, Spanish, English, Dutch, naturalistic, water gardens, rock gardens; but in all design is evident. In short, it seems that American garden owners are at last impressed with the necessity for laying out a garden in a well defined design. The variety of flowers, trees, and shrubs is also a commendable feature, for despite a prohibitive embargo against plant importation, we manage to make gardens in this country that compare favorably with gardens in the Old World.

These three volumes can be recommended for that section of the library which, in country houses today, has become both necessary and popular — the garden shelves. They are authoritative, inspiring, immensely helpful.

Gardens. By J. C. N. Forestier. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Spanish and Portuguese Gardens. By Rose Standish Nichols. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Beautiful Gardens in America. By Louise Shelton. Charles Scribner's Sons.

RESTORATION OF A SUPERMAN

By Charles R. Walker

THOUGH not equaling the bulbous masses of proletarian literature, there is a growing body of writing definitely devoted to what Nietzsche used to call a "master morality". In all the democracies of recent times, not excepting our own, there have been intellects, of course, who worshiped the aristocratic ideal, preaching the sole and everlasting validity of strength, energy, and blood. But no one ever preached it with an intenser passion or a wider erudition than Arthur Gobineau, author of the "Essai sur l'Inégalité des Races Humaines" and citizen of France during the deadly mediocrities of the early French republic. The Count's essay was translated as a slavery tract in the middle of the last century and printed in America. But from then till now, when "The Golden Flower" appears in a translation by Ben Ray Redman, few Americans have acquainted themselves with the French superman.

"The Golden Flower" is a series of five essays, each designed as a preface to one of the five parts of Gobineau's extraordinary rhapsody in dramatic form, "The Renaissance". It was omitted from the original edition of "The Renaissance" — a unique work of great energy — and was printed in Germany for the first time in 1918, and in France in 1924. Though rather too ecstatic in parts, there are segments of thought of extraordinary power, like the famous and significant passage that

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compares the dead wreckages of different civilizations to the decayed flora and fauna of the sea out of which in an ever recurring cycle new and vital growths arise.

If "The Golden Flower" stirs the interest of readers to go on to "The Renaissance" or to learn more of its author — diplomat, historian, Roman Catholic, pro-Aryan, Nietzschean — it will have been printed to good purpose. In Europe, Gobineau's thirty odd years of neglect have been turned into an almost excess of eulogy. The Gobineau cult in Germany has an able priesthood in the Gobineau Society, with Dr. Ludwig Schemann as its editor-pope. In England, Dr. Oscar Levy has popularized the "Essai", and "The Renaissance", and in France in recent years all of Gobineau's principal books have been reissued. The Count wrote novels, philosophy, history, and poetry; but however subtle and erudite, he will doubtless always be best remembered for his racial and aristocratic gospel. It is a little odd that few Americans know more of the man than his name.

The ideas which burst out with such energy in the dramatic rhapsody, "The Renaissance", and in "The Golden Flower", were put down as hard scientific dogma much earlier in the essay on inequality. Gobineau sets out with the simple aristocratic thesis that neither government nor environment nor religion nor reform nor any other social force matters in giving genius or vitality to a nation, but race alone. This simplified social theology he still further limits by announcing that only one race possesses the authentic blood, the Aryan. Lothrop Stoddard, Madison Grant, and the Society of Descendants of the Mayflower could go no further. A bulwark of erudition supports the thesis in the "Essai", but it has been battered by time and science. As with any oversimplified sociology, a skeptical and polyracial posterity has choked it with scorn and evidence.

But it is not so much Gobineau's dogmatic Aryanism, or even his Pan-Germanism (much denied), that gives him an interest today. It is his insistence, with the emphasis of religious intensity, on the whole catalogue of the aristocratic virtues and his abhorrence of democracy and all her children. It is chastening to any age to be talked about by a man who believes in none of its virtues.

To the above should be added a word of caution for any fellow Fascists and members of the Ku Klux Klan who think they have uncovered a literary Kleagle. They must not look too eagerly to the Count as a defender of the faith. They might find a flaming cross on one page which they could grasp, only to uncover a pitchfork on another in a compromising position. Others, it should be noticed, have tried to bend him to special uses. The "Essai sur l'Inégalité" was published many years ago under the direction of one H. Hotz, an American slave holder. He dedicated the book to the "Statesmen of America", believing devotedly that he had found in it an apology for slavery. The Count is said to have remarked: "Our friends, the Americans, think I am encouraging them to lynch their Negroes, but they cannot abide that part of my book which really concerns them." *Cave, cave!*

In "The Renaissance", the Count drops theory for drama, pageantry, color, and enthusiasm. It is a rhapsodic essay on that violent and masterful period done in the form of a drama of five acts, each built about an outstanding Renaissance hero — Savonarola, Cesare Borgia, Julius II, Leo X, and Michael Angelo. The Renaissance is of course a logical period

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wherein a Nietzschean may seek out his giants. The Count uses his material well without allowing history to nudge his elbow. Characters and events blaze and soar across the pages, giving a violent, distorted, fascinating, passionate embodiment of the vitality of the time. Passages are sometimes weakened by overemphasis and a too unbroken flood of eloquence, but an impression of churning energy, whipping back and forth between the bestial and the divine, passes into the reader's imagination.

The reader must make up his mind, however, to the convention of a dramatic form that is not dramatic. Like Hardy's "The Dynasts", "The Renaissance" could not be staged, and was not so designed. It is much less a play even than "The Dynasts". There being no chorus to drain off geographic and spiritual settings from the speaking characters, these must all be pressed into an overcrowded dialogue. But even with this burden, the form seems to justify itself. Each character is marked off strongly from the others (though they all, to a degree, speak *Gobineauiste*), and there is a strong illusion of action and "*progression d'effet*".

Above all it is the release of passion, energy, and genius in which Gobineau is interested, and which he communicates to his readers in both "The Renaissance" and "The Golden Flower". Like Nietzsche he is thoroughly unmoral, or rather the Jesuit of a "master morality" which he preaches in the words and violences of his heroes. As, boldly in the words of Alexander VI, defending Cesare Borgia (the latter has just murdered the husband of his sister, Lucrezia):

> He is not a monster . . . for that kind of person whom fate summons to dominate others, the ordinary rules of life are reversed and duty becomes quite different. Good and evil are lifted to another, to a higher region, to a different plane. . . . Now the great law of this world is, not to do this or that, to avoid one thing and run after another: it is to enlarge and develop one's most active and lofty qualities, in such a way that from any sphere we can always hew ourselves out a way to one that is wider, nobler, more elevated. Never forget that. . . . Leave to the small minds, the rabble of underlings, all slackness and scruple. . . .

Whether the Renaissance energy glows in the fanatic eye of Savonarola who for a space governs luxurious Florence by his power of Puritan fervor, or in the brutal vigor of Borgia rising through crime to the papacy, the impression is one of the nobility of energy, the enduring and conquering validity of genius. This is the passionate "message" of "The Renaissance" and "The Golden Flower" of Count Gobineau. Both books should serve to stimulate if not scandalize any republican in good standing.

The Golden Flower. By Arthur, Count Gobineau. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A NEW LINCOLN BIOGRAPHY

By Luther E. Robinson

ONE by one the legendary bubbles that have been incubating about the name and fame of Lincoln are being pricked and deflated and replaced by the positive or the negative facts of persistent investigation. Many a biographer of the great emancipator, because of the missing links in the chain of his ancestry, has been compelled to employ the warmed over surmises of his perplexed predecessors and to apologize for adding "another" to the roomful of books already to be had on the seemingly unfailing theme. One cannot help admiring, however, the unflagging efforts of those relatively few researchers who have accepted the

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challenge of the gaps in the line and have little by little discovered the precious bits of information needed to give completeness to the account.

Every Lincoln student familiar with the status of these investigations has been expectant of the promised biography by Dr. William E. Barton, completing the third of his important contributions to Lincoln history. The first member of the Barton trilogy was "The Soul of Abraham Lincoln", reviewed in THE BOOKMAN almost five years ago. It remains the best and most amply documented treatment that has been published on Lincoln's religion, and at once gave high rank to the author as an investigator able to handle his materials in an interesting manner and with philosophic grasp. Then followed "The Paternity of Abraham Lincoln", made necessary by ever expanding rumors damaging to the good name of Lincoln's mother and threatening to become established traditions in certain sections of the country. The reviewer recalls reading a "learned" paper written by a university professor purporting to identify Lincoln's father, not with the Kentucky Thomas, but with a citizen of North Carolina! Even Patrick Henry and John C. Calhoun came to stand as rivals for the distinction. Dr. Barton's labors reduced these absurdities to their foundations, and the information he assembled in this book gives it the position of a document to be consulted by the future historians of Lincoln.

Outside of these matters, the numerous unsettled points that have been left over by preceding biographers justify this third work of Dr. Barton's, for the reason that he is able to offer a remarkable record of documentary evidence and personal testimony from many Lincoln kinsmen hitherto undiscovered, as well as from persons who knew Lincoln. The result is that the reader finishes this new work with a feeling of admiration for the author and his good humored obstinacy in completing the task he set before himself, and shares the author's satisfaction that he has at last been able to set in their proper place many of the elusive little links needed to piece out the biographical chain.

For example, in spite of the long line of diligent fact finders from Herndon and Mrs. Hitchcock to such important investigators as Miss Tarbell and Waldo Lincoln, the ancestry of Abraham Lincoln had not been traced with unbroken evidence. Elements of conjecture have long lingered around the half legendary figure of Lucy Hanks, whom Dr. Barton establishes as Lincoln's maternal grandmother, whose existence and relationship have been suspected since Lamon's blunt intimation of irregular paternity in 1874, and since the publication of John Hanks's letters to Herndon bade fair to leave a perpetual cross word puzzle to the world. Although this discovery has no value whatever for its connection with the personality or the limitless service performed by Abraham Lincoln, it is highly important as setting at rest the unleashed effort of a whole generation of search for the identification of the enigmatical woman who became the premarital parent of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, and the faithful spouse of Henry Sparrow, as well as the forebear of a large nest of Sparrows still living their uneventful lives in Kentucky and elsewhere.

Among the most interesting original discoveries of Dr. Barton is the fact that, during the campaign for the presidential nomination, Lincoln became the proprietor of the German-American "Staats-Anzeiger" of Springfield,

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Illinois, as a result of the financial difficulties of its editor, Dr. Theodore Canisius, to whom, after the nomination, he resold it for the modest sum of $400. Close to this is the author's discovery and reproduction of another "lost speech" of Lincoln's, delivered at the conclusion of the 1858 campaign and unnoticed by the newspapers. Dr. Barton was given access to the original manuscript of this speech, which is in every sense worthy of Lincoln, by its owner, Oliver R. Barrett of Chicago.

One is gratified to see, in this work, that the traditional *affaire de cœur* with Ann Rutledge has been robbed of much of the melodramatic increments which have lately been exploited by the uncritical, and again restored to sanity. The author refutes Herndon's assertion that Lincoln never loved anyone but Ann and shows convincingly that, despite their occasional moments of seeming incompatibility, Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd Lincoln needed each other, and that the latter did much to spur her husband into the presidency. There are many interesting points of information in this biography of Lincoln that are either new or given a new and more adequate treatment — so many, in fact, that one is tempted to wonder whether Dr. Barton has not given us the definitive biography of the Civil War President.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln. By William E. Barton. Two volumes. Bobbs-Merrill Company.

FIRST AID TO THE BOOKISH

By Will H. Solle

THE cross word puzzles have proved their value by discovering to thousands of people the use of a dictionary and "Roget's Thesaurus". If somehow those thousands could be led to discover the new edition of Bessie Graham's "The Bookman's Manual", book buying might assume a different complexion, and selections for the home library, at least, would be based upon definite knowledge and not mere hearsay. The material in its six hundred pages is of inestimable value to a larger group than those who sell books. Its subtitle, "A Guide to Literature", indicates the broad field of those to whom it will render direct and adequate service. Librarians have already evidenced their interest in the book by buying it; the general reader will find it an "ever present help in time of trouble" when seeking elusive information about books. Its lists will save much time and vacillation for reading circles, literary clubs, and professional men and women attempting to map out a definite course of reading. But in a review the book must be considered from the bookseller's angle.

There is a growing number of bookstores in these United States in which the working force is animated by certain ideals, and upheld by a sense of rendering a professional as well as a commercial service. Although these ideals have nowhere been definitely stated, observation of such stores leads to certain conclusions. Usually the bookseller who looks upon his work as a profession is in the business because he loves books and cannot resist the fascination of working among them. The basis of his efforts necessarily becomes commercial, since it has been inevitable for him to transmute his passion for books into a living. His stock is selected with discrimination, for one of his fundamental tenets is to spread good literature in his community. He believes a large part of his duty is to let visitors to the store know

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what new work has appeared on the market. With this duty in mind, he displays the best of recent publications and directs the attention of his clients to the books pertaining to their interests, their tastes, and their hobbies.

His greatest work, however, is in meeting the demands of the uninformed, those who seek this, that, or something else with a concept as vague as the wordiest book on philosophy. To him it is often given to meet the worried, perplexed, or blasé individual and urge upon him a book to meet his need. The questions he receives in a day rival in variety, peculiarity, and number those received by a reference librarian in a big city library. Most of his knowledge he has acquired from following the difficult advice of Jared Bean, who wrote in 1774:

> First of all matters, 'tis your greatest need
> To read unceasing & unceasing read;
> When one Book's ended, with a mind unvext
> Turn then your whole Attention to the Next.

Unfortunately the bookseller cannot read everything, and rarely does he have time to look back and read the books of yesteryear. His task is to read next week's books. But as the days hurry through his shop, he picks up much miscellaneous information about old books, early editions, neglected titles, authors, dates, and publishers. Heretofore he has been almost entirely dependent upon his own researches and memory to acquire needed information. Today he has found an ally in "The Bookman's Manual".

Concrete evidence that booksellers are improving the quality of their service lies in the fact that such a book as this demands a second edition within three years. The book is the result of Miss Graham's "course of lessons on book salesmanship, given at the William Penn Evening High School, Philadelphia". Later this course of lessons appeared serially in "The Publishers' Weekly" as the "Home School for Booksellers". That anything composed of lists of books and authors' names could be made fascinating reading has been proved, for these pages bristle with the adventure of discovering long desired facts, searching for omissions, chancing upon bits of humor or unfamiliar sayings about books.

Every week the bookseller is called upon to answer such questions as: "What is considered the best encyclopædia?" "Who made the best translation of 'Faust'?" "Where can I find a good list of biographies?" "Who wrote this, that, or the other?" "Where can I find 'When You Were a Pollywog'?" "Where can I find So-and-So's 'Such-and-Such'?" "How many 'Utopias' have been written?"

Answers to nearly all of these questions and scores of others are found in the Manual, besides directions for locating quickly "mornamillion" in addition. These facts are not given in a dreary, professorial manner — for instance: "To be told what *head* means in twenty-seven different connections, and then to be told what *headache, headdress*, and *head-work* means as well, seems to show that unabridged dictionaries are made for the stupidest of mankind." And so they are.

No doubt Miss Graham's task of selecting what should or should not be included was difficult. With space limited and information unlimited, it is surprising to find so much contained in so few pages. But why, we wonder, are the names of Eunice Tietjens, Edward Carpenter, Holbrook Jackson, J. G. Frazer, and Frank Harris entirely lost? Surely Frank Harris's "Life of Oscar Wilde" deserves a place in any list of biographies, and the other

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writers named have done work that is being talked of and possesses a permanency worthy of a place in this manual. H. L. Mencken receives comment only in relation to Nietzsche and language; and though Marguerite Wilkinson's "New Voices" is mentioned, the reference is too casual to suggest its great value to the bookseller and the student of modern poetry. The omission of any reference to books for children is comprehensible. The four chapters contained in the serial publication of the manual merely grazed the subject. The classics for children mount high in number, and are augmented by the multitude of illustrated editions of each title. This absence of comment on juvenile literature can be forgiven more readily since the information it might have contained may be gleaned from the pages of that excellent little book "What Shall We Read to the Children?" by Clara W. Hunt.

A chapter that might have been included but probably was never even thought of, is one on the various literary prizes offered. What is the history of such awards as the de Goncourt and Nobel Prizes abroad, the Pulitzer Prize in America, the various other prizes to which publishers seem to attach importance in their announcements? It is easy enough to learn the names of such awards but next to impossible to learn, without research, the conditions, emoluments, and honors attaching to them.

If more space has been given in this review to what Miss Graham did not include than to what she did include, it has not been intended as faultfinding. The Manual is so crammed full of lists, facts, and authoritative criticisms that it would be impossible to begin their recital. The only hope for the reviewer is to direct attention to omissions in an effort to indicate how extensive are the facts included. The Manual's detailed information about translations of great classics calls for special praise, while the impersonal tone in which the criticisms of many books are given will render these criticisms helpful in placing each book in its proper rank.

A work such as Miss Graham's does much to assist the professional bookseller in spreading the knowledge of good books and fine literature in his community. It gives him the encyclopædic information so much needed in his daily round, it enables him to speak with authority on work that has been done. Yet never for a moment may he relax his vigil and forget "to read unceasing & unceasing read", for it will be many years before he again receives so admirable an assistant.

The Bookman's Manual, A Guide to Literature. By Bessie Graham. New, revised edition. R. R. Bowker Company.

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IN BRIEF REVIEW

THE first satisfying thing about "Casanova in England", edited by Horace Bleackley (Knopf), is the binding which is done in three colors one dares not mention together. Then the book opens, if one is fortunate, upon the lovely Duchess of Hamilton, her delicious face peeping out of a peaked hood trimmed with tufts of satin and tied with a bow. It is distressing that she plays so small a part in Casanova's visit. Mr. Bleackley has let Casanova himself tell his adventures in London, with the exception of occasional asides of explanation or humor. Our hero describes his presentation at court, his night in Newgate prison, his affairs with countesses and courtezans, his hasty flight from London. It is an exciting tale. Mr. Bleackley says of the "Memoirs": "In spite, however, of the variety of the material and the vigor of the narrative the work in many respects does not reach the highest excellence. In no case does he succeed in drawing a masterly portrait. Similarly, he fails entirely to convey an impression of the places he depicts." But certainly Casanova, from the material Mr. Bleackley has collected, does not fail in the unconscious revelation of himself.

The diverse intellectual riches of H. G. Wells are abundantly displayed in "A Year of Prophesying" (Macmillan), a collection of recent journalistic essays and reviews on subjects of a wide and timely variety. But the chief concern of this singularly liberal and broadly gifted mind is here, as always, with the stubbornly tangled aspects of world problems. Wellsian views are invariably stimulating, keen witted, profoundly rational; and his present lusty airing of them betrays no falling off in vigor of utterance. The perennial enthusiasm with which he continues to attack the reactionary enemies of world progress and international unity should prove infectious to the younger readers of this work, the generation to whom Wells, in the early pages, addresses a direct and eloquent appeal.

The jacket of J. Ramsay MacDonald's "Socialism: Critical and Constructive" (Bobbs-Merrill) calls it the standard work on socialism, which it certainly is not; for it attempts only to set forth the point of view of the former Labor minister and not to elucidate all the ins and outs of a stupendous subject. Yet it is the better for its lack of exhaustiveness and critical aloofness. In the political utterances of Mr. MacDonald, even his most vigorous opponents have had to admit his beautiful lucidity, his sincerity of utterance, and a restraint far from common even in the most august of parliamentary arenas. This is a new edition brought up to date by the addition of a few notes and buttressed by an idealism undimmed by years of energetic struggle. There is no need here to repeat the arguments and expositions which Mr. MacDonald presents; they are not new, and he makes no boast of having made conspicuous contributions to socialistic theory. The value of the work has nothing to do with newness, but lies in a clarification of the position held by the great middle party of Socialists, who have as little sympathy with proletarian dictatorship and the class struggle as they have with capitalist waste.

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It is the statement of a creed, and as such it is worthy of the respectful study of both friends and foes.

That the demise of "The Freeman" was indeed a loss to the country is made evident from the array of wise and well written essays, sketches, editorials, and book reviews collected in "The Freeman Book" (Huebsch). While not every selection included attains a high standard both as to style and content, and while (as Mr. Huebsch freely admits in an explanatory note) it was found necessary to omit many pieces as good as those included, yet the volume as a whole manifests a range of thought, an earnestness of presentation, a scholarly reach, and an individuality of tone that would lend distinction to any periodical; and it says much for the quality of the book that the bulk of its contents, while possibly not of permanent value, are as interesting and as timely today as when first made public in "The Freeman".

Something of the usefulness of glassware must have departed with the coming of the Prohibition Amendment, yet the value of old glass rises steadily in the eyes of collectors, and the story of glassmaking from the days of the Egyptians up to modern times is an Arabian Nights' tale. "Old Glass: European and American" (Stokes), by Mrs. N. Hudson Moore, treats exhaustively of the rise and fall of glassmaking in various countries and at various times in the world's history. Even a cursory glance at the numerous beautiful illustrations will show how characteristic of the national traits of their makers were the examples of Venetian, Flemish, German, Spanish, and English glass. When we come to American glass we discover many European traits, accounted for by the fact that hundreds of glassworkers were imported to this country in early Revolutionary times. The story of the notorious "Baron" Stiegel is a chronicle in itself, as are the quaint and often hideous flasks and bottles pressed in designs to commemorate the life and times of various early American statesmen. We have a notion that it is necessary for the fastidious collector to cultivate a taste for the great range of whisky containers manufactured by our convivial forebears. But it is not difficult to understand a passion for the delicately tinted, marvelously wrought glass that is the prize of the antiquary's heart. And it is gratifying to learn that American glassmakers have turned out some superb pieces that, even in this day of ingenious duplicators, defy imitation.

One finishes reading Rheta Childe Dorr's autobiography, "A Woman of Fifty" (Funk, Wagnalls), with a consciousness of having followed intimately the career of a woman distinguished for her courageous and practical idealism, her determination to become one of the "human race", and her valiant efforts to free the weaker sex of chains by means of the ballot. Her life seems to have been an incessant struggle — broken now and then by equally arduous experiences as a press correspondent in various unquiet regions of Europe — for the cause of bettering the social, commercial, moral, and intellectual conditions of modern American womanhood. In recounting it, she has produced a book as thrilling as a romance and infinitely more valuable because true.

Sheldon Cheney has admittedly rushed in where angels fear to tread — and rushed in so finely, so intelligently, that the angels need fear no more. He has written such a sane, clear, comprehen-

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sive, and withal warmblooded treatise on modern art that the eyes and minds of even the most wilfully ignorant and prejudiced would be opened by it. "I have chosen", he says, "the primer method—and title—because it seemed to me that what we need most, to widen appreciation of contemporary creative art, is to escape for a while from High Learning and get back to a child's directness of approach." Yes, a child's directness of approach, but a very mature individual's patience and grasp of the problem — the huge problem — set before him. Mr. Cheney devotes most of his time and attention to the pure arts of painting and sculpture, from their branching out from Impressionism to the present; but adequately (for a primer) includes architecture and the theatre, showing their tremendous importance in the creative current. He explains and comments upon Cubism, Futurism, Vorticism, and all the inevitable schools, fads, and sensations tagging on the main movement, the art of mobile color (which he seems to think vitally important), and Expressionism, illustrating his points with a remarkably comprehensive collection of contemporary works, from the slightest sketch to the most massive marble, the automobile to the skyscraper. Even to the enlightened and initiated this Primer is worthwhile, for its clarifying of fundamental artistic issues and its outward beauty of printing and paper.

In spite of its triteness, one must repeat the familiar comparison between dogs and humans upon reading "Dogs and Men" (Scribner) by Mary Ansell, for the dog biographies she gives are well calculated to show the psychic superiority of the best of dogs over the general run of two legged creatures. Yet hers are always consistently doggy dogs, never improperly endowed with a human psyche. Some are dogs of note, such as Luath the Newfoundland who played the part of Nana in "Peter Pan". And there was Porthos, the St. Bernard who invaded the pulpit of a Scotch Presbyterian church to the horror of the congregation. "Dogs in Scotch churches", says the author, "seem liable to lose all control of themselves. A friend saw . . . whilst she was waiting for the Holy Communion, a terrier, an Aberdeen, sit up on his haunches and beg before the Elements." Altogether, a delectable collection of amusing and illuminative dog stories. The physical nature of the dog is very fully considered in "Dr. Little's Dog Book" (McBride) by George Watson Little, D. V. M., who writes both as a qualified scientist and as a veterinary of the widest experience. It is a readable as well as an authoritative manual on the care, training, and treatment of dogs both in sickness and in health: liberally illustrated and well indexed.

Books on religious matters were formerly in the majority on second hand bookstands. Not so long ago, writings on the Great War came into first place. And now that mournful leadership is being contested by literature on Russia. "The Reforging of Russia" (Dutton) deserves a better fate than many of its companions. Edwin Ware Hullinger, who wrote it, was the United Press correspondent in Moscow until he was ejected. He does not pretend to write an unbiased tale; but his prejudices are manifest, candid, and not at all rancorous. His ideal of democracy is the American one. The turn of event which wrought hardship on his friends of the upper classes is obnoxious to him. He dislikes the Tcheka which he blames for his expulsion. And with all this in mind, he writes a good newspaper man's story of the period of the new economic

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policy and a plausible interpretation of its meaning. Too bad that Hullinger could not have stayed to tell us of the fall of the Nep.

To talk of little matters of everyday life in a way that is humorous, practical, and pathetic seems to be the aim of Ian Hay in "The Shallow End" (Houghton Mifflin). At the same time he gives us, or tries to, an international viewpoint on a few selected subjects. The first four sections, named for the seasons, deal with London. The atmosphere of Piccadilly Circus, Haymarket, and the moods of the crowds in the park, cinemas, and night clubs are cleverly depicted. In fact, we wonder just wh Mr. Hay considered it necessary to v nder from these interesting little st dies to New York and the national game there called "Hunt the Hooch". Was it to give English readers a taste of life abroad or to make New Yorkers feel at home? To recent visitors to London "The Shallow End" cannot fail to be of interest; and even those who have never been to London may find a congenial topic in the theatre, boxing, cricket, boating, animals, or human nature therein.

There may be some foundation for a feeling that Howells has been subjected to the process which H. G. Wells (in his incomparable "Boon") has labeled, in ribald fashion, as "greatening". But his solidly enduring qualities no doubt are real enough to survive even injudicious praise. No American man of letters of our day, save Mark Twain, has been so fully discussed by the critics and expositors: the incomplete bibliography of books and articles about him appended to "William Dean Howells" (Harvard) by Oscar W. Firkins covers nearly two pages. Mr. Firkins's study, however, differs from most of its predecessors in that it is more an interpretation, an illuminating commentary, than a critical estimate. It is, of course, critical and analytic, but its aim is more to portray the man and his work than to appraise him. The conclusion reached by Mr. Firkins is that justice has not yet been done to Howells as critic or as poet, and that "due recognition" has not yet been given "to three great elements in his fiction — its vitality, the surpassing distinctness and variety of its characterization, and its firm grasp of some of the rarer and more elusive aspects of everyday reality". The book is handsomely printed and well indexed.

"A great architecture is something to be seen and felt and lived in. By this criterion most of our pretentious buildings are rather pathetic", writes Lewis Mumford in his "Sticks and Stones: A Study of American Architecture and Civilization" (Boni, Liveright). This reviewer appreciates and agrees with Mr. Mumford's statement. You have but to observe the monotony of skyscrapers and the ugly similarity of the "robot" made apartment houses of this world we live in to realize its truth. Until the coming of the machine age, as the author illustrates, the steadily developing American architecture had many beautiful achievements to its credit, particularly in the New England villages. But architecture without personality is not art, and the machine age does not encourage individuality.

Apparently there is a perennially eager audience for the conventional travel book that appears ever so often from the pen of some painstaking traveler. The formula is a simple one, and consists of a cheery, narrative style

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loaded with facts, the ability to brighten a page now and then with anecdote — and that is all. It does not matter whether the facts are old or new, significant or trivial. The average reader of the travel book of this sort is hungry for information, either to appease his own unfulfilled desire to roam, or to read at the next meeting of the local foreign missionary society. At least, that is the reader for whom Dorothy Dix was writing when she penned the story of "My Trip Around the World" (Penn). It is the same reader she addresses in her advice to the lovelorn, as syndicated over this broad land. There is nothing in this book that cannot safely be read at any club meeting, and there is even a sprinkling of her well known homely wit that should start a titillation of amusement through the hearers. But, also, there doesn't seem to be very much in the book that has not been done before, and done a great deal better by writers who do not belong to the Aunt Samantha school of literature.

Dr. Maximilian J. Rudwin has compiled a book of 286 long pages entitled "A Historical and Bibliographical Survey of the German Religious Drama" (University of Pittsburg). His work is dedicated to Wilhelm Creizenach, the old master in this field, and was written because of the incompleteness of similar monographs that essayed the task. It is characterized by intelligent diligence and is indispensable to the student who would like to be guided through this immense mass of material in which convention and love of horseplay applied to a sacred theme played a greater rôle than spiritual originality or æsthetic ability. The work, however, is for reference only.

There are not many who appreciate a *sacre du printemps* when it is first performed; and honor is due Carl Van Vechten for being one of them. Nevertheless, one cannot call him a liberal or even a discriminating critic. If his mind is opened to *sacres* it is shut to other things; in fact, his open mindedness to contemporary music is only one of a number of eccentric attitudes that are quite irrational even when they can be justified subsequently — as many cannot. Mr. Van Vechten says some very sensible things in "Red" (Knopf); one is grateful to him for showing up Krehbiel (he demonstrates "how dull pedantry may exercise an ancillary function to blind obstinacy of opinion" by quoting Krehbiel's attack upon Mahler, outrageous in tone, and caused by Mahler's reducing the strings and doubling the flutes in a Mozart symphony to approximate the proportions in which they were used in Mozart's orchestra); but one must add that he says many things which are quite silly, and rather perverse in their silliness.

Once again E. V. Lucas, the far traveled, sympathetic, and sane, entertains us. In "A Wanderer Among Pictures" (Doran) he has produced a perfect book for those who enjoy paintings in a friendly, untechnical, literary way, and want a discriminating and informal guide to the picture galleries of Europe. He takes the reader enthusiastically through the chief collections of London, Paris, Madrid, Milan, Florence, Rome, Venice, Vienna, Munich, Dresden, Berlin, Amsterdam, The Hague, and Brussels, giving short histories of the various galleries and describing in a condensed, vivid, interesting way those pictures which he thinks particularly fine as well as the acknowledged masterpieces. His charming style, his intelligent and often original choices and criticisms, together with the seventy two excellent reproductions and the

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high quality of printing, make the book valuable and attractive.

The courtezan today must toy with riches rather than royalty. A crown is powerless, but a million crowns do many things. So there is a departed romance (if such be the word) in the last of the cult which dug for diadems instead of gold. "Lola Montez, an Adventuress of the Forties" (Brentano) by Edmund B. d'Auvergne is the tale of one who was, perhaps, the relic of a time gone by when her irresistible charms lured monarchs. Because she was the last, this ordinarily written book has an interest which the manner of preparation would not command were the subject less exciting.

In its spaciousness, its easygoing hospitality, its thrift and prevailing common sense, life in "The Manors and Historic Homes of the Hudson Valley" (Lippincott) assumes an almost idyllic aspect to dwellers on crowded Manhattan Island today. Because the Dutchmen were within comparatively close touch of the mother country, their existence, even in its primitive beginnings here, took on an orderly, businesslike appearance. Their manor houses — which ranged from the Dutch rambling family type, distinguished for its picturesqueness rather than its beauty, to the classic severity of the later Colonial period — have a richness and variety unequaled in any other section of the country at that time. The author of the volume describing them, Harold Donaldson Eberlein, is both historian and architect. His appreciation of the various trends in exterior and interior decoration gives the book a significance to antiquarians and artists alike. And its effectiveness is increased by many excellently reproduced photographs. Since the political and economic status of a people is reflected in its home life, such a comprehensive study as this one is an important contribution to historical literature; Mr. Eberlein has spared no pains to make the record accurate and the format beautiful.

Times do change and, with the times, morality. And when morality — which, it must be said, is none too definite an expression — seems to be taking a metamorphosic spurt, somebody is bound to be concerned. Last year it was "The Nation", among others. The many persons who wrote of the new *mores* for that weekly are now between covers as "Our Changing Morality, a Symposium" (A. and C. Boni), edited by Freda Kirchwey. Each writer has his own point of view, so a short paragraph about the book can but say that here are answers of and explanations for the great contemporary todo.

The Gentleman with a Duster must be happy, for the *Sonntagskinder* whom he weighs and finds not wanting in "The Windows of Westminster" (Putnam) are once more in power. Ramsay MacDonald, hater of humanity, and Sidney Webb, theoretical pundit, who fill the people's minds with unpleasant thoughts, are gone. The author would here describe for us the great Conservatives. He would show us their moral and spiritual individualism as they fight the rebellious and mechanistic forces of Labor. To his mind Conservatism represents imperial pride, loyalty, humanity, and a God fulfilling Himself in many ways. Stanley Baldwin is a kind of Gregory the Great, longing for monastic seclusion, but performing his duty with devotion to a high cause. Sir Robert Horne believes in helping the individual. The Duke of Northumberland

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sees clearly the inferiority of Ireland, the inferiority of Russia, the inferiority of Asia, and contemplates wordily the benevolent British imperialism that would save these wretched peoples from themselves. Conservatism has done all in this "Golden Legend" of Tory saints. To which one might reply tritely but feelingly, "Interesting, if true."

More and more are publishers coming to realize the immense value of the illustration to the so called travel book. If art and literature go hand in hand, it seems to be nowhere more apparent than in this ever increasing library of volumes that take the fireside reader from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand, by way of the Canadian Rockies, the Marquesas, and Galápagos. Without overtaxing this vicarious traveler's imagination, Ethel Hueston writes of our own state of Maine in "Coasting Down East" (Dodd, Mead), while Edward C. Caswell's deft pencil decorates her pages with waterfronts, country churches, sea gulls, sailing vessels, and native types. This is no sea voyage, however, but "coasting, you understand, by motor, on the best state roads". Mrs. Hueston is an adept story teller and has certainly put her summer vacations to good use.

We have in Lawrence Gilman about the only musical critic who combines genuine erudition with wisdom and intelligence; but in England such a combination of qualities is more common; in Ernest Newman it occurs to an unusual degree. His "Wagner as Man and Artist" (Knopf), which has been brought out for the first time in this country, begins with a topical discussion of Wagner's life and character; Mr. Newman examines and evaluates a great deal of evidence on the numerous points of controversy. Far more interesting and less fatiguing is his discussion of Wagner's development as an artist, both in theory and in practice (the two did not always agree), for here Mr. Newman reveals again his extraordinary ability to expound the aims and reveal the achievements of composers with whom he is in artistic sympathy.

William Le Queux unfortunately is much concerned about the impression he has made on important people. What he has done in "Things I Know About Kings, Celebrities and Crooks" (Stokes) is to make a matter of record the number of more or less illustrious men and women who have found, or who have said they found, great delight in meeting Le Queux. Perhaps England is curious about these things, for Le Queux must be better known there than here — else, why the book? Strange characters he has met, and he had a splendid chance to tell about them, but Le Queux is so important to Le Queux that he muffed.

Hilaire Belloc in "Economics for Helen" (Putnam) enters the outline school and does a very creditable job. His purpose is to make the accepted theory of what Carlyle called the dismal science, by copious illustration, intelligible to a sixteen year old girl. It must have been a genial task, for Mr. Belloc puts into it not only a deal of lucidity but a great amount of enthusiasm. He first explains such terms as "exchange", "wealth", and "capital", gives then the stock criticisms of capitalistic and socialistic states, and finally embarks on his own as theorist with exposition of "usury" and "economic imaginaries", which he believes to have been unfortunately

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overlooked in the past. The first he defines as the taking of interest on unproductive loans — such as the enormous borrowings at high rates when a nation goes to war. The accumulation of interest for a purely destructive purpose, he believes, is bound to result disastrously. Economic imaginaries are sums which appear on paper for taxation but which have no actual existence, when they appear twice or a score of times. The money paid for a bottle of champagne in a fashionable restaurant appears when the manager pays a tax on his gross income; it appears again in his rental, because he must pay an exorbitant rent for the privilege of charging big prices to his customers; and it appears a third time in his local taxes. Anybody who finds economics difficult to take can swallow Mr. Belloc's instructions in a most agreeable homeopathic dose.

At last we have a résumé of the modern movement in art from which the average reader can grasp the connecting link between the art of the eighteenth century and that which seems to him to be a sudden and uncalled for revolution in painting. Walter Pach in his "Masters of Modern Art" (Huebsch) has taken two epoch making events in history, the French Revolution and the Great War, which mark to him the beginning and ending of what we call the modern period in art. Instead of commencing with Courbet or Delacroix, as most contemporary writers on the subject are doing, he begins with an eighteenth century artist, Louis David, a Classicist painter of pre-Revolutionary France, and the master of Ingres. Pach traces the numerous schools and "isms" down to our present day with a clarity and simplicity which ought to appeal to a public which has heretofore not been familiar with the background of this movement. The book is illustrated with numerous carefully chosen reproductions of paintings and sculpture, many of which have been taken from the famous collection of the late John Quinn. The frontispiece of the book is an original etching by Walter Pach, whose reputation as an artist equals his importance as one of our best critics.

In "America's Interest in World Peace" (Funk, Wagnalls) Professor Irving Fisher is out to "sell" the League of Nations, and the book in fact makes a sophisticated reader as uncomfortable as would the line of talk of an insistent salesman making his points. It resembles a campaign speech in its condensation, its resulting superficiality and unfairness. Professor Fisher does not answer the best case against the League; his arguments are meant for politicians and those whom the politicians have misled. Now it is true that mere hatred of Wilson and ordinary politics and special interests played their parts; but none of these will account for the opposition of a man like Senator Borah, or that of thousands of others, based on an informed and reasoned conviction. It is the reasoning of Senator Borah that Professor Fisher should answer and does not.

"Our Presidents", by James Morgan (Macmillan), contains in tabloid form biographies of the nation's chief executives from Washington to Coolidge. Mr. Morgan has so skilfully concentrated the historical careers of his subjects that in each chapter a complete, well balanced view is [illegible] closed with nothing [illegible] portance [illegible]

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Cooperation with the Public Libraries of America

Nothing could better illustrate the catholicity of the public taste in literature than the diversified characters of the two newcomers in the fiction list for February. If "The Thundering Herd" and "In a Shantung Garden" have anything in common, it is that both possess in a high degree the elusive quality called atmosphere.

In the general list, the appearance of William Allen White's "Woodrow Wilson" was to be expected. Whatever critical partizans may say, Mr. White has at least presented Mr. Wilson as a human being, a feat which none of his numerous previous biographers had achieved. Would that there had been a William Allen White in George Washington's day, ere the wooden icon of Parson Weems had set its ineradicable stamp upon the American mind. How we do relish gossip! Witness the appearance in the Score of Major Butt's "Letters", with their backstairs impressions of another president or two. — F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	The Little French Girl	*Anne Douglas Sedgwick*	HOUGHTON
2.	The White Monkey	*John Galsworthy*	SCRIBNER
3.	So Big	*Edna Ferber*	DOUBLEDAY
4.	The Enchanted Hill	*Peter B. Kyne*	COSMOPOLITAN
5.	The Green Hat	*Michael Arlen*	DORAN
6.	Rugged Water	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	SCRIBNER
7.	The Thundering Herd*	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
8.	Rose of the World	*Kathleen Norris*	DOUBLEDAY
9.	The Old Ladies	*Hugh Walpole*	DORAN
10.	A Passage to India	*E. M. Forster*	HARCOURT
11.	In a Shantung Garden*	*Louise Jordan Miln*	STOKES
12.	Peacock Feathers	*Temple Bailey*	PENN

GENERAL

1.	Mark Twain's Autobiography	*Samuel L. Clemens*	HARPER
2.	Ariel: The Life of Shelley	*André Maurois*	APPLETON
3.	Saint Joan	*George Bernard Shaw*	BRENTANO
4.	Life and Letters of Walter H. Page	*Burton J. Hendrick*	DOUBLEDAY
5.	My Garden of Memory	*Kate Douglas Wiggin*	HOUGHTON
6.	Woodrow Wilson*	*William Allen White*	HOUGHTON
7.	The New Decalogue of Science	*Albert Edward Wiggam*	BOBBS
8.	The Letters of Archie Butt*	*Lawrence F. Abbott*	DOUBLEDAY
9.	Life of Christ	*Giovanni Papini*	HARCOURT
10.	The Fruit of the Family Tree	*Albert Edward Wiggam*	BOBBS
11.	Etiquette	*Emily Post*	FUNK & WAGNALLS
12.	Galápagos: World's End	*William Beebe*	PUTNAM

* This title has not before appeared in the Monthly Score.

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FOREIGN NOTES AND COMMENT

Mildly Pedagogical

THREE months ago, the President of Washington and Jefferson College said to the President of West Virginia University that he would be willing to come over and deliver the convocation address at the opening of the spring semester. He came. He spoke. He raised this question: Are we living in an age of enchantment, or in an age of disillusionment? He cited instances of tried dependability in which educators of the "left" contended that so far as graduate or specialized work was concerned, the colleges might just as well close; their efforts were ineffectual, their results nil. He quoted other educators of the "right" who asserted with much show of conviction that the American college was never in a more hopeful condition. He himself said that the reason why so many students fail is to be traced not to their inability but to a wrong attitude toward studying. There is manifestly something wrong.

In the February number of THE BOOKMAN, Professor Irwin Edman of Columbia had an article which is so well known by this time that its title need not be repeated. I personally feel, however, that the opening paragraphs of this otherwise admirable essay are based on an erroneous principle.* Mr. Edman assumes that the student of today is more than ever interested in philosophy. That is excessive optimism.

Take Mr. Edman's own field. Let him give a course on Spinoza. If he lectures *about* Spinoza, I am not at all certain but that his students will park around his desk at the end of the hour and ask for more, which looks most encouraging. But from my own point of view this species of encouragement renders the case relatively hopeless. For it makes but little difference what even the brightest undergraduate thinks *of* or *about* Spinoza. The thing for the undergraduate to determine, the objective for him to keep in mind is: What did Spinoza himself think? And regardless of the admitted improvement that has been made in the writing of books, textbooks, this query can be answered only by individual effort. Moreover, it is one of the distressing facts of education that each student has to begin at the beginning precisely as if no man before him had come to see what Spinoza was driving at.

Let Mr. Edman proceed on this basis, for if he does not, the students are taking a course, not in Baruch Spinoza but in Irwin Edman. On this basis, let the assigned reading be Spinoza's own works — the various treatises on ethics and mathematics. The assignments must of course be from the translated Spinoza, for no American student can read Spinoza in the original. With this method in vogue, Mr. Edman's disciples will show far less interest in "philosophy". Indeed, the more vigorous of them, the ones who are listed among the "big men on the campus", will probably assemble after the first lecture and say to each other: "Say, he doesn't really expect us to read that old bird! Why

*The case is of unusual interest to me, because I recall a similar enthusiasm that I myself had when I was as young as Mr. Edman.

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what are we paying the University eight dollars a point for?"

Now, of this "something" that is wrong with American education, a great deal of it can be dismissed, summarily and forever, because of the unreasoned theory that numbers always suggest inefficiency and sometimes prove it. Find something that is big and you can, without searching, find the man who knows that it is bad. West Virginia, with a mere million and a half population, supports 242 high schools and academies. Other states are even more densely schooled. Where the army is big the guardhouse is full.

The real trouble with our education may be formulated as follows: The objective is the interested audience; the rarity is the thinking auditor. "Don't be dull", may be bad slang but it is regarded as good pedagogy. There is no doubt at all but that the student of 1925 wants all the advantages the college has to offer. He is wideawake. But he majors in that subject which the professor of it makes interesting. If he goes to hear a public address, he judges that address solely on the basis of whether it was read or spoken. If the speaker, in student language, stands up, speaks up, shuts up, and sits down, a favorable judgment is wafted along the ivy covered halls. If he reads a paper of unreserved merit the criticism is voluble and loud: I could do that myself.

The situation might be illustrated as follows: A really brave man goes to the dentist's chair with a query: Will it hurt? If told that it will, a little, he flinches at the mere sight of nickel plated steel. Inform even the most serious minded student that the course will require a measure of work done each day by him himself, and he flinches; he signs up for something else. The Dean of Harvard College was asked not long since how much time the student had to put on his work outside of the classroom if he wished to pass the finals. And the Dean of Harvard College said: "None at all, if he pays attention in the classroom." We are not to hurt them; and we are to make it interesting.

This is the whole gospel of "The Decroly Class". The little ones are not to be hurt. They are to be taught to think through the medium of *jeux educatifs*. The great teacher is the one who understands the child mind and has the child do only what he likes to do. The environment is to be so organized as to afford perfect stimulation for the tendencies favorable to development. The child is to prepare for life by living: *Primum vivere, deinde philosophari*. When he reaches the stage where he is to unravel the mysteries of, say, a roll, whole wheat is to be laid before him; this is to be crushed; the resultant matter is to be mixed with water and baked. Then the child is to be taken straightway to a municipal kitchen and shown the difference, through the nibbling at professional bread, between perfect and imperfect work.

Or how does Dr. Ovide Decroly of Brussels explain to his youngsters the esoteric significance of "shelter"? Upon one occasion they baked bricks, gathered some sod, built a house and roofed it. Then home and to bed. It was the end of a perfect day but the prelude to a tempestuous night. For on the heels of that architectural experience followed a mighty storm. The Belgian children went out the next morning only to see that their house had been destroyed: "But when they turned their glances toward the school, that was seen to have weathered the gale." Now they know what "shelter" means. But does not any child with

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sense enough to come in out of the rain know such things instinctively?

The Decroly classroom is to be a *laboratorium* and not a mere *auditorium*. The epigram is happy, but the original author of it is Herr Kerschensteiner of Munich. The Montessori method is to be eschewed because it depends too largely on the abstract word. If the children are to study weights and measures, well and good, but they must not learn tables; let them take a healthy hare and see how its weight increases each twenty four hours as determined by the additional number of chestnuts that will have been necessary to keep the scales on the level. The children will enjoy this; and they will have in the end a better understanding of *marron* and *lapin*. John Dewey's "How We Think" is quoted liberally and with approval by "The Decroly Class".

This is all very well; but it is old stuff. Belgium is welcome to it, and is to be congratulated on having tried for herself what other nations tried years ago; for nations, like individuals, have to solve their own problems and do so by beginning at the beginning. If Spinoza had a son living today, he would have to study Father's books just as if they had been written in hermetic isolation and were just now wet from the press. But this is nothing but *Kindergarten*, though the word is avoided throughout "The Decroly Class" as the word "Kaiser", referring to Napoleon, was avoided during the World War when the French branch of the Metropolitan Opera sang Uhland's "Grenadiers". And however well this all may be, what is Dr. Decroly going to do when his advanced babies reach Maeterlinck? Go out and fetch in bees and bluebirds in order to put sense into his countryman's literature?

A not wholly dissimilar idea is taken up in Petrarch's "Life of Solitude", for the inimitable sonneteer wrote his book in order to show how a man may best educate himself. It is so ably edited by Professor Jacob Zeitlin, of the University of Illinois, that comment is unnecessary. Mr. Zeitlin has done his translation well, and he has supplied the translation with all the exegesis that the normal man wants or, to draft a pedagogical pet, that the subnormal man could grasp. I can only add that a writer would be considered daft, in 1925, who would write a book of this kind: Petrarch repeats and repeats; digressions he loves; of illustrations he is as enamored as he ever was of Laura.

Petrarch wants to know, or rather he would have his readers know, the best way to use leisure. For the American people this is a momentous issue. A few years ago, a laboring man worked 72 hours a week; now he works 44. What he does with the remaining hours is poles removed from humble comprehension. There are 168 hours in a week, 56 of which should be slept off. That leaves 112 hours, 44 of which go to work. No fewer than 579 years ago, this gifted Italian was worried over the wisest way to dispose of the remaining 68 hours.

Herein lies a lesson for professors. There are at present 1,000 colleges in the United States, or about 40,000 college professors. How one tenth of these accomplish so much in so little time I have never been able to understand. But what the remaining 36,000 do with their time is an even greater wonder. They can complete the required work of any one year in about 600 clock hours. That is two months' work. What becomes of the remaining 10 months? Or if the figures seem a bit austere, make them 750 clock hours and 3 months. What becomes of the remaining 9 months? Petrarch advises

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us to flee the distractions of the crowd and think. He avers that you can have a jolly good time in that way.

Knut Hamsun's "Segelfoss Town" is merely a continuation of what Hamsun has been doing for precisely forty years: showing that so called progress may mean retrogression. He has written here a jointless epic in which the talk goes on forever in order to prove that such a creation of civilization as, say, canned beans may give people more leisure than they had when the beans had to be hand picked but it is not making people any wiser or happier. If possible, Hamsun contends, these labor saving contraptions are teaching the run of mankind those lessons of idleness which, having been learned, result in ignorance and decadence.

The soundness of his view may be judged from an idea expressed in this, his latest novel to be imported. He is discussing the upper classes in Norway, the mental aristocrats. He says: "They wear glasses, a sign that as learning poured into their brains, it sucked out the sight of their eyes — they cannot see." The theory does not work well in Hamsun's own case; and if it does he must have been born with wisdom in his very pap. For he has been addicted to glasses ever since he was a street car conductor in Chicago. Then it was that mist would settle on them, in the winter time, and make it hard for him to see the street numbers.

In Hamsun in general there is something of Rousseau, much of Dr. Decroly, more of many of our educators who lead, and still more of the contemporary student. The latter, like the characters of "Segelfoss Town", believe in "progress". They are as eager to get hold of thought saving devices as Hamsun's Per Bua was to stock up his Segelfoss store with readymade aprons and bottled chowchow. If you think the student of today is to be blamed for this state of affairs, withhold your censure. Blame rather his elders who have talked him into talking *about* things.

But who knows? Possibly there is more than one Spinoza tucked away even now in the faculties of philosophy of our greater institutions. If so, by all means let us hear these rather than the one who, after having been hounded all over Europe by other "philosophers" merely because they chanced to disagree with him, died an obscure and welcome death at The Hague in 1677.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD

The Decroly Class: A Contribution to Elementary Education. By Amélie Hamaïde. With a Preface by Ed. Claparède. Translated from the French by Jean Lee Hunt. E. P. Dutton and Company.

The Life of Solitude. By Francis Petrarch. Translated with introduction and notes by Jacob Zeitlin. University of Illinois Press.

Segelfoss Town. By Knut Hamsun. Translated from the Norwegian by J. S. Scott. Alfred A. Knopf.

Notes from France

LÉON BRUNSCHWICG, one of the leading philosophers of France, is best known for his perfect edition of the complete works of Pascal. He now devotes a book of 200 pages to the latter — "Le Génie de Pascal" (Hachette) — and no one is better qualified to do this task.

A foreign student of French thought will never pay too much attention to Pascal and to the controversies which he has provoked, and still provokes. Pascal lived through the great crystallization of French culture which took place toward the middle of the seventeenth century. He contributed to that crystallization as a scientist, as a debater, and as a religious thinker.

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He fought the Jesuits in his time and they fought him back; even today such a master as Paul Valéry attacks his authority and discusses his genius. Indeed, with his unfinished, many-sided work, Pascal breeds discussion and dissent, but of the loftiest kind and among the best minds of his time and of ours.

In his admirable "Méthode des Classiques Français", Paul Desjardins, after a study on Corneille and one on Poussin, explained "Les Règles de l'Honnête Discussion selon Pascal". It was, needless to say, written about "Les Provinciales". Léon Brunschwicg reviews not only this aspect of the hero but also Pascal's genius as a mathematician and a physicist, and, finally, "Pascal's Religious Experience", in the light of modern philosophy. As for the last thirty pages, on "Pascal's Solitude", they carry us very far into the "secret" of such a mind; and I am tempted to say, although Asia is not mentioned, that they reveal more about Eastern philosophy (so highly religious and based on solitary experience) than many big books devoted to that subject. But this would take us too far.

Let us quickly pass to another extreme. "L'Honorable Partie de Campagne" by Thomas Rancat (Nouvelle Revue Française) is not a book of philosophy and does not pretend to be more than a very clever, very humorous description of up to date Japan. Yet it is not devoid of a certain wisdom and of certain hidden conclusions. "East is East and West is West" seems the most obvious of them. A series of aspects of the same insignificant adventure, told by different people, that's all. A European takes a young Japanese girl to the country, not without selfish designs. The politeness of his Japanese hosts prevents him from ever being left alone with her. This is the story; but the picture of actual details, and the psychology of the Easterner, are so keenly, abundantly, and humorously brought before our eyes that the book has been one of the great literary delights I have experienced this year. I wonder how little expurgation it would need to go into English.

The same publisher gives us "Marlborough s'en va-t-en Guerre", a new play on an old popular song, but a play with a most irreverent tendency. Here the legendary captain is shown to be a coward, a profiteer, a brute, and still worse. He is killed by a bullet in his back as he tries to gallop away from the battlefield. The story is brought back by his page, who is his rival in love. This noble soul (the page, I mean) feels it impossible to tell the nasty truth now that his enemy is dead. So Marlborough becomes a hero. And Marcel Achard, the successful author, inclines to believe that this is the way history often is written. A friend of mine said: "This play ought to be appreciated by ex-service men." I don't know exactly what he meant.

Non-literary shelf. Payot, the publisher, is about to give translations from English into French of three very important works dealing with international affairs. They are Bowman's "The New World", Lothrop Stoddard's "The Rising Tide of Color", and Wells's "Outline of History". Besides, Payot republishes a remarkable study by Dr. Legendre, called "Tour d'Horizon Mondial", mostly a survey of Asiatic affairs (the author having resided for many years in western China and traveled all through the Orient). There are considerations about Japan, Russia, Germany, and the British Empire which are well worth reading and meditating.

Joseph Conrad, who knew more about French modern writers than do

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many French critics, was extremely appreciated and admired in France. The "Nouvelle Revue Française" did for him what it had done for Charles-Louis Philippe and for Marcel Proust, devoting an entire number to articles written about him, correspondence and posthumous works of his. André Gide and G. Jean-Aubry, who translated Conrad, and Chevrillon, Larbaud, Jaloux, Ramon Fernandez, J. Kessel, were among the principal contributors to this number, which also contained articles by John Galsworthy, Cunninghame Graham, Estaunié, Saugère, and others.

PIERRE DE LANUX

What's Doing in Germany

FRITZ VON UNRUH, scion of an old aristocratic family, son and grandson of soldiers, and now for many years leader in the forefront of militant pacifism, has written an important new book in the service of the great cause of mankind. "Flügel der Nike, Buch einer Reise", published by the Frankfurter Sozietätsdruckerei, might in other hands have been only one of the many travel books. In his hands it has become a spiritual document of high significance. He has sublimated and individualized his material, memories, impressions, discussions, results of visits to and talks in Paris and London. Out of the chaos of the present he sees the dream of the future dimly arising. "We must be the engineers of peace!" cries von Unruh; and in another mood: "Let us always try to be someone's elder brother." Winged victory, winged peace — of the few men whose active ardency really brings the ideal nearer to realization, von Unruh takes a place of honor.

Professor Lujo Brentano, famous far beyond the borders of his native land as a prophet of democratic ideals of social justice, has just celebrated his eightieth birthday. All the camps of acrid German public thought have joined to honor the venerable leader, whose energy is unabated despite his age.

Emil Lucka, a novelist far above the average, and author of "Frontiers of the Soul", a noteworthy attempt to found a modernized psychology, has now written a most thought provoking book intended in a fashion to serve as a counterblast to the pessimism of Oswald Spengler. It is entitled "Urgut der Menschheit" (Man's Early Beliefs), published by the Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt, Stuttgart, and is an attempt to follow the origin and course of mankind's belief in the myth through the rationalistic period of the present, when the feeling of communion with the spiritual forces of nature is practically extinct, to a future which he predicts when this "primæval inheritance of man" as he calls it will attain a new renaissance. It is this confidence which sets him in a position of sharp opposition to the ideas of Spengler. The question is one for posterity to decide.

German towns frequently contain several well preserved specimens of the old square towers, furnished with walls of immense thickness, which formed part of the wall encircling every mediæval city, or served purposes of storage. Many of these old erections are today stronger than a modern house — and far more picturesque. In such a tower, left standing in the up to date city of Frankfurt-am-Main, Fritz von Unruh is to live. He has a particularly romantic tower, with five turrets, dating from the fifteenth century.

Elisabeth von Heyking has died of a stroke. This bare fact leaves nobody

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the wiser; but when one explains that she was the onetime anonymous author of "Letters that Never Reached Him", the literary sensation of many a year ago, the interest is explained. For most people she was the author of one book. It was her first, published in 1903, and ran into a hundredth edition in Germany as well as being translated into various languages. Elisabeth von Heyking was descended from the famous Bettina von Arnim. She was twice married, both times to distinguished diplomats, and herself took the liveliest interest in foreign politics. Her last years were lonely, for, widowed for the second time, she had lost both her sons in the Great War. But she was a woman of untiring energy who filled her great country castle with war victims and young literary men in need of help, comforting her own sorrows in appeasing those of others.

The firm of Buchenau and Reichert has begun the publication of a twelve volume edition of Robert Louis Stevenson. The first four volumes are already on the market. A peep at "The Master of Ballantrae" shows that the translator has contrived to convey a good measure of Stevenson's peculiar charm. Thomas Mann has written a glowing appreciation of the edition.

A splendid book which, first published in the tumult of the war, did not receive the notice it deserved, and is now receiving renewed attention, is Paul Wiegler's "Figuren" (Hyperion Verlag, Berlin). In extraordinary clear, glowing German, Herr Wiegler masses together a multitude of small significant details about each character under his microscope — details of dress, of habits, of events, of persons met and ideas encountered. When the reader, a little out of breath mentally from the rapidity of the sketching hand which he has been following, arrives at the end of an essay, he finds that he has absorbed a perfect picture of the subject. Châteaubriand, Cagliostro, Rachel, Renan — such are a few of the great names whose bearers come to life under the author's hand. One of the most brilliant studies is that of Marie von Mouchanoff-Kalergis, the great grandmother of the Count Coudenhove-Kalergi whose richly epigrammatic books on the meaning of aristocracy, "Pan-Europa", modern technique, etc., reveal an unusual and truly cosmopolitan mind. Much of the remarkable personality of the great-grandson becomes illuminated in the light of the personality of the wonderful great-lady who was his ancestor. Wiegler's book ought to be translated. It is a substitute for many a ponderous book of biography.

Bruno Taut, protagonist of color in the modern house and the modern city, has written a little book "Die Neue Wohnung" (Klinkhardt and Biermann, Leipzig), a "*Kampf-schrift*" or "fighting pamphlet" to promulgate his ideas. He appeals to the women, the homemakers, to help him in his fight for simplicity. "Die Frau als Schöpferin" (The Woman as Creator) appears six times as subtitle on his front cover. With sixty five illustrations and plans, the little book is a challenge to think and to dare. Bruno Taut's simplicity is too radical for most, but the mere raising of the question is a breath of welcome fresh air in the maze of arts and crafts which overload most houses. Discussion and lively opposition the little book will certainly arouse, but probably a good deal of agreement and some real constructive discipleship. Taut's most convincing argument lies in pointing to the simple colorlessness of the Japanese house, in which the Japanese moves in brilliant garments and disports himself on gorgeous cush-

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ions. We in our clothes of grey and black need rich and varicolored walls and furniture, contends Bruno Taut.

We all know that the Germans are a nation of philosophers; but how very much this is the case we are amusingly reminded when we observe that a recent number of "Die Literatur", the leading German book review, contains criticisms of no fewer than forty new philosophical works, ranging from new theories and reprints to histories of philosophic movements in weighty tomes.

Karin Michaelis, of "The Dangerous Age", who has practically become a German author, has written a new novel called in English "The Seven Sisters" (Kiepenheuer, Potsdam). The remarkable gift of Mrs. Michaelis (whose husband is an American) for portraying feminine emotions has not deserted her in her latest book, and the interweaving history of the seven sisters, told in their letters to one another, is most cleverly done. The most appealing thing about the book is its true femininity; the story is of little account, the gradual revealment of the seven personalities most fascinating.

Professor Ernst Barthel, whose new philosophy has already been mentioned in this place, has founded a Gesellschaft für Lebensphilosophie (Society for the Philosophy of Life) in Cologne to promote the spread of his ideas of thought, "with special reference to the literary philosophers, Goethe, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Richard Wagner, Strindberg".

He is issuing a special magazine, entitled "Antäus". Professor Barthel is the recipient of this year's Strindberg Prize. The Nietzsche Society has reelected its Supervisory Committee, to which Thomas Mann belongs. Thomas Mann in his turn has founded, or helped to found, a society of poets of lower Saxony under the title of Die Kogge. Karl Lange and Dr. Hans Friedrich Blunck are the best known of the other members. The new society was founded in the old *Ratsstuben* or council rooms in Bremen.

The German Society for Science and Art in Prague has appointed Dr. Karl Hans Strobl and Walter von Molo as corresponding members.

The Deutsche Schiller-Stiftung, an excellent institution founded in memory of Schiller to aid struggling authors, received a gift of ten thousand marks from President Ebert, just before his death. His intention was to make the benefice an annual one.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

TWO southerners of note in letters, and of especial charm as writers in a school rapidly passing, have recently died: George W. Cable and James Lane Allen. Mr. Cable was born in Louisiana in 1844, Mr. Allen five years later in Kentucky. In Cable's pictures of plantation life, in his story of the French civilization absorbed in our south, there were a charm and an importance that are perhaps not fully appreciated now. His stories will undoubtedly form a definite part of the permanent American literature of local color. His novels were never so good as his sketches; but his sketches were fine indeed. James Lane Allen was a man of different stamp. His quiet style was excellent, his bursts of true sentiment, varying at times with sentimentality, achieved for him a wide popularity with "The Choir Invisible" and "The Kentucky Cardinal". A new collection of his short stories has appeared this season. Again, they may seem dated to many, but they represent a period of sweetness and repose in our literary development of which we may well be proud, and which we shall remember with kindliness and a measure of pride.

We were at luncheon recently with Louis Untermeyer and Floyd Dell. They talked violently throughout lunch to each other and we really could learn little of what they were saying. Old friends, it seems, renewing friendship after Mr. Untermeyer's year in Germany — ah, well! they may be permitted this indulgence. We met, too (it was at an affair given for Sherwood Anderson), Stuart Pratt Sherman. That modest, retiring individual wore a brown suit and a pleasant smile, and made clever little remarks rather bashfully. What a contrast to the bluff, hearty Mencken, with his Babbitt handshake and his clear blue eyes. Gertrude Atherton has been in town, correcting proofs of her new novel, "The Crystal Cup", before she sails for Europe. Ernest Boyd is so lively these days that one finds oneself wondering just when he sleeps; after all, perhaps he doesn't. He was much excited over the appearance of a little sheet called "Æsthete, 1925", which appeared as a reply to his own effusion included in "Portraits: Real and Imaginary". The young æsthetes, or those who consider themselves such, have here libeled those whom they choose to call critics. At least one of those libeled certainly never has thought of himself as a critic; but there, there! They did an amusing job. So, also, the editors of "The New Yorker", although we suspect that succeeding numbers will vastly improve upon the initial effort. Getting out the first number of a magazine that attempts to be funny must be a chilling job. There are only a very few people in the world who know when a thing is universally funny, anyway. No taste, except the taste for poetry, differs quite so much as that which distinguishes between one joke and another.

The other evening we saw Fannie Hurst in her studio, with its tall windows, its red covered Italian chairs, its dim lights, its high ceilings. What a place to work in. We are envious. Miss Hurst was dressed to match the

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room in flowing red silk, red stockings, red shoes, with red bracelets, and a high red comb in the black, tightly drawn back, shining hair. Stefansson the explorer was there, quiet, with little talk of reindeer meat and the great but habitable North. He was about to start on a new lecture trip; in fact, he is in New York very little these days. Miss Hurst is at work on a new novel, a novel of which we could learn little at a formal dinner except that there is a nun in it. We wanted to hear of Russia. We mentioned briefly that a friend of ours just back from Germany had told us with horror of conditions there. Miss Hurst smiled. "Germany? Wait until you hear about Russia." We are waiting. Is the novel to be about Russia? Then America? Fannie Hurst will have a hard task to write another book so striking as "Lummox". She will never write another play, she says, and then smiles; and that smile always means that an author is conscious of an idle boast. A year ago Jesse Lynch Williams told us, proclaimed publicly in fact, that he had retired from playwriting to devote himself to short stories. Then, he wrote a short story that was so obviously a good play that many managers were interested. Someone to dramatize it? Months went by. Who with the Jesse Lynch Williams touch? At last the ideal dramatist was found. Who? Jesse Lynch Williams! Accuse him, this most urbane gentleman, of backsliding, and he smiles benignly. "Not going back to playwriting", he assures you. "Just dramatizing my short story!"

By the time this magazine is off the press the cold snap may possibly have vanished. Spring may be in the air — who knows, with seasons behaving in such unheard of manners? These wild young seasons of ours! Just now, however, the cold is snapping and we open "Slants", a volume of poems by Clifford Gessler published in Hawaii, with something like jealousy. These are languorous and rather lovely verses, some of them, and the illustrations are so-so. It is the poem on the title page that is making our turbulent soul bubble a trifle more. Shouldn't the Honolulu "Star-Bulletin" be ashamed of itself to send us on a cold morning anything written by its literary editor that reads like this:

. . . And I would bring you by some southern water
Where winds are kind and airs are sweet
That the scent of unfamiliar blossoms might bring solace
From the cold stars of pain that are too sore a burden,
That the insistent viols might mute their throbbing,
The dark drums cease, and I might hear again
The harp notes of your laughter, trickling through
The ivory mesh of dreams. . . .

The sixth annual O. Henry Memorial Dinner of the Society of Arts and Sciences was bigger and better than ever. On the dais, grouped about chairman Blanche Colton Williams, were such notables as the Honorable — and exceedingly handsome — Richard Washburn Child, Will Irwin, editor Bridges of "Scribner's", Ernest Boyd, Allan Nevins of the New York "Sun", Russell Doubleday, Frances Gilchrist Wood, and Ellis Parker Butler, the cheery toastmaster. There were also the three prize winners: Inez Haynes Irwin, who won first award with "The Spring Flight" (McCall's); Chester Crowell, whose "Margaret Blake" (Century) came in second; and Frances Newman, to whom went a special prize for a brief short story, "Rachel and Her Children" (American Mercury). The dinner marked the publication of

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"The O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories of 1924". Ernest Boyd declared that, although he was unacquainted with the work of O. Henry, he was charmed to help celebrate the memory of an author noted for his intelligibility. He commented on the fact that while our young intellectual expatriates believe themselves to be Continental when they issue unintelligible reading matter, the cultured European will have nothing to do with such products but harks back to the work representative of an earlier, simpler America. Will Irwin also touched upon bygone days, when no writer respecting public morals would permit his hero to kiss the heroine before the engagement ring was safely upon her finger. Frances Newman, come from Atlanta to attend the festivities, disclosed the fact that "Rachel and Her Children" was not only her first story to be published, but the first story she ever wrote. Miss Newman lately engaged in the task of translating representative stories from Petronius to Paul Morand, for her volume on "The Short Story's Mutations". It was not until she reached de Maupassant that there arose within her the urge to write a tale herself. We commend this system of literary incubation to those fledglings whose stories, dashed off between meals (or perhaps drinks), make the editor's life a thing of weariness.

When Alfred Kreymborg started to write his autobiography, we thought immediately, "How exceedingly young he is to do such a thing." But he assured us yesterday that he was as old as the ages, forty one in fact. Kreymborg, of all the members of the modern group of writers, is probably the keenest and the gentlest. Wherever he goes over the country singing his songs, reading his poems, giving his plays, he is liked, whether or not his work is completely understood. "Troubador", his book, not only gives a romantic and colorful account of his adventures, tramping and otherwise, but really presents a good picture of the rise and fall of various literary

Alfred Kreymborg

currents in America over the period in which he has been writing. Kreymborg is ironic, really funny at times, always something of the elf, yet he never challenges with unpleasant sallies those whose opinions differ from his own. He has been very busy recently, getting his book ready for its appearance and working on the translation of a Florentine romance by Machiavelli. This, under the name of "Mandragola", has just been produced as the first offering of the Little Opera of America, an organization recently formed to foster an American "Opéra Comique". The music is by Ignatz Waghalter, the settings by Herman Rosse. Mr. Waghalter lately came to this country to rehearse and conduct

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the American presentation. All this sounds like great fun, and Mr. Kreymborg is enjoying himself immensely. If you have never seen or read one of his puppet plays you should do so as soon as you can, for they have a quality of absurdity combined with wisdom that is most pleasing.

May O'Connell of Minneapolis writes us that the ladies of her town, at least, are very proud of the work which Mrs. Thomas G. Winter, former president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, is doing this year. It seems that in addition to her work on "The Ladies' Home Journal", Mrs. Winter is writing for various magazines and newspaper syndicates. One of her pet ambitions, so says Miss O'Connell, is to advance the slogan "A Literate Nation by 1930". More power to Mrs. Winter, say we! A Minneapolis man, William J. McNally, author of "The Barb" and "When the Clouds Roll By", a play, is also creator of "Eileen", soon to be produced jointly by Woods and Brady in New York. Another St. Paul author springs up to take his place with Thomas Boyd and F. Scott Fitzgerald. He is James Gray of the editorial staff of the "Pioneer Press-Dispatch". Scribner's have accepted his novel, "The Penciled Frown". Of this, the author says:

> The hero is a young man who might perhaps be called a second cousin, by general temperament, of Merton Gill, in "Merton of the Movies". He is a newspaper man, a critic, and he passes through the various stages of serious groping and grappling, like one may expect in a serious, sensitive, often pathetic makeup like his.

There has been so much talk of Ford Madox Ford's "Joseph Conrad" — which seems to us a good book in spite of its inaccuracies and imbecilities — that we think it wise to republish here as a matter of record, although it has already appeared in several other places, Mrs. Conrad's letter of protest and denial, addressed to the editor of the London "Times Literary Supplement":

SIR:

Will you please allow me to correct a few of the more fantastic statements regarding my husband, made in Ford Madox Hueffer's book which was reviewed in these columns a few weeks ago?

If Mr. Hueffer intends "A Personal Remembrance" as a tribute to the dead friend with whom he claims to have had such a close acquaintance, why does he endeavour on every page to show the vast difference between himself and his friend? His inferiority in intellect, character and ability! To those who knew Joseph Conrad personally these statements would assume their real value; and to those who had also the privilege of even slight acquaintance with Mr. Hueffer, these few lines would be quite unnecessary. I deny most emphatically that Joseph Conrad ever *poached* on Mr. Hueffer's vast stock of plots and material in the fabrication of any of his stories. A concrete plot, or a detailed statement of fact, no matter how interesting, would never have been the least use to my husband. His books were, to my certain knowledge, based on a chance phrase discovered in some old book of memoirs, or a few sentences culled from a book of history or travel. These significant few words were then nursed in that master mind full of personal experiences and rich with imagination, to emerge, after a period of infinite care and real mental suffering, as a finished masterpiece. In the matter of "The Arrow of Gold" he often laughingly accused me of being the *cause* of the book. I came upon him one morning in despair, as he had nothing in his mind of which to write. I suggested that he should make use of an episode he had once related to me, referring to his life before we were married. My suggestion was adopted, and that book was the direct result.

During the years that Mr. Hueffer was most intimate with Joseph Conrad — between 1898–1909 — Ford Madox Hueffer never spent more than three consecutive weeks under our roof, and when we returned the visit we always, with few exceptions, had rooms in a cottage close at hand. After 1909 the meetings between the two were very rare and not *once* of my husband's seeking. The author of "A Personal Remembrance" claims to have been Joseph Conrad's *literary adviser*, also his *literary godfather!* That claim, like

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nearly everything else in that detestable book, is quite untrue. I have heard my husband say more than once that he found Mr. Hueffer a mental stimulus, but that was in the early days, days before even Ford Madox Hueffer became aware of the great dignity he claims — that of being the *greatest English stylist.*

Yours sincerely,

JESSIE CONRAD.

We quote also Ralph Barton, the artist, who has corresponded with Mrs. Conrad on the subject and who, in addition to being the jolly cartoonist and illustrator, is also an appreciator of all good things literary. Barton says:

I cannot imagine that anyone on this side of the Atlantic could have taken Ford's book seriously, and certainly it will not have the slightest effect on Conrad's place among the great artists of all times, but I believe that there are a good many people who have heard of Mrs. Conrad's letter but have not seen it and who would be glad of a copy to clip and paste in the end papers of Ford's book.

Her statement that "a concrete plot" would have been of no use whatever to her husband gives a far clearer clue to Conrad's method of work than all of Ford's 256 pages of nonsense. Certainly Conrad did not deal in *plots;* he was no mere yarn spinner. *Plots* counted for as little in his work as *subjects* did in the work of Michael Angelo or of Beethoven. This woman understood his work and Ford did not.

We saw Hendrik Van Loon recently, on one of the rare occasions on which he has emerged from his Connecticut stronghold. For the benefit of those who cherish glimpses of an author's private life, we append an impression of Mr. and Mrs. Van Loon returning to their igloo after the aforementioned sojourn in town. Since it was drawn by no less a person than H. V. L. himself, its authenticity cannot be questioned. The author of "The Story of Mankind" has been hibernating this winter, in an endeavor to complete his long promised book on "Tolerance". Tolerance, as he sees it, is synonymous with good breeding; bigotry is a manifestation of bad manners. Mr. Van Loon, a perfect exhibit of the Nordic type, scoffs at the doctrine of Nordic superiority. He believes that racial and religious ill will can be eradicated only through education — but what such a system of education is to be, is still something of a mystery. In between meditations upon tolerance — in three days, to be exact — Mr. Van Loon lately tossed off "The Story of Wilbur the Hat". Said Wilbur, as depicted by its author in sketches

drawn with a match and brightly colored, is a green headpiece given to most amusing antics. Naturally we asked Mr. Van Loon whether the idea of a green hat was derived from Michael Arlen. It appears not; in fact, Mr. Van Loon professes to be unacquainted with the Armenian gentleman's work. That statement staggered us, for we had thought that by now Mr. Arlen was reposing beside "The Home Book of Verse" in every bookish household.

From Topeka, Kansas, W. S. Klugston sends us word of an educational experiment which is a variant of other book sermons being used with good effect throughout the country.

That the church can be a real aid to literature is being demonstrated by the Central Congregational church of Topeka, of which John Wells Rahill is pastor.

Under the direction of Miss Clara Johnston a Sunday evening reading club has been in operation for nearly two years, and it has become one of the literary centres of the Kansas capital, with some of the best known authors of the west appearing on the

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programs and with a very high type of reviews interesting those who attend.

Sherwood Anderson, Carl Sandburg, E. Haldeman-Julius, Nelson Antrim Crawford, Professor Elrick B. Davis of Washburn College, and Marco Morrow, head of the Capper publications, are among the literary folks who have appeared before the club.

An indication of the type of entertainment this "church club" is offering is given by some of the items on the spring program for 1925. One evening is devoted to "A Story Teller's Story", another to "The Little French Girl", another to "Grover Cleveland, The Man and the Statesman", etc.

A catholicity of taste here, certainly.

We have been getting around again a bit, after a winter of constant if amusing work. We went the other evening to the initial performance of Mary Hay and Clifton Webb at Ciro's. Here is good music from the baton of Ben Bernie. The literary were gathered in spots, entirely overshadowed by movies and the theatre. We were surprised to see Ralph Pulitzer dancing rather solemnly. Of the many stage beauties there gathered, one only seemed impressive: Rosamund Pinchot is graceful, dignified, serene. The first night of Mr. Brady's famous "A Good Bad Woman" was an occasion best forgotten. As Mr. Hammond of the New York "Herald-Tribune" so aptly remarked, there was only one man there wearing an opera hat. What a mistake he made! The new Town Hall Club is an excellent place for a meal, or to sit in comfort sipping coffee and chatting. This is to be a very large club in which both men and women may be members. The point of interest is going to be to find out just what percentage of men will attend a club where large numbers of both sexes belong. We hear rumors that A. Hamilton Gibbs has returned to this country. We are anxious to see him and to tell him what an excellent book we think his "Soundings" is. Also we want to meet his wife, who is said to be a very clever lawyer. These are the days of godlike women!

"Beating the Bars" by Treat Shipley, who has apparently seen the inside of a jail and according to the introduction is a prominent person in spite of it, is a collection of poems in somewhat the manner of Edgar A. Guest. Here is one of them for your edification:

HE'S TRUE TO ME

I know that my husband is true to me,
I know he doesn't go about to see
  Other girls as most men do:
He hasn't been home of late,
But he's all mine — my soul-mate.
  He doesn't even smoke or chew.

You ask me how I am so sure?
How I the lonesome hours endure?
  You know I never cry or wail:
I know he's living a model life
His thoughts are all for me — his wife.
  How do I know? — Why — He's in jail.

More California notes from Laura Bell Everett. We have given up our California trip; and so we suppose that for the time being we shall know of goings on in that sunny state only through our kind friends.

Bernard Marshall of Berkeley, California, recently published the fourth of his series dealing with historical backgrounds at times of national accretion in human rights. He began with the age of King John in "Cedric the Forester", followed by "Walter of Tiverton", and "The Torch Bearers". Of Massachusetts birth and training, Mr. Marshall is peculiarly fitted to make "Redcoat and Minuteman" live again.

Mary Mills West, who won second place in the "Forum" contest with the story "Payment", is University Extension lecturer in short story writing. A recent Berkeleyan, she went through the experience of being burned out in the fire of last year. After the death of her husband Max West, also a writer, she was for years in the Children's Bureau in Washington, where she used her experiences with her own children in writing for other mothers. She was added to the staff when some

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mother wrote urgently for directions for feeding her baby with this stipulation: "And I don't want advice from no old maid."

Henry Meade Bland, whose "Stevenson's California" has been published by the Pacific Short Story Club of San José, is dean of the short story club movement in California. Mr. Bland's own writing has hitherto been more in the field of verse than of fiction. He is a personal friend of Edwin Markham's and knew Joaquin Miller well. He was one of the young writers to whom Miller gave a building site on "the Heights", Miller's home above Oakland, where the poet dreamed of having a literary colony.

Next to Mark Twain and Bret Harte, Stevenson has been the most obliging of our literary lights in localizing his fame in California, and Mr. Bland has collected much interesting material on Stevenson's life on the Pacific slope.

Tantalizing rumors drift to our ears of an afternoon of the Lively Arts of America to be held at the Hotel Roosevelt in New York City on April first. This entertainment, under the patronage of Mrs. John Kingsbury Burgess, is to be given in appreciation of Gilbert Seldes's book "The Seven Lively Arts", which you will remember contained chapters on Charlie Chaplin, Al Jolson, Fanny Brice, etc., etc. George Gershwin, whose music for "Lady, Be Good" is the best we have heard in any recent musical comedy, promises to perform, as do those dancing youngsters, Fred and Adele Astaire, who succeed in making Mr. Gershwin's music memorable. Vincent Lopez and his orchestra, Gilda Gray, Fanny Brice herself, and four cartoonists — sketching simultaneously — will be there. Mr. Seldes will act as impresario, and the motion pictures will be represented by a BOOKMAN contributor, Ralph Block. This season's débutantes are going to usher, thereby doing their bit for American art.

Few American authors have the good fortune to be illustrated by Arthur Rackham. Mr. Morley is one of the few, and the English illustrator's quaint pen is peculiarly happy when it joins with the delicate fantasy of "Where the Blue Begins". The dog people are very slyly human as they peek at you from black and whites unconventionally scattered throughout

Fuji the Butler, from "Where the Blue Begins"

the text or from luxurious full pages. Our child familiar insisted on writing these verses to go upon the title page:

My cat is quite a proper pet,
Although we have not named him yet,
He climbs upon the pillow case
And does not soil its spotless lace,

He's not deceitful, cross or sly,
Not yet, at least; I wonder why —
For cats are usually so
According to the folk who know.

Though dogs in town are not the thing,
I'd like my Toto, yes, or Bing,
Yet in the country they must stay
Where they can jump and run and play.

Now dogs to cats I much prefer,
You cannot say to cats, "Here, sir!"
So I must find my pet a name,
To call it "Kitty" is a shame.

If Mr. Morley won't object —
I really hold him in respect —
Unless my kitty proves a her
I think I'll call him Christopher.

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"Prunes and Prisms, by Percival Prim, the Perfect Speaker" is certainly an unusual volume. Clara Virginia Townsend of Kansas City is the author. By a series of rhymes she attempts, or Percival does, to teach us the rights and wrongs of speech. There is one poem, for example, called colorfully enough "The Antics of the Irregular Verb". Alas, that a part of speech should behave so, forgetting the noble language to which it belongs. Then, there is a masterpiece, "John W. Davis, Grammatically Considered". "Improving Grandmother" has its points. Just a few couplets quoted may aid you, gentle reader, in your grammatical pilgrimage through life:

You must *not* set, you must *not* lay. Don't ask the reason why.
To *sit* is always easy, and 'tis easier far to *lie*.

You must *not* say "suspicioned" when you mean to say "suspected",
Unless you say "protectioned" when you aim to say "protected".

You must *not* say "He done it", nor call the boy "a kid".
But, if they told him not to, you know, of course *he did*.

Do *not* say "I feel sadly." 'Tis better to feel *sad*.
Also, do *not* "feel badly", when you know you should feel *bad*.

Alfred Dunhill's luxurious "Pipe Book" arrives on our desk at a most inopportune moment, for we have just been ordered to discontinue the delightful and, according to Mr. Dunhill, thoroughly innocuous habit. We have been so much impressed by Mr. Dunhill's suave arguments in favor of this mildest of the minor vices that we have smoked three cigars, and are contemplating a possible fourth, this afternoon. Anyhow, what possible chance would a Gossip have to turn out a Gossip Shop without the aid of the most amiable of companions? Mr. Dunhill's book is replete with illustrations and useful information concerning the history of smoking and of pipes. Here is a charming suggestion for those who make our divorce laws: "Mr. Roscoe, the anthropologist, relates of the Bonjoro, a people of North-west Uganda, that it is the duty of a wife to take charge of her husband's pipe, and have it ready for him when he comes in. If a man wants to make trouble with his wife, and yet can find no legitimate cause of complaint against her, he puts his pipe where she is likely to break it. However careful she may be, the desired accident happens at last, when the 'aggrieved' husband refuses the food she has prepared, and goes off to sleep in another hut. The wife turns in despair to her mother for advice, and after a few days her parents provide her with some beer, a goat, and a new pipe, which the husband graciously accepts, and so peace is restored."

Herbert F. Jenkins, a director of Little, Brown and Company and the head of the editorial department of that house, recently granted an interview to Edward H. Cotton of "The Christian Register". After years of experience Mr. Jenkins has come to the following conclusions concerning the publishing game:

I believe our writers give us the best they have. Naturally and rightfully the author expects compensation. But he must write what he wants to write and how he wants to write. It is not advisable for the publisher to prescribe his work. In no other way can he succeed. Our intention is to give the public as good books as we can get. We, too, must earn a living. But after all we have our ideals.

As to the outlook for the future, I think small booksellers are going to continue to start up all over the country. Books are being sold in drug-stores and other places where they were not formerly sold. In other words, we are getting a wider distribution of books, but not so wide as we should have in view of the increase in population.

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